English Readings

THACKERAY'S
THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS

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THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY

W. M. THACKERAY

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

In a number of the London *Spectator*, dated exactly forty-seven years ago to-day, the reviewer of Thackeray's new book on the English Humourists remarked, "All will be interested in looking over the accompanying notes, (which might have been and may yet be made more complete)." To the best of my knowledge, this suggestion in the *Spectator*—with the exception of a few bracketed foot-notes added to the Biographical Edition—has never been heeded, and since the *editio princeps* of 1853 there has never appeared an annotated edition of these famous lectures. As they are particularly allusive, the need for explanatory notes is a real one, and in this instance I have therefore chosen to err on the side of fullness rather than be incomplete. Many readers and students may feel some irritation at finding things elucidated that in their judgment require no comment; but on the other hand it is hoped that few will look to the Notes for necessary explanations, and look in vain.

The text of this edition, with the regular foot-notes, is taken, by the kind permission of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, from the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works. Except in a few obvious typographical errors, I have followed this standard text *verbatim et*

literatim, correcting in my own Notes at the rear of the book errors that occur in the text and foot-notes of the Biographical Edition, and pointing out important variations from the text of the first edition. And the receipt of corrections of my own errors will be gratefully and promptly acknowledged.

For furnishing some references in the Notes, I wish to express my thanks to Professor H. P. Wright, Professor T. D. Goodell, Professor W. L. Cross, and Mr. Richard Holbrook, all of Yale, and to Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard.

W. L. P.

YALE COLLEGE, 11 *June* 1900.

After this book was entirely cast and ready for publication, I came across, in the library of the British Museum, the following work: "Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century. Mit bibliographischen Material, litterarischer Einleitung und sachlichen Anmerkungen für Studierende. Herausgegeben von Ernst Regel. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 1885–1891." [In six parts, 8°, paper.] I greatly regret that this valuable work did not come to my notice in time to be of assistance.

W. L. P.

LONDON, 19 *July*, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE OF THACKERAY*

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta, on the eighteenth of July, 1811. His father, Richmond Thackeray, went to India in the service of the East India Company, in 1798. He was married at Calcutta to Anne Becher, in 1810; and the great novelist was their only child. In 1816 Mr. Thackeray died, and the following year the boy was sent to England, the ship stopping at St. Helena on the way, where a glimpse of Napoleon was obtained. Thackeray first went to school in Hampshire, then at Chiswick,

* The facts given in this sketch are chiefly taken from the *Dictionary of National Biography*, though the Life by Merivale & Marzials, in the "Great Writers" Series, and the biography in two volumes by Lewis Melville (1899), have of course been consulted. Mrs. Ritchie's Introductions to the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's *Works* are invaluable for their biographical data and bits of personal information. In her Introduction to the *Esmond* volume will be found some information about the lectures on the *Humourists;* and at the close of the last volume, *Ballads and Miscellanies*, there is a Bibliography of Thackeray's Works.

and from 1822 to 1828 he was at the Charterhouse. Here his schoolmate Venables broke his nose in a fight, and left an equally indelible impression on his mind, for the two became friends for life. Thackeray showed no particular ability in scholarship while at school, but even then exercised his talents at playful composition in verse.

After leaving the Charterhouse in 1828, he lived with his mother and stepfather near Ottery-St.-Mary, in Devonshire, the birthplace of Coleridge. The memories of these days appear in *Pendennis*. In February, 1829, he went to Cambridge, entering Trinity College. The social life of the place was what chiefly appealed to him. Mathematics he did not like, and he was but illy prepared in the classics. He did some desultory writing for the college paper, the most notable attempt being his parody of Tennyson's prize poem, *Timbuctoo*. In 1830 he left Cambridge, feeling that the training he received there was not of much practical value. From his father he inherited about twenty thousand pounds, and not wishing to become a lawyer, which profession his relatives advised him to enter, and probably in a rather undecided frame of mind as to his future, he set forth on his travels.

In this year he went to Weimar, the home of Goethe, where he stayed for some time. These must have been some of the most pleasant months of his life. He met the great poet, studied German, tried his hand at translations, and drew caricatures for amusement. Finally making up his mind after all to study law, he returned to England in 1831, and entered the Middle

Temple. This proved to be his last attempt to force his genius away from its natural inclinations; for although he now really gave the study of law a fair trial, the result was that it became more and more irksome to him. He ran over to Paris several times during this residence in the Temple.

In 1833 we find Thackeray mingling more and more in literary circles, and living the life of a literary Bohemian. He put some of his capital into a paper, and became editor as well as proprietor. The venture was not a happy one from the financial point of view, and early in 1834 the paper ceased to exist. Certain failures in investments, combined with occasional losses at gambling, produced a serious effect on Thackeray's fortune at about this time, and he found himself no longer able to live without working for the privilege. Accordingly, he made up his mind to become an artist, and to prepare for this career by studying in Paris. He worked faithfully, and enjoyed it.

In 1836 Thackeray became the Paris correspondent of a radical paper called the *Constitutional*. Thinking that he had at last obtained regular employment, although his salary was not large, he was married on the twentieth of August, in Paris, to Miss Isabella Gethin Creagh Shawe, to whom he had been engaged for some months. The *Constitutional* failed and the next year (1837) Thackeray returned to London, to earn a living by his pen. He did all kinds of work, reviewing Carlyle's *French Revolution* among other books. For *Fraser's Magazine* he wrote articles that attracted considerable attention, and are now well

known, the *Yellow-Plush Correspondence*,* for example. He also freely indulged his genius for satire in a way that he afterwards regretted.

In 1840 came the great tragedy of his life. After the birth of her third daughter, his wife became ill, and steadily grew worse, suffering from a singular disease of the mind, that baffled all the great assays of art. By 1842 she was in a hopeless condition, and had at last to be placed in charge, her mental powers having entirely vanished. This unspeakable calamity Thackeray endured with the greatest courage and nobility, though of course it forever destroyed the possibility of home-life and domestic happiness. The children went to live with the grandparents in Paris: and with the unfortunate vitality of those whose lives are worse than worthless, his wife survived for fifty years. Her death in 1892 was a real shock to the world, as it brought up so vividly memories of her great husband.

In 1842 Thackeray began his contributions to *Punch*, which had been started the year before. In process of time he became one of its most important and valuable contributors, and a volume in itself might be written on his connection with this famous paper. Here he had a chance to employ both pen and pencil, and, better than either, his genius for pure fun. He

* In Melville's *Life*, I, 113, note, we read: "The *Correspondence* was published in book form late in 1838 by Messrs. Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia. This is the first volume ever issued of any of Thackeray's writings." Yet, curiously enough, in the Bibliography at the end of Melville's *Life*, this volume is nowhere mentioned. It is however, given in the Biog. Ed. Bibliography.

contributed nearly four hundred sketches. The *Snob Papers* in *Punch* were perhaps the first things that really gave him a wide circle of readers, and made his name generally known. His success with these and other literary ventures began to show itself in a financial way; his circumstances improved materially, so that in 1846 he took a house, and brought his daughters to live with him. He could now afford to write real literature, the thing which had become more and more the ambition of his life. In January, 1847, the first installment of *Vanity Fair* appeared; and before the publication of the last number in July, 1848, Thackeray's place as a great English novelist was secure.

Then followed the other books, which all the world knows, *Pendennis* in 1848–9, *Henry Esmond* (1852), and the *Newcomes* (1853–55). In 1851 he gave his lectures on the *English Humourists*, and on October 30, 1852, he sailed for Boston, where he repeated the course in a number of cities in the United States. In 1855 he visited America again, this time lecturing on the *Four Georges*. Thackeray's object in lecturing was simply to earn and lay up money for his children, and it is pleasant to note the financial success of his tours on both sides of the water. As a lecturer, although his audiences went to see the author of *Vanity Fair* rather than to hear his views on literary themes, he usually charmed them. His manner was entirely unpretentious and refined—in a word, he was wholly agreeable and put his hearers immediately at their ease.

In 1857 Thackeray stood for Parliament as a

Liberal, representing the city of Oxford. He was fortunately beaten by his opponent, and he complimented his successful antagonist in the most gracious manner. It is more than probable that he would not have especially distinguished himself in the House, and it is certain that he employed his time and talents more profitably in writing novels.

In January, 1860, the *Cornhill Magazine* was started, and Thackeray accepted the post of editor. This gave the periodical great vogue, and made it possible to have the most distinguished list of contributors, Tennyson among others. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing that Thackeray did in his capacity as editor was to refuse a poem contributed by Mrs. Browning, on the ground of its immorality. This, as Mr. Birrell says of Swinburne's taking Carlyle to task for indelicacy, "has an oddity all its own." Thackeray felt that his subscribers would object, and perhaps he was right in rejecting the poem, though, under the circumstances, we have to choose between two alternatives: either the British constituency of the *Cornhill* was pathologically prudish, or the Editor was very timid. The correspondence that passed between Thackeray and Mrs. Browning over this incident is deeply interesting,* and although Mrs. Browning must have first wept and then laughed, she accepted the Editor's judgment in the beautiful spirit so characteristic of her whole life, and actually sent him another contribution! Surely she was not far from the kingdom of God.

* See the *Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, edited by Kenyon, Volume II, page 444 et seq.

On the night of December 23, 1863, Thackeray felt ill, and the next morning was found dead in his bed. He was buried at Kensal Green, and a bust was placed in Westminster Abbey.

His personal appearance was striking. He was considerably over six feet in height, and his head was very large. His hair was perfectly white in his last years, and his clear-cut features gave him a distinguished look. His enemies said he was snobbish, but those who really knew the man have given the most convincing testimony to the contrary. The truth about Thackeray seems to be that he was not simply one of the greatest men of his age, but one of the best. The old charge of cynicism is now seldom heard, and to intelligent readers of his books it has no foundation. In his lectures on the *Humourists*, we see the real man, and so far from his being a cynic, his heart was so tender, and so susceptible to the personal characteristics of others, that his judgment of the genius of literary men was biased by his feelings. A cynic, to be a cynic at all, must certainly lack two things: Sympathy and Enthusiasm. These two qualities form perhaps the largest element in Thackeray's character, and, with his unlimited generosity, make him one of the most lovable men in the history of English literature. He had faults, but they were not the faults that show the cynic or the snob. He has been charged with a lack of moral earnestness: but in reality he looked at everything from the moral point of view: indeed too much so, for his art as a novelist is seriously marred by his constant sermonising. All his novels and lec-

tures suffer noticeably from this tendency; in the *Newcomes* it is at times almost offensive. Fortunately in his greatest single production, *Esmond*, the artist triumphs, and the voice of the preacher is not so loud. Perhaps this is one reason why we rate *Esmond* above his other books. Thackeray's religious belief * cannot be stated in terms of exact dogma, for he could not state it that way himself; but taking his life as a whole, we see that he believed in God, and tried to keep His commandments.

* For a striking letter he wrote about this, see Introduction to *Works*, Biog. Edition, VII, xxxiv and xxxv.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS.

Thackeray sailed for America on October 30, 1852. He landed at Boston, after a very long and rough passage, and left shortly for New York. In the *New York Tribune* for November 17, we find the following editorial comment: "Mr. THACKERAY arrived from Boston by the express day train yesterday. His first lecture will be given on Friday evening; and we advise those who mean to hear it to secure seats to-day. We think there will be few unsold to-morrow." The *Tribune* for November 19 contained the following advertisement, which gave for the first time the full program with the separate dates:

☞ **Mercantile Library Association.**—The Board of Direction have the pleasure to announce that Mr. THACKERAY will deliver his course of Six Lectures, at Rev. Mr. Chapin's, (late Rev. Mr. Bellows's) Church, No. 543 Broadway, near Prince -st., on MONDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS of each week, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Friday, Nov. 19—Swift.
Monday, Nov. 22—Congreve and Addison.
Friday, Nov. 26—Steele and the Times of Queen Anne.
Monday, Nov. 29—Prior, Gay and Pope.
Friday, Dec. 3—Hogarth, Smollett and Fielding.
Monday, Dec. 6—Sterne and Goldsmith.

Course Tickets to members, $2; to non-members, $3.
Single Admission to members, 50c.; to non-members, 75c.

A limited number of single Admission Tickets can be had at the Library Rooms, or (unless previously disposed of) at the Door.

WILLARD L. FELT, Ch'n.
JAMES D. SMITH,
JOHN F. HALSTED,
} Lecture Com.

The course had to be repeated in New York, because of the impossibility of accommodating all who wished to hear the lecturer. The lectures accordingly began their second round before the first was completed. They were given again in the same church on the evenings of Dec. 1, 7, 10, 13, 15, and 17. Then Thackeray went to Boston, giving the opening lecture on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21, and continuing on Fridays and Tuesdays. There seems to have been some jealousy between New York and Boston as to which city he would visit first. This difficulty was partly solved by his landing at Boston and opening his course of lectures at New York, returning to Boston after his metropolitan success.* Whether Boston felt at all chagrined by the lectures beginning at the other city or not is difficult to ascertain. The *New York Tribune* gave full and glowing accounts, extracts from which are printed below; while the *Boston Advertiser's* reports were confined to three or four sentences.

* In Melville's *Life*, I, 291, 292, it is stated that the lectures were first given in Boston, and the exact dates of his New York lectures are erroneously given for the Boston series. Mr. Melville has the facts completely twisted. He says Thackeray remained in New York for a week, then went to Boston, gave his course twice, and then returned to New York to lecture. If we simply substitute "Boston" for "New York," and *vice versa*, we have the real facts.

These were, however, favourable in every respect; and we know that the lectures were entirely successful in Boston. Thackeray lectured also in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, and Savannah, covering the Atlantic seaboard fairly well, and getting to know intimately persons of the most bitter opposition in political beliefs. The Civil War was therefore interesting to Thackeray in a way that few Englishmen found it.

It is possible that Thackeray did not at first intend the Lectures to be published at all; and he certainly determined not to print them until they had first achieved their principal object, namely, to enable him to save up sufficient money to provide for his children. "Before he left Washington for the South, his *Lectures on the English Humourists* were announced by Messrs. Harper in the list of their forthcoming publications. A gentleman, who was conversing with him, asked if the volume would be published before he had finished his tour. 'Bless you, no,' the great man replied. 'Do you think I'd rip open my goose?' But when that reason no longer existed [1853] they were published with notes by James Hannay, simultaneously in England and America, but without illustrations, though Thackeray had actually sketched Steele and Dr. Johnson and Boswell before the idea was abandoned." (Melville's *Life of Thackeray,* II, 4.)

The lectures were published in London on the fourth of June, 1853, price ten shillings and sixpence. As this original edition seems to be hard to find, a photographic reproduction of the title page slightly reduced, follows.

THE

ENGLISH HUMOURISTS

OF THE

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

A Series of Lectures,

DELIVERED IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Esmond," "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," &c.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, & CO. 65, CORNHILL.

BOMBAY: SMITH, TAYLOR, & CO.

1853.

[*The author of this work reserves to himself the right of authorising a translation of it.*]

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A Series of Lectures.

BY

W. M. THACKERAY,
Author of "Esmond," "Pendennis," "Vanity Fair," &c.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
329 & 331 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1853.

This English edition is a volume of 322 pages, size $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The first American edition, the title-page of which is reproduced on page xix, is a volume of 297 pages, and contains in addition to the regular six lectures, a seventh called *Charity and Humour*, first delivered in New York City.*

* The first English edition of the Humourists seems to be surprisingly scarce, though it does not fetch a great price at auction sales. It is not in the libraries of Harvard, or Yale, or the Boston Public, or, curiously enough, in the printed catalogue of the British Museum, which has only the second edition. I finally found a copy in the library of the Boston Athenæum, and I here make acknowledgment for the kindly loan of it, and to the Boston Public Library for loaning a copy of the first American edition.

JAMES HANNAY.

When the first edition of Thackeray's *English Humourists* appeared in 1853, the foot-notes appended to the text were a source of various comment from readers and reviewers. There was nothing to show whose hand had supplied them, for it was easy to see that they were not written by the master himself. In the essay on Thackeray, in the volume called *Characters and Criticisms*, Edinburgh, 1865, by James Hannay, we find the following statement on page 55: "Toward the close of 1852, 'Esmond' appeared, and Thackeray sailed for America." To which Hannay appended the following foot-note: "He recalled the present writer from a tour of Scotland in October, and placed the MS. of the 'Humourists' in his hands to edit and annotate during his absence." Thus, as Hannay's work is now inseparably associated with Thackeray's Lectures, and as the annotations were at the lecturer's own particular request, it may be well to give some brief account of the editor's life.

James Hannay was born at Dumfries, on the seventeenth of February, 1827. His father was a business man who wrote a now forgotten novel. Young Hannay entered the navy in 1840, and served in the blockade

of Alexandria. With his love of reading and a literary life, the career of an officer in the navy began to grow more and more distasteful, and in 1845 he was tried before a court-martial and expelled from the service. No disgrace attaches to Hannay for this misfortune, for the affair at the time was generally believed to be the result of some personal hatred, and the court's decision was finally set aside. But Hannay had had enough of the navy, and from 1846 he worked for the press, doing what chance literary work he could. In reporting for the papers, his excellent memory served him well, and he employed leisure hours at the library of the British Museum. He became acquainted with Thackeray in 1848, and began to make headway rapidly in literary circles. Besides publishing novels of naval life, which at the time had some vogue, he delivered lectures on literary themes, *Satires and Satirists*, published 1854. He learned Greek by himself, and had an unquenchable intellectual curiosity. He stood for Parliament as a Tory in 1857, and was defeated. As a newspaper editor, novelist, lecturer, and general author, he became a well-known literary figure about 1860. In 1868 he was made consul at Brest, which post he exchanged for that of Barcelona. He was married twice, in 1853, the year when his notes* to the *Humourists* appeared in print: his wife died in 1865. Then in 1868 he was married again, his second wife dying two years later. He himself expired very sud-

* In Melville's Bibliography (*Life*, II, 301) he says, "The Notes were written by Mr. George Hodder." This is, of course, a mistake.

denly on the ninth of January, 1873, in a suburb of Barcelona.

[The article on Hannay in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, from which all the facts in the above brief sketch are taken, was written by his son David Hannay, a journalist, who has published a number of books.]

CONTEMPORARY REVIEWS

OF THACKERAY'S TRIP TO AMERICA AND OF THE PUBLISHED LECTURES.

From the *New York Tribune*,* Nov. 20, 1852.

The opening lecture of Mr. THACKERAY'S course before the Mercantile Library Association was delivered last evening. The spacious church (Rev. Mr. Chapin's) was filled to the extent of its capacity at an early hour, by an audience comprising a large proportion of young men, and an unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities of New York. The fashionable circles were fully represented by an imposing array of ladies. Mr. Thackeray stood on an elevated platform in front of the pulpit. * * * In personal appearance, which in respect to the curiosity of the public we may be permitted to allude to, Mr.

* An editorial in the *New York Times* for the same day speaks of the *matter* of this first lecture in the most glowing terms; his manner, however, did not greatly impress the *Times*. His voice, which one paper called "a superb tenor," the *Times* thought rather light; and the relations between his hands and his pockets took up nearly a paragraph in the editorial. The Boston correspondent of the *Times* differed totally from Thackeray's estimate of Swift.

Thackeray is a fine, well-proportioned specimen of a stalwart Englishman—over six feet in stature—with an expression of quiet intelligence—and the self-possessed bearing of a man of the world, rather than the scholastic appearance of the occupant of the library. His intellectual head, which bears many silvery traces of the touch of time, is carried erectly, not without an air of reserve, some would say of defiance. In his elocution we were happily disappointed. The English journals have not done Mr. Thackeray justice in that respect. His manner, without any oratorical pretensions, is admirably adapted to the lecture-room. As a medium of instruction, it is far more grateful to the hearer than the more impassioned style, which is often adopted by our popular lecturers. The calm flow of his speech is so transparent that the sense shines through it without subjecting the mind's eye to a too severe trial. His voice is rich, deep, flexible, and equally expressive of emotion and thought in its intonations—the words are delivered with that clean finish which so often distinguishes the cultivated Englishman—his emphasis is pregnant with meaning—and, without any apparent effort, his ringing tones fill the ear of the most remote listener. Mr. Thackeray uses no gesture, except occasionally a convulsive clinching of the fist, or an emphatic thrusting of the hand into his pocket or under his coat. In short, his delivery was that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room.

The composition of his lecture was masterly. Graphic, terse, pointed, epigrammatic, abounding in

keen flashes of wit, alternately gay and pathetic, it displayed the same subtle perception of character, and condensed vigor of expression, which distinguish Thackeray among most, shall we not say all, modern writers of fiction. No report can do anything like justice to the numerous felicities of the lecture.

[The subsequent notices were generally laudatory, although in the report of the last lecture in the *Tribune* for Dec. 7, we find the following:

"The hour for commencing being 8 o'clock, Mr. Thackeray appeared punctually at eighteen minutes past the time, and proceeded with his lecture."

At the close of this last lecture, resolutions of appreciation were voted by the audience.]

From *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1853.*

MR. THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of Fraser's Magazine:

You may remember, my dear sir, how I prognosticated a warm reception for your Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in New York—how I advised that he should come by a Collins rather than a Cunard liner—how that he must land at New York rather than at Boston—or at any rate, that he mustn't dare to begin lecturing at the latter city, and bring 'cold joints' to the former one. In the last particular he has happily followed my suggestion, and has opened with a warm

* This burlesque article was signed "John Small," but it was immediately recognised as Thackeray's own work.

success in the chief city. The journals have been full of him. On the 19th of November, he commenced his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association (young ardent commercialists), in the spacious New York Church belonging to the flock presided over by the Rev. Mr. Chapine; a strong row of ladies—the cream of the capital—and an 'unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities.' The critic of the *New York Tribune* is forward to commend his style of delivery as 'that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room.' So far, excellent. This witness is a *gentleman* of the press, and is a credit to his order. But there are some others who have whetted the ordinary American appetite of inquisitiveness with astounding intelligence.

* * * * * *

You cannot help perceiving that the lion in America is public property and confiscate to the public weal. They trim the creature's nails, they cut the hair off his mane and tail (which is distributed or sold to his admirers), and they draw his teeth, which are frequently preserved with much the same care as you keep any memorable grinder whose presence has been agony, and departure delight.

Bear leading is not so in vogue across the Atlantic as at your home in England; but lion leading is infinitely more in fashion.

Some learned man is appointed Androcles to the new arrival. One of the familiars of the press is despatched to attend to the latest attraction, and by

this reflecting medium the lion is perpetually presented to the popular gaze. The guest's most secret self is exposed by his host. Every action—every word—every gesture is preserved and proclaimed—a sigh—a nod—a groan—a sneeze—a cough—or a wink—is each written down by this recording minister, who blots out nothing. No *tabula rasa* with him. The portrait is limned with the fidelity of Parrhasius, and filled up with the minuteness of the Daguerre process itself. No blood-hound or Bow-street officer can be keener, or more exact on the trail than this irresistible and unavoidable spy. 'Tis in Austria they calotype criminals: in the far West the public press prints the identity of each notorious visitor to its shores.

In turn Mr. Dickens, Lord Carlisle, Jenny Lind, and now Mr. Thackeray, have been lionized in America.

They go to see, themselves a greater sight than all.

[Thackeray may have felt that this article would cause some irritation; he therefore closed it with a graceful tribute to American hospitality, reprinted from the concluding remarks of his last lecture in New York, Dec. 6, 1852. Curiously enough, in alluding to this lecture, he gave the date as Dec. 7, a mistake in which he is followed by Mr. Melville, *Life*, I. 297.]

From *Putnam's Magazine*, June, 1853.

THACKERAY IN AMERICA.

Mr. Thackeray's visit at least demonstrated, that if we are unwilling to pay English authors for their books, we are ready to reward them handsomely for the oppor-

tunity of seeing and hearing them. If Mr. Dickens, instead of dining at other people's expense, and making speeches at his own, when he came to see us, had devoted an evening or two in the week to lecturing, his purse would have been fuller, his feelings sweeter, and his fame fairer. It was a Quixotic crusade, that of the Copyright, and the excellent Don has never forgiven the windmill that broke his spear.

Undoubtedly, when it was ascertained that Mr. Thackeray was coming, the public feeling on our side of the sea was very much divided as to his probable reception. "He'll come and humbug us, eat our dinners, pocket our money, and go home and abuse us, like that unmitigated snob Dickens," said Jonathan, chafing with the remembrance of that grand ball at the Park Theatre, and the Boz tableaux, and the universal wining and dining, to which the distinguished Dickens was subject while he was our guest.

"Let him have his say," said others, "and we will have our look. We will pay a dollar to hear him, if we can see him at the same time; and as for the abuse, why it takes even more than two such cubs of the roaring British lion to frighten the American eagle. Let him come, and give him fair play."

He did come, and has had his fair play, and has returned to England with a comfortable pot of gold holding $12,000, and with the hope and promise of seeing us again in September, to discourse of something not less entertaining than the witty men and sparkling times of Anne. We think there was no disappointment with his lectures. Those who knew his books found

the author in the lecturer. Those who did not know the books were charmed in the lecturer by what is charming in the author, the unaffected humanity, the tenderness, the sweetness, the genial play of fancy, and the sad touch of truth, with that glancing stroke of satire, which, lightning-like, illumines while it withers. The lectures were even more delightful than the books, because the tones of the voice, and the appearance of the man, the general personal magnetism, explained and alleviated so much that would otherwise have seemed doubtful or unfair. For those who had long felt in the writings of Thackeray a reality, quite inexpressible, there was a secret delight in finding it justified by his speaking. For he speaks as he writes, simply, directly, without flourish, without any cant of oratory, commending what he says by its intrinsic sense, and the sympathetic, and humane way in which it was spoken. Thackeray is the kind of "stump-orator" that would have pleased Carlyle. He never thrusts himself between you and his thought. If his conception of the time and his estimate of the men differ from your own, you have at least no doubt what his view is, nor how sincere and necessary it is to him. Mr. Thackeray considers Swift a misanthrope. He loves Goldsmith, and Steele, and Harry Fielding. He has no love for Sterne, great admiration for Pope, and alleviated admiration for Addison. How could it be otherwise? How could Thackeray *not* think Swift a misanthrope, and Sterne a factitious sentimentalist? He is a man of instincts, not of thoughts. He sees and feels. He would be "Shakspeare's call-boy"

rather than dine with the Dean of St. Patrick's. He would take a pot of ale with Goldsmith rather than a glass of Burgundy with the "Reverend Mr. Sterne," and that, simply, because he is Thackeray. He would have done it as Fielding would have done it, because he values one genuine emotion above the most dazzling thought, because he is, in fine, a Bohemian, "a minion of the moon," a great, sweet, generous human heart.

We say this with the more unction now, that we have the personal proof of it in his public and private intercourse while he was here.

The popular Thackeray-theory, before his arrival, was of a severe satirist, who concealed scalpels in his sleeves and carried probes in his waistcoat pockets; a scoffer and sneerer, and general infidel of all high aim and noble character. Certainly we are justified in saying that his presence among us quite corrected this idea.

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We conceive this to be the chief result of Thackeray's visit, that he convinced us of his intellectual integrity; he showed us how impossible it is for him to see the world, and describe it other than he does. He does not profess cynicism, nor satirize society with malice. There is no man more humble, none more simple.

* * * * * *

There is no man who masks so little as he, in assuming the author. His books are his observations reduced to writing. It seems to us as singular to demand that Dante should be like Shakspeare, as to quarrel with Thackeray's want of what is called ideal

portraiture. Even if you thought, from reading his *Vanity Fair*, that he had no conception of noble women, certainly after the lecture upon Swift, after all the lectures, in which every allusion to women was so manly, and delicate, and sympathetic, you thought so no longer.

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Mr. Thackeray's success was very great. He did not visit the West, nor Canada. He went home without seeing Niagara Falls. But wherever he did go, he found a generous social welcome, and a respectful and sympathetic hearing. He came to fulfil no mission: but he certainly knit more closely our sympathy with Englishmen.

From Colburn's *New Monthly*. Reprinted in *The Eclectic Magazine*, December, 1853.

THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

"Heroes and Hero-worship"—a subject chosen by Mr. Carlyle, when *he* arose to discourse before the sweet shady-sidesmen of Pall Mall and the fair of Mayfair—is not all the *res vexanda* one would predicate for a course of lectures by Mr. Titmarsh. If the magnificence of the hero grows small by degrees and beautifully less before the microscopic scrutiny of his valet, so might it be expected to end in a *minus* sign, after subjection to the eliminating process of the "Book of Snobs." Yet one passage, at least, there is in the attractive volume before us, instinct with hero-

worship, and, some will think, (as coming from such a quarter,) surcharged with enthusiasm,—where the lecturer affirms, "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face." At which sally, we can imagine *nil admirari* folks exclaiming, (if they be capable of an exclamation,) "Oh, you little snob!" Nevertheless, that sally will go far to propitiate many a reader hitherto steeled against the showman of "Vanity Fair," as an inveterate cynic—however little of real ground he may have given for such a prejudice.

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As with clerical sermons, so with laic lectures, there are few one pines to see in print. In the present instance, those who were of Mr. Thackeray's audience will probably, in the majority of cases, own to a sense of comparative tameness as the result of deliberate perusal. Nevertheless, the book could be ill spared, as books go. It is full of sound, healthy, manly, vigorous writing—sagacious in observation, independent and thoughtful, earnest in sentiment, in style pointed, clear, and straightforward.

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If we cared to dwell upon them, we might, however, make exceptions decided if not plentiful against parts of this volume. That Mr. Thackeray can be pertinaciously one-sided was seen in his "Esmond" draught of the Duke of Marlborough. A like restriction of vision seems here to distort his presentment of Sterne and of Hogarth.

* * * * * *

The lecture on Congreve is Titmarsh all over. . . . Addison meets with warmer eulogy than might have been expected. He is invariably mentioned with loving deference. . . . We have not the heart to inquire, here, whether the portrait, as a whole-length, is not too flattering in its proportions, and too bright in coloring. But doubtless the lecturer might, and many, we surmise, expected that he would, take a strangely opposite view of Pope's "Atticus." . . . Steele is one of Mr. Thackeray's darlings.

* * * * * *

They [the readers] may stumble here and there—one at the estimate of Pope's poetical *status*, another at the panegyric on Addison, and some at the scanty acknowledgments awarded to Hogarth and to Sterne. But none will put down the book without a sense of growing respect for the head and the heart of its author, and a glad pride in him as one of the Representative Men of England's current literature.

From *The Spectator* (London), June 11, 1853.

Mr. Thackeray is amongst us once again, and gives welcome notice of his reappearance by the publication of the famous lectures we heard two years ago. Since that time they have drawn crowds of interested listeners in many of our great towns. Those who came once to see and hear the author of "Vanity Fair," and to watch at a safe distance the terrible satirist, whose dressing-gown, like that of the old Frankish King, was trimmed with the scalps of slaughtered "snobs," were

attracted to continue their attendance to the close of the course by the engaging manner of the lecturer, just sufficiently elevated above the frank familiarity of the best society, by his expressive but always pleasant voice, by his unconcealed desire to make a favourable impression upon his audience, no less than by the sense, the sound feeling, the delicate irony, the profound human experience, or the fascinating style of the lectures. It has been a great triumph for Mr. Thackeray to have established this personal relation between himself and the admirers of his books; so that henceforth he speaks to them through these books, not as an abstraction, a voice issuing from a mask, but as a living man, and a friendly, companionable, accomplished gentleman.

* * * * * *

Mr. Thackeray's English success has been more than repeated in America; fulfilling the hope with which we closed our review of *Esmond*, "that his genial presence would add another to the many links which bind England to the United States." The Americans have been delighted with their guest; and he is not the man upon whom either the cordiality of their reception, or the greatness of their future, or the expanding energies of their present, are likely to be lost; nor will he regard every deviation from the Belgravian code of manners as necessarily an infringement upon those principles of manliness, kindness, simplicity, and feeling for the beautiful, by which all codes of manners will one day come to be tested. In him, American men, women, and institutions have a critic at once

frank, fearless, and friendly: already, as we hear, countesses and duchesses lift up astonished eyes at being told by one who is a favourite in their sacred circle, that the women of Boston, Baltimore, and New York—"creatures" belonging to merchants, lawyers, and men of letters—are as good as themselves.

* * * * * *

In turning over the pages of Mr. Thackeray's Lectures, (which, by the way, abound in misprints, requiring the vigilance of the proof-corrector for the next edition,) we find, as we expected, many points of literary criticism on which questions could and will be raised. Persons whose tastes and studies have led them to our older literature and history, no less than those whose training is emphatically modern, will consider that Mr. Thackeray has placed far too high the general moral and intellectual level of the eighteenth century.

* * * * * *

To those who attended the lectures the book will be a pleasant reminiscence, to others an exciting novelty; and all will be interested in looking over the accompanying notes, (which might have been and may yet be made more complete,) as an agreeable selection of the facts and passages from writings on which the lecturer's judgment was founded.

From *The Examiner* (London), June 11, 1853.

Followed by admiring audiences "in England, Scotland, and the United States of America," these lectures have obtained their purpose, have achieved all

reasonable fame as well as other substantial results for the lecturer, and present very little to us now to challenge attention from a reviewer. The chase is over, the sport run down, there was no place in the hunt for the critic, and where at last should he come in but with the laggers who fill up the cry. What matters his good or ill word? The book is sure to sell.

* * * * * *

Of criticism in the strict sense of the word, indeed, however masterly their descriptive passages, the lectures may be said to have contained little, to have pretended to little.

* * * * * *

the lecturer must excuse us for saying that he is too fond of looking up to great imaginary heights, or of looking down from the same; and that hence, too often, he places his heroes in the not enviable predicament on the one hand of being too much coaxed, patronised, or (which is much the same thing) abused; and on the other of being put upon a top shelf so very high and out of the way, that if we do not take Mr. Thackeray's word that they really *are* there, we should not, in those inaccessible places, be in the least likely ourselves to discover them. We could not for the life of us have recognised our old friend Addison in the grand, calm, pale, isolated attitude which he is here shown off in, as one of "the lonely ones of the world;" any more than we should have looked for the wise and profound creator of Mr. Shandy and my Uncle Toby in the ruff and motley clothes of a travel-

ling jester, laying down his carpet and tumbling in the street.

But what fine things the lectures contain! what eloquent and subtle sayings, what wise and earnest writing! how delightful are their turns of humour; with what a touching effect, in the graver passages, the genuine feeling of the man comes out; and how vividly the thoughts are *painted*, as it were, in graphic and characteristic words. For those who would learn the art of lecturing, the volume is a study. The telling points are so happily seized, and the attention always so vividly kept up, yet never with a pressure or strain. The lecture-room is again before us as we read—the ready responses of the audience flashing back those instant appeals of the speaker—and a great, intelligent, admiring crowd, stirred and agitated in every part with genial emotions and sympathy.

* * * * * *

Mr. Thackeray's lectures, we may observe in conclusion, are printed pretty much as they were spoken, except that additions have been made (we notice this particularly in Swift) in connection with particular writings of the humourists not at first introduced, and that a great many notes are appended illustrative of statements or opinions in each lecture. We are not quite sure that these notes will be thought an improvement. They are not generally very apt, they have no merit of rare or out-of-the-way reading, and here and there they have *tant soit peu* of a book-making aspect. The lectures had better have been left to run alone, which they could well afford to do.

[This comment on the notes affords an interesting contrast to the opinion expressed by the *Spectator*. See above.]

From *The Athenæum* (London), June 18, 1853 and a second notice in issue for the June 25, 1853.

How far the lives and works of such personages as Swift, Steele, Prior, Fielding, and Smollett—five figures in Mr. Thackeray's gallery of Humourists—could be at once plainly and humorously treated by the most devoted Humour-worshipper, for the edification of an audience of the two sexes, admits of debate.

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From a portion of his audience—with such themes as his—many things had to be either hidden, or indicated so darkly and distantly as to be unmeaningly harmless. Thus, a certain tone of trifling must inevitably have been assumed as the leading tone of such lectures by any one desirous of suiting means to ends. Now, all the world knows this to be Mr. Thackeray's habitual mood. Real earnestness never spoke with so little apparent earnestness as in his mouth. When his audiences sat down to listen to him, he warned them in the outset that he could not hope to entertain them "with a merely humorous or facetious story." Yet, after this, he could treat them to a drolling digression, to a dangling of good and evil in day-light, star-light, and lamp-light, so that the one should seem the other, and "both, neither"—to a conclusive inconclusiveness—to a pleasant song, in brief, rather than a literary

essay of any deep authority or value. Slight, however, as is the work, it is not without valuable treasures, deep imbedded here and there among its shallows.

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Proceeding with these desultory notes, it may be observed, that while some readers of these 'Lectures' will deem our author's estimate of Addison over-elaborate in its praise,—others (and ourselves among the number) will fancy that he has been hard on Congreve.

* * * * * *

When 'The Spectator' was placed on a pedestal at the expense of 'The Way of the World,' our shrewd student of the Augustan life and literature of England forgot what were the several destinations of the two works,—and laid too unfairly on the author's individuality the blame belonging to the miry place down to which Comedy lured the pretty fellows and toasts of the town to find their diversion.

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We return to this welcome book at the name of Prior,—of whom, we think, the lecturer might have made more had it pleased him to exercise his poignant skill in painting a conversation picture showing the English diplomatist at the Hague.

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Our lecturer thinks that Moore has read Prior closely. It may be so, but the signs of such study escape us.

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Perhaps the figure in this gallery on which our Lecturer has bestowed his utmost pains is Pope. Here

Mr. Thackeray rises into a greater refinement of distinction, into a graver sympathy with his subject, than is his wont. He dwells like a true lover of "letters" (somewhat different this from a lover of literature) on the fascinations of Pope's correspondence; and after a flourish of praise in its behalf something pompous, but, we doubt not, sincere—falls into a homelier tune which is holy and charming.

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We can point to Mr. Thackeray's appreciation of Sterne with entire approval. "Yorick" was, indeed, a fair subject for a denunciatory sermon, addressed to the sentimentalists of Vanity Fair,—and its morals, and his want of morals, are not spared by our preacher.—With Goldsmith Mr. Thackeray's series closes. The author of the 'Vicar' is genially and tenderly handled. But it has been his fate, after death, to be loved by all who have commemorated him with uncommon ardour, indulgence and unanimity.—To conclude:—none will read these Lectures, whether in agreement or in difference, without looking forward to the announcement of some future series from their shrewd and suggestive discourser.

THE ENGLISH HUMOURISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY*

Swift

In treating of the English Humourists of the past age, it is of the men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humourous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the doctor advised to go and see Harlequin †—a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose Self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to

* The notes to these lectures were chiefly written by James Hannay. A few corrections and additions, chiefly due to later investigations, are now inserted; for which the publishers have to thank Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Sidney Lee, and Mr. L. Stephen.

† The anecdote is frequently told of our performer John Rich (1682 ?-1761), who first introduced pantomimes, and himself acted Harlequin.

find, in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you, a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If Humour only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humourous writers than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humourous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him —sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralise upon *his* life when he has gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.

Of English parents, and of a good English family of clergymen,* Swift was born in Dublin in 1667,

* He was from a younger branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire. His grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, suffered for his loyalty in Charles I.'s time. That gentleman married Elizabeth Dryden, a member of the family of the poet. Sir Walter Scott gives, with his characteristic minuteness

seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practise there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at Kilkenny, and afterwards to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild, and witty, and poor. In 1688, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1694, and the next year took orders in Dublin. But he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got and returned to Temple, in whose family he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Esther Johnson,* Tem-

in such points, the exact relationship between these famous men. Swift was "the son of Dryden's second cousin." Swift, too, was the enemy of Dryden's reputation. Witness the "Battle of the Books":—"The difference was greatest among the horse," says he of the moderns, "where every private trooper pretended to the command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers." And in *Poetry, a Rhapsody*, he advises the poetaster to—

> "Read all the Prefaces of Dryden,
> For these our critics much confide in,
> Though merely writ, at first for filling,
> To raise the volume's price a shilling."

"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet," was the phrase of Dryden to his kinsman, which remained alive in a memory tenacious of such matters.

* "Miss Hetty" she was called in the family—where her face, and her dress, and Sir William's treatment of her, all made the real fact about her birth plain enough. Sir William left her a thousand pounds. [The statement that Esther Johnson was Temple's natural daughter, was first made by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1757, who also asserted that Swift was Temple's natural son; and that a discovery of their relationship was the secret of Swift's melancholy. The statement about Swift is inconsistent with known dates. The story about Esther may be true, but it depends mainly upon late and anonymous evidence.]

ple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship while they were both dependants of Temple's. And with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1710 he came to England, and, with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of Saint Patrick, he now passed four years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced, and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous "Drapier's Letters" and "Gulliver's Travels." He married * Esther Johnson (Stella), and buried Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa), who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having passed the last five of the seventy-eight years of his life with an impaired intellect, and keepers to watch him.†

* The marriage is accepted by Swift's last biographer, Sir H. Craik. It was disbelieved by Forster, and cannot be regarded as certain.

† Sometimes, during his mental affliction, he continued walking about the house for many consecutive hours; sometimes he remained in a kind of torpor. At times he would seem to struggle to bring into distinct consciousness, and shape into expression the intellect that lay smothering under gloomy obstruction in him. A pier-glass falling by accident, nearly fell on him. He said he wished it had! He once repeated slowly several times, "I am what I am." The last thing he wrote was an epigram on the building of a maga-

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but can't bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson,* who, forced to admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Doctor (afterwards Sir W. R.) Wilde of Dublin,† who has

zine for arms and stores, which was pointed out to him as he went abroad during his mental disease:—

"Behold a proof of Irish sense:
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
They build a magazine!"

* Besides these famous books of Scott's and Johnson's, there is a copious "Life" by Thomas Sheridan (Doctor Johnson's "Sherry"), father of Richard Brinsley, and son of that good-natured, clever Irish Doctor Thomas Sheridan, Swift's intimate, who lost his chaplaincy by so unluckily choosing for a text on the King's birthday, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!" Not to mention less important works, there is also the *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Doctor Jonathan Swift*, by that polite and dignified writer, the Earl of Orrery. His Lordship is said to have striven for literary renown, chiefly that he might make up for the slight passed on him by his father, who left his library away from him. It is to be feared that the ink he used to wash out that stain only made it look bigger. He had, however, known Swift, and corresponded with people who knew him. His work (which appeared in 1751) provoked a good deal of controversy, calling out, among other *brochures*, the interesting *Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks*, &c., of Doctor Delany.

† Wilde's book was written on the occasion of the remains of Swift and Stella being brought to the light of day—a thing which happened in 1835, when certain works going on in Saint Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, afforded an opportunity of their being examined. One hears with surprise of these skulls "going the rounds" of houses, and being made the objects of *dilettante* curiosity. The larynx of Swift was actually carried off! Phrenologists had a low opinion of his intellect from the observations they took.

Wilde traces the symptoms of ill-health in Swift, as detailed in his writings from time to time. He observes, likewise, that the skull

written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson "the most malignant of his biographers:" it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen—perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift: Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the Doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the Dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.*

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean? I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latchkey, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and

gave evidence of "diseased action" of the brain during life—such as would be produced by an increasing tendency to "cerebral congestion." [In 1882 Dr. Bucknell wrote an interesting article to show that Swift's disease was 'labyrinthine vertigo,' an affection of the ear, which would account for some of the symptoms.]

* "He [Doctor Johnson] seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not."—BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides.*

heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift? If you had been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you,* and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's

* Few men, to be sure, dared this experiment, but yet their success was encouraging. One gentleman made a point of asking the Dean whether his uncle Godwin had not given him his education. Swift, who hated *that* subject cordially, and, indeed, cared little for his kindred, said sternly, "Yes; he gave me the education of a dog." "Then, sir," cried the other, striking his fist on the table, "you have not the gratitude of a dog!"

Other occasions there were when a bold face gave the Dean pause, even after his Irish almost-royal position was established. But he brought himself into greater danger on a certain occasion, and the amusing circumstances may be once more repeated here. He had unsparingly lashed the notable Dublin lawyer, Mr. Serjeant Bettesworth—

> "Thus at the bar, the booby Bettesworth,
> Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
> Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
> Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant!"

The Serjeant, it is said, swore to have his life. He presented himself at the deanery. The Dean asked his name. "Sir, I am Serjeant Bett-es-worth."

"*In what regiment, pray?*" asked Swift.

A guard of volunteers formed themselves to defend the Dean at this time.

blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue riband, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humour, and that he was the most reckless simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence; * he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronising you; and after fighting your battles, masked, in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.†

* "But, my Hamilton, I will never hide the freedom of my sentiments from you. I am much inclined to believe that the temper of my friend Swift might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted at a distance. His spirit, for I would give it the softest name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than advise."—*Orrery.*

† ". . . An anecdote, which, though only told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested, bears, that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was newly married. The Earl, it is supposed, being willing to have a little diversion, did not introduce him to his lady, nor mention his name. After dinner said the Dean, 'Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song.' The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour with distaste, and positively refused. He said, 'She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge-parsons; sing when I bid you.' As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, 'Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?' To which she answered with great good-humour, 'No, Mr. Dean; I'll

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke:—"All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue riband or a coach-and-six." *

Could there be a greater candour? It is an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;" and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my Lord Bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue riband, and my Lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post about the Court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the

sing for you if you please.' From which time he conceived a great esteem for her."—SCOTT'S *Life*. " . . . He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was, perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities."—*Orrery*.

* "I make no figure but at Court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintances."—*Journal to Stella*.

"I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me."—*Journal to Stella*.

The following curious paragraph illustrates the life of a courtier:—"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? . . . I dare not tell him that I am so, *for fear he should think that I counterfeited to make my court!*"—*Journal to Stella*.

mitre and crozier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from Saint James's; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.*

* The war of pamphlets was carried on fiercely on one side and the other: and the Whig attacks made the Ministry Swift served very sore. Bolingbroke laid hold of several of the Opposition pamphleteers, and bewails their "factitiousness" in the following letter:—

Bolingbroke to the Earl of Strafford.

"WHITEHALL: *July 23rd, 1712.*

"IT is a melancholy consideration that the laws of our country are too weak to punish effectually those factitious scribblers, who presume to blacken the brightest characters, and to give even scurrilous language to those who are in the first degrees of honour. This, my Lord, among others, is a symptom of the decayed condition of our Government, and serves to show how fatally we mistake licentiousness for liberty. All I could do was to take up Hart, the printer, to send him to Newgate, and to bind him over upon bail to be prosecuted; this I have done; and if I can arrive at legal proof against the author, Ridpath, he shall have the same treatment."

Swift was not behind his illustrious friend in this virtuous indignation. In the history of the last four years of the Queen, the Dean speaks in the most edifying manner of the licentiousness of the press and the abusive language of the other party:—

"It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversion from the public. . . . The adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius levelled to the generality of their readers. . . . However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon small papers, and a Bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the House of Commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it, for there always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press."

But to a clause in the proposed Bill, that the names of authors should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper, his Rever-

Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral or adorn a tale of ambition as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax—that other gentlemen besides himself took the road in his day—that public society was in a strange disordered condition, and the State was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost—

ence objects altogether; for, says he, "besides the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who, in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion, have chosen, *out of an humble Christian spirit, to conceal their names*, it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon first sending their thoughts into the world."

This "invincible modesty" was no doubt the sole reason which induced the Dean to keep the secret of the "Drapier's Letters" and a hundred humble Christian works of which he was the author. As for the Opposition, the Doctor was for dealing severely with them. He writes to Stella:—

Journal. Letter XIX.

"LONDON: *March 25th*, 1710-11.

". . . We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body and say, 'See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond;' and 'This is the wound,' &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of the law every man is innocent till then. . . ."

Journal. Letter XXVII.

LONDON: *July 25th*, 1711.

"I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who was condemned for a rape. The Under-Secretary was willing to save him; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the Judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else, and so he shall swing."

the bells rung in William's victory, in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James's. Men were loose upon politics, and had to shift for themselves. They, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble, almost everybody gambled; as in the Railway mania—not many centuries ago—almost every one took his unlucky share: a man of that time, of the vast talents and ambition of Swift, could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize, and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigation. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter,* like that of a great genius, that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards, writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man —what statesman projecting a *coup*—what king determined on an invasion of his neighbour—what satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, can't give a pretext for his move? There was a French General the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our

* It was his constant practice to keep his birthday as a day of mourning.

conduct at Copenhagen: there is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn. They are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.*

As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck—as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

That Swift was born at No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, on the 30th November 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister island the honour and glory; but, it seems to me, he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo.† Goldsmith was an

* "These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the *Flying Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes **round.**"—*Journal to Stella.*

† Swift was by no means inclined to forget such considerations; and his English birth makes its mark, strikingly enough, every now and then in his writings. Thus in a letter to Pope (SCOTT'S *Swift,* vol. xix. p. 97), he says:—

"We have had your volumes of letters. . . . Some of those who highly value you, and a few who knew you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom, and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilised than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred."

And again, in the fourth Drapier's Letter, we have the following:—

"A short paper, printed at Bristol, and reprinted here, reports Mr. Wood to say 'that he wonders at the impudence and insolence of the Irish in refusing his coin.' When, by the way, it is the true

Irishman, and always an Irishman: Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman: Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English; his statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money: with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.* Dreading ridicule too, as a man of his humour—above all, an Englishman of his humour—certainly would, he is

English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked."—Scott's *Swift*, vol. vi. p. 453.

He goes further, in a good-humoured satirical paper, *On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland*, where (after abusing, as he was wont, the Scotch cadence, as well as expression) he advances to the "*Irish Brogue*," and speaking of the "censure" which it brings down, says:—

"And what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom."—*Ibid.* vol. vii. p. 149.

But, indeed, if we are to make *anything* of Race at all, we must call that man an Englishman whose father comes from an old Yorkshire family, and his mother from an old Leicestershire one!

* "The style of his conversation was very much of a piece with that of his writings, concise and clear and strong. Being one day at a Sheriff's feast, who amongst other toasts called out to him, 'Mr. Dean, The Trade of Ireland!' he answered quick: 'Sir, I drink no memories!' . . .

"Happening to be in company with a petulant young man who prided himself on saying pert things . . . and who cried out—'You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!' 'Do you so?' says the Dean. 'Take my advice, and sit down again!'

"At another time, being in company, where a lady whisking her

afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed; one often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent when he might; that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship—wore a cassock that was only not a livery—bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my Lady's good graces, or run on his honour's errands.* It

long train [long trains were then in fashion] swept down a fine fiddle and broke it; Swift cried out—

'Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!'"

—Dr. Delany: *Observations upon Lord Orrery's "Remarks, &c. on Swift."* London, 1754.

* "Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman."—*Journal to Stella.*

[It should be added that this statement about the twenty pounds a year, and the upper servants' table, came from a hostile story told long afterwards by a nephew of Temple to Richardson the novelist. It is probably true enough of Swift's first stay as a raw lad in the family; but Temple came to value Swift's services much more highly,

was here, as he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them, looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard! what feeble jokes! what pompous commonplaces! what small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary. I wonder whether it ever struck Temple, that that Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service—ate humble pie and came back again; and so for ten years went on, gathering learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practised and easy good breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelop his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any

and induced him to return from Ireland by promises of preferment. Temple's death prevented their fulfilment, but it is clear that he had come to treat Swift with great respect.]

lady's train or any rival's heels in the Court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park; and lets the King's party and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the Sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow); he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself, Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat: between his study-chair and his tulip-beds,* clipping his apricots and pruning his es-

* "... The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expression, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquillity of his mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by very different expressions: what is called by the Stoics apathy, or dispassion; by the sceptics, indisturbance; by the Molinists, quietism; by common men, peace of conscience—seems all to mean but great tranquillity of mind. ... For this reason Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of the air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or walking; but, above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favour and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind. ... Where Paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those Eastern countries. Strabo describing Jericho: 'Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax palmis abundans,

says,—the statesman, the ambassador no more; but the philosopher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at Saint James's as at Shene; where, in place of kings and fair ladies, he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty; or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse; or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him, as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

> "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembing beheld the doubtful hand of fate."

As for Dorinda, his sister,—

> "Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
> Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
> To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
> And grief flung sables on each menial look.
> The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,
> That furnished spirit and motion through the whole."

spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus: ibi est Regis Balsami paradisus.' "—*Essay on Gardens.*

In the same famous essay Temple speaks of a friend, whose conduct and prudence he characteristically admires:—

"... I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his garden, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and *a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.*"

Isn't that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery, a fine image? One of the menials wrote it, who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his honour's heels in the garden walk; or taking his honour's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds it must be hard work at the second table;* the Irish secretary owned as much after-

* SWIFT'S THOUGHTS ON HANGING.

(*Directions to Servants.*)

"To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at Court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you: there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

"The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged: which, either for robbing your master, for housebreaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities: either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community: deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a character before the court; let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate: some of your kind wenches will provide you with a holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave

wards; and when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards—and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known—and what a contempt his Excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin! (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square toes and periwig,—when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps, for the Irish secretary, his Excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William *would* perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *à propos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues, and *plates-bandes*, and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Laertius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hesperides,

cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate: mount the cart with courage: fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell: you shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity: the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your frame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place. . . ."

Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *A propos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras's precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man—that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heavens; Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), "His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them." And one person in that household, that pompous, stately, kindly Moor Park, saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half-killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope.

I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke

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from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously towards his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders.

"The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning; and the reasons of quitting your honour's family—that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities*. This is all I dare at present beg from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard: what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honour's lady and sister."

Can prostration fall deeper? could a slave bow lower? *

* "He continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the Dean.

"It has since pleased God to take this good and great person to himself."—*Preface to Temple's Works.*

On all *public* occasions, Swift speaks of Sir William in the same tone. [The letter given above was written 6th October 1694, and is humiliating enough. Swift's relation to Temple changed, as already said. The passages, however, which follow, no doubt show a strong sense of "indignities" at one time or other.] But the reader will better understand how acutely he remembered the indignities he suffered in his household, from the subjoined extracts from the *Journal to Stella*:—

"I called at Mr. Secretary the other day, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday: I made him a very proper speech; told him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he

Twenty years afterwards Bishop Kennet, describing the same man, says:—

"Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at Court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esquire, going into the Queen with the red bag, and told him aloud, he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and telling the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the Doctor,

would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of—never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already" (*meaning Sir William Temple*), &c. &c.—*Journal to Stella.*

"I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow hardly thirty in that employment."—*Ibid.*

"The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State."—*Ibid.*

"Lord Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with; it put me in mind of Sir William Temple."—*Ibid.*

"I thought I saw Jack Temple [*nephew to Sir William*] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family."—*S. to S., Sept. 1710.*

'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe: 'For,' says he, 'he shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.'* Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Doctor Swift to follow him—both went off just before prayers."†

There's a little malice in the Bishop's "just before prayers."

This picture of the great Dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men, too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man—he was cautious about his money, but ready. If you were in a strait, would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been be-

* "Swift must be allowed," says Doctor Johnson, "for a time, to have dictated the political opinions of the English nation."

A conversation on the Dean's pamphlets excited one of the Doctor's liveliest sallies. "One, in particular, praised his *Conduct of the Allies*.—JOHNSON: 'Sir, his *Conduct of the Allies* is a performance of very little ability. . . . Why, sir, Tom Davies might have written the *Conduct of the Allies!*'"—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

† The passage as quoted in the text is slightly abbreviated. It may be observed that Swift fulfilled his promises of support to the "clergyman," Dr. Fiddes, author of a good life of Wolsey, and was very useful to Pope. Many other instances could be given of the "kind acts" mentioned in the next paragraph.

holden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner.* He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the Dean was no Irishman—no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of Saint Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secrecy that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a Church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt, and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right, and the bishops who advised Queen Anne when they counselled her not to appoint the author of the "Tale of a Tub" to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man

* "Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good-humour, he afterwards made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment, from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all further intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the Dean, having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it. 'For,' said he, 'I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me.' Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humour, thanked him, and told him 'he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate.' 'Why, then,' said the Dean, 'you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, —— take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he said he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him.'"—SHERIDAN'S *Life of Swift.*

who wrote the arguments and illustrations in that wild book, could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the "Beggar's Opera"—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders—to invest in a cassock and bands—just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest. The Queen, and the bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.*

* *From the Archbishop of Cashell.*

"CASHELL: *May 31st*, 1735.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness; but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents rather than mere sloth. I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime serjeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of my predecessors. He tells me, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humour. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss—Harry Fielding and Dick Steele—were especially loud, and I believe really fervent in their expressions of belief; they belaboured freethinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their

such a year; and if not translated, were buried in the Cathedral Church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent on any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

"I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles' end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inns at all: but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach; if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and bye-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you, and am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient servant,

"THEO. CASHELL."

way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbour's, and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behaviour, they got upon their knees and cried "Peccavi" with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred Popery, Atheism, and wooden shoes and idolatries in general; and hiccupped Church and State with fervour.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guardroom, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the "Tale of a Tub," when he said, "Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" I think he was admiring, not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong,—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into the hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men,—an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility,

and reverence? For Swift's was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own scepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire.* The paper left behind him, called "Thoughts on Religion," is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets: they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached from the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee-house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was! what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! † It is

* "Mr. Swift lived with him [Sir William Temple] some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the Church merely for support."—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the Dean.

† "Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene;

awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The "sæva indignatio" of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone—as if the wretch who lay under that stone waiting God's judgment had a right to be angry—breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous "Drapier's Letters" patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humour and invective: they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy—the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage. It is Samson, with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them: one admires not the cause so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and

but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity."—*Orrery.*

awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these; in a hundred passages in his writings he rages against it; rages against children; an object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele, or Goldsmith, or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the Dean's famous "Modest Proposal" for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thoughts of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gaiety of an ogre.* "I have been assured," says he in the "Modest Proposal," "by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragoût*." And taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect gravity and logic. He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways; he hashes it; and he serves it up cold; and he garnishes it; and relishes it always. He describes

* "LONDON: *April 10th*, 1713.

"Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live; and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the Queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. . . ."—*Journal.*

the little animal as "dropped from its dam," advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table! "A child," says his Reverence, "will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish," and so on; and the subject being so delightful that he can't leave it, he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, "the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve." Amiable humourist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well known and practised in the Dean's gay days; when a lout entered the coffee-house, the wags proceeded to what they called "roasting" him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The Dean had a native genius for it. As the "Almanach des Gourmands" says, "On nait rôtisseur."

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In "Gulliver," the folly of love and marriage is urged by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and amongst his favourite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and ex-

ample—God help him!—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.*

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method through all his works of humour. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic, a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved, at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the First Minister who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, the King of Brobdingnag observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver. "The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine" (what a surprising humour there is in this description!)—"The Emperor's features," Gulliver says, "are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his Court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders."

What a surprising humour there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet where the king of the pigmies is measured by the same standard. We have all read in Milton of the spear

* "My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart."—*In May 1719.*

that was like "the mast of some great ammiral;" but these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him. He is turning it in a thousand ways. He is full of it. The figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, as in that wonderful passage, when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin, and put it on the table, the cabin being only a quarter the size of the box. It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdingnag, he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humour, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver, in the unpronounceable country, describes his parting from his master the horse.*

* Perhaps the most melancholy satire in the whole of the dreadful book is the description of the very old people in the "Voyage to Laputa." At Lugnag, Gulliver hears of some persons who never die, called the Struldbrugs, and expressing a wish to become acquainted with men who must have so much learning and experience, his colloquist describes the Struldbrugs to him.

"He said: They commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the

"I took," he says, "a second leave of my master, but as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they

former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament, and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a Struldbrug happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

"As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit, they cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

"At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they can never amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the begin-

have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms they would soon change their opinion."

The surprise here, the audacity of circumstantial evidence, the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant how much he has been censured, the nature of the favour conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, are surely complete: it is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

As for the humour and conduct of this famous

ning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the Struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbours, the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

"This was the account given me of the Struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told 'that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world,' they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them slumskudask, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

"They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

"They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men; besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half-a-dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them."—*Gulliver's Travels.*

fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience mayn't have read the last part of Gulliver, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say "Don't." When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, and he describes himself as "almost stifled with the filth which fell about him." The reader of the fourth part of "Gulliver's Travels" is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language: a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed—the fatal rocks towards which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of "Gulliver" is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility, the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dulness, the mean aims, the base successes—all these were present to him; it was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears, that he began to write his dreadful allegory—of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked,

desperate, and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done? what secret remorse was rankling at his heart? what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world bloodshot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is sceptical about friendship, as a man with no ear doesn't care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift.

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." *

The most unhappy man on earth;—*Miserrimus*—what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshipped him as a liberator, a saviour, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver—

* This remarkable story came to Scott from an unnamed friend of Delany's widow. It has been supposed to confirm the conjecture about his natural relationship to Stella; but, even if correctly reported, is open to any number of interpretations.

the most famous statesmen and the greatest poets of his day had applauded him and done him homage; and at this time, writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*"

We have spoken about the men, and Swift's behaviour to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great Dean.* Two women whom he loved and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart!

* The name of Varina has been thrown into the shade by those of the famous Stella and Vanessa; but she had a story of her own to tell about the blue eyes of young Jonathan. One may say that the book of Swift's Life opens at places kept by these blighted flowers! Varina must have a paragraph.

She was a Miss Jane Waryng, sister to a college chum of his. In 1696, when Swift was nineteen years old, we find him writing a love-letter to her, beginning, "Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover." But absence made a great difference in his feelings; so, four years afterwards, the tone is changed. He writes again, a very curious letter, offering to marry her, and putting the offer in such a way that nobody could possibly accept it.

After dwelling on his poverty, &c., he says, conditionally, "I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the second, is all I ask for!"

The editors do not tell us what became of Varina in life. One would be glad to know that she met with some worthy partner, and lived long enough to see her little boys laughing over Lilliput, without any *arrière pensée* of a sad character about the great Dean!

Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief —boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions; millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty, we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that, in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa, and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly—the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of

Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls "his little language" in his journal to Stella.* He writes to her night and morning often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. "Stay," he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December 1710—"Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed. Let me see. Come and appear, little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can

* A sentimental Champollion might find a good deal of matter for his art, in expounding the symbols of the "Little Language." Usually, Stella is "M.D.," but sometimes her companion, Mrs. Dingley, is included in it. Swift is "Presto"; also P.D.F.R. We have "Good-night, M.D.; Night, M.D.; Little M.D.; Stellakins; Pretty Stella; Dear, roguish, impudent, pretty M.D." Every now and then he breaks into rhyme, as—

> "I wish you both a merry new year,
> Roast-beef, mince-pies, and good strong beer,
> And me a share of your good cheer,
> That I was there, as you were here,
> And you are a little saucy dear."

Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?" he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then—the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate: but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her whilst he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos; his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:—

"When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains,
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,
And though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warmed,
With vigour and delight performed.
Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed:
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.

Best pattern of true friends! beware
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours:
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed."

One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favour, for which I confess, for my part, I can't help thanking fate and the Dean. *That other person* was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman, who lived five doors from Doctor Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner—Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her.* He kept Bolingbroke's,

* The following passages are from a paper begun by Swift on the evening of the day of her death, Jan. 28, 1727-28:—

"She was sickly from her childhood, until about the age of fifteen; but then she grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London—only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection.

". . . Properly speaking"—he goes on, with a calmness which, under the circumstances, is terrible—"she has been dying six months! . . .

"Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . . All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that in an afternoon's or evening's conversation she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief."

The specimens on record, however, in the Dean's paper, called "Bon Mots de Stella," scarcely bear out this last part of the panegyric. But the following prove her wit:—

"A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company,

and Pope's, and Harley's, and Peterborough's: but Stella "very carefully," the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course: that is the way of the world: and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the Doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury Street, where he has the first-floor, a dining-room and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; and in Letter VI. he says "he has visited a lady just come to town," whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella's—"What do you mean 'that boards near me, that I dine with now and then'? What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do." Of course she does. Of course Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that

at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy, because 'the child was gone to heaven.' 'No, my Lord,' said she; 'that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there.'

"When she was extremely ill, her physician said, 'Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again.' She answered, 'Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top.'

"A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartees, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty. He was at a loss; but she solved the difficulty by saying, 'The Doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching himself.'

"A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial, corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. 'What is that?'—said she—'my apothecary's son!' The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing."—*Swift's Works*, Scott's ed. vol. ix. 295-96.

the Doctor has been to dine "gravely" with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh: then that he has been to "his neighbour": then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbour! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen; and scented Vanessa in the air.* The rival is at the Dean's feet. The pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo*, *amas*, *amavi* together. The "little language" is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, doesn't *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas?*

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa† you may peruse in Cadenus's own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him; she adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something god-like, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet.‡ As they

* "I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and *out of mere listlessness dine there very often;* so I did to-day."—*Journal to Stella.*

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, "Vanessa's" mother, was the widow of a Dutch merchant who held lucrative appointments in King William's time. The family settled in London in 1709, and had a house in Bury Street, St. James's—a street made notable by such residents as Swift and Steele; and, in our own time, Moore and Crabbe.

† "Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; . . . happy in the thoughts of being reported Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife."—*Lord Orrery.*

‡ "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you

are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Doctor Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlour. He likes to be admired and adored. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business; until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the Doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardour, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive Dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed, and bullied; the news of the Dean's marriage with Stella at last

could. You had better have said, as often as you can get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last: I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me, and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me; and believe I cannot help telling you this and live."—*Vanessa.* (M. 1714.)

came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.*

* "If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures."—*Orrery.*

"You would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night."—*Orrery.*

A correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's furnished him with the materials on which to found the following interesting passage about Vanessa—after she had retired to cherish her passion in retreat:—

"Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well; and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. . . . She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called 'Vanessa's bower.' Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. . . . There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey. . . . In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing-materials on the table before them."—Scott's *Swift*, vol. i. pp. 246-7.

". . . But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections—to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long excited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him—then in Ireland—'If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*' Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly, perhaps, to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however,

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, "That doesn't surprise me," said Mrs. Stella, "for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." A woman—a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Doctor Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written in the Dean's hand, the words: "*Only a woman's hair.*" An instance, says Scott, of the Dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair; only love,

Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks."
—*Scott.*

only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion:—only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse, for the guilty lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.*

And yet to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there.† He shrank away from all affection sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after seven score years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that

* Thackeray wrote to Hayward, who had said something of this lecture when originally delivered, and had apparently misunderstood this passage, that the phrase quoted seemed to him to be "the most affecting words I ever heard, indicating the truest love, passion, and remorse."—*Hayward Correspondence*, i. 119.

† "M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pas, à la vérité, la gaité du premier, mais il a toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon. Ses vers sont d'un goût singulier, et presque inimitable; la bonne plaisanterie est son partage en vers et en prose; mais pour le bien entendre il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays."—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais*. Lettre XX.

went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius: an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

Congreve and Addison

A great number of years ago, before the passing of the Reform Bill, there existed at Cambridge a certain debating club, called the "Union"; and I remember that there was a tradition amongst the undergraduates who frequented that renowned school of oratory, that the great leaders of the Opposition and Government had their eyes upon the University Debating Club, and that if a man distinguished himself there he ran some chance of being returned to Parliament as a great nobleman's nominee. So Jones of John's, or Thomson of Trinity, would rise in their might, and draping themselves in their gowns, rally round the monarchy, or hurl defiance at priests and kings, with the majesty of Pitt or the fire of Mirabeau, fancying all the while that the great nobleman's emissary was listening to the debate from the back benches, where he was sitting with the family seat in his pocket. Indeed, the legend said that one or two young Cambridge men, orators of the "Union," were actually caught up thence, and carried down to Cornwall or Old Sarum, and so into Parliament. And many a young fellow deserted the jogtrot University curriculum, to hang on in the dust behind the fervid wheels of the parliamentary chariot.

Where, I have often wondered, were the sons of Peers and Members of Parliament in Anne's and George's time? Were they all in the army, or hunting in the country, or boxing the watch? How was it that the young gentlemen from the University got such a prodigious number of places? A lad composed a neat copy of verses at Christchurch or Trinity, in which the death of a great personage was bemoaned, the French King assailed, the Dutch or Prince Eugene complimented, or the reverse; and the party in power was presently to provide for the young poet; and a commissionership, or a post in the Stamps, or the secretaryship of an Embassy, or a clerkship in the Treasury, came into the bard's possession. A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's. What have men of letters got in *our* time? Think, not only of Swift, a king fit to rule in any time or empire—but Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, John Gay, John Dennis, and many others, who got public employment, and pretty little pickings out of the public purse.* The wits of whose names we shall treat in this lecture and two following, all (save one)

* The following is a *conspectus* of them:—

ADDISON.—Commissioner of Appeals; Under-Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Keeper of the Records in Ireland; Lord of Trade; and one of the Principal Secretaries of State, successively.

STEELE.—Commissioner of the Stamp Office; Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court; and Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians; Commissioner of "Forfeited Estates in Scotland."

PRIOR.—Secretary of the Embassy at the Hague; Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to King William; Secretary to the

touched the King's coin, and had, at some period of their lives, a happy quarter-day coming round for them.

They all began at school or college in the regular way, producing panegyrics upon public characters, what were called odes upon public events, battles, sieges, Court marriages and deaths, in which the gods of Olympus and the tragic muse were fatigued with invocations, according to the fashion of the time in France and in England. "Aid us, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo," cried Addison, or Congreve, singing of William or Marlborough. "Accourez, chastes nymphes du Permesse," says Boileau, celebrating the Grand Monarch. "Des sons que ma lyre enfante ces arbres sont réjouis; marquez-en bien la cadence; et vous, vents, faites silence! je vais parler de Louis!" Schoolboys' themes and foundation exercises are the only relics left now of this scholastic fashion. The Olympians are left quite undisturbed in their mountain. What man of note, what contributor to the poetry of a country newspaper, would now think of writing a congratu-

Embassy in France; Under-Secretary of State; Ambassador to France.

TICKELL.—Under-Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland.

CONGREVE.—Commissioner for licensing Hackney-Coaches; Commissioner for Wine Licences; place in the Pipe Office; post in the Custom House; Secretary of Jamaica.

GAY.—Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon (when Ambassador to Hanover).

JOHN DENNIS.—A place in the Custom House.

"En Angleterre . . . les lettres sont plus en honneur qu'ici."—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Lettre XX.

latory ode on the birth of the heir to a dukedom, or the marriage of a nobleman? In the past century the young gentlemen of the Universities all exercised themselves at these queer compositions; and some got fame, and some gained patrons and places for life, and many more took nothing by these efforts of what they were pleased to call their muses.

William Congreve's * Pindaric Odes are still to be found in "Johnson's Poets," that now unfrequented poets'-corner, in which so many forgotten bigwigs have a niche; but though he was also voted to be one of the greatest tragic poets of any day, it was Congreve's wit and humour which first recommended him to courtly fortune. And it is recorded that his first play, the "Old Bachelor," brought our author to the notice of that great patron of English muses, Charles Montague, Lord Halifax—who, being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a state of ease and tranquillity, instantly made him one of the Commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, bestowed on him soon after a place in the Pipe Office, and likewise a post in the Custom House of the value of £600.†

A commissionership of hackney-coaches—a post in the Custom House—a place in the Pipe Office, and all for writing a comedy! Doesn't it sound like a fable, that place in the Pipe Office? ‡ "Ah,

* He was the son of Colonel William Congreve, and grandson of Richard Congreve, Esquire, of Congreve and Stretton in Staffordshire—a very ancient family.

† The *Old Bachelor* was produced January 1693. Congreve was made Commissioner of Hackney-Coaches in 1695.

‡ "PIPE.—*Pipa*, in law, is a roll in the Exchequer, called also the *great roll*.

l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables!" Men of letters there still be: but I doubt whether any Pipe Offices are left. The public has smoked them long ago.

Words, like men, pass current for a while with the public, and, being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society; so even the most secluded and refined ladies here present will have heard the phrase from their sons or brothers at school, and will permit me to call William Congreve, Esquire, the most eminent literary "swell" of his age. In my copy of "Johnson's Lives" Congreve's wig is the tallest, and put on with the jauntiest air of all the laurelled worthies. "I am the great Mr. Congreve," he seems to say, looking out from his voluminous curls. People called him the great Mr. Congreve.* From the beginning of his career until the end everybody admired him. Hav-

"*Pipe Office* is an office in which a person called the *Clerk of the Pipe* makes out leases of Crown lands, by warrant from the Lord Treasurer, or Commissioners of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Clerk of the Pipe makes up all accounts of sheriffs, &c."—REES: *Cyclopæd.* Art. PIPE.

"*Pipe Office.*—Spelman thinks so called, because the papers were kept in a large *pipe* or cask.

"'These be at last brought into that office of her Majesty's Exchequer, which we, by a metaphor, do call the *pipe* . . . because the whole receipt is finally conveyed into it by means of divers small *pipes* or quills.'—BACON: *The Office of Alienations.*"

[We are indebted to Richardson's *Dictionary* for this fragment of erudition. But a modern man of letters can know little on these points—by experience.]

* "It has been observed that no change of Ministers affected him in the least; nor was he ever removed from any post that was given to him, except to a better. His place in the Custom House, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upwards of twelve hundred a year."—*Biog. Brit.* Art. CONGREVE.

ing got his education in Ireland, at the same school and college with Swift, he came to live in the Middle Temple, London, where he luckily bestowed no attention to the law; but splendidly frequented the coffee-houses and theatres, and appeared in the side-box, the tavern, the Piazza, and the Mall, brilliant, beautiful, and victorious from the first. Everybody acknowledged the young chieftain. The great Mr. Dryden * declared that he was equal to Shakspeare, and bequeathed to him his own undisputed poetical crown, and writes of him: "Mr.

* Dryden addressed his "twelfth epistle" to "My dear friend, Mr. Congreve," on his comedy called the *Double Dealer*, in which he says:—

> "Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
> Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
> In differing talents both adorned their age:
> One for the study, t'other for the stage.
> But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
> One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
> In him all beauties of this age we see," &c. &c.

The *Double Dealer*, however, was not so palpable a hit as the *Old Bachelor*, but, at first, met with opposition. The critics having fallen foul of it, our "Swell" applied the scourge to that presumptuous body, in the "Epistle Dedicatory" to the "Right Honourable Charles Montague."

"I was conscious," said he, "where a true critic might have put me upon my defence. I was prepared for the attack . . . but I have not heard anything said sufficient to provoke an answer."

He goes on—

"But there is one thing at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it; for I declare, I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected. How can I help it? It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind. . . . I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliments to those ladies who are offended. But they can no more expect it in a comedy, than *to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting their blood.*"

Congreve has done me the favour to review the 'Æneis' and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults which I have endeavoured to correct."

The "excellent young man" was but three or four and twenty when the great Dryden thus spoke of him: the greatest literary chief in England, the veteran field-marshal of letters, himself the marked man of all Europe, and the centre of a school of wits who daily gathered round his chair and tobacco-pipe at Will's. Pope dedicated his "Iliad" to him;* Swift, Addison, Steele, all acknowledge Congreve's rank, and lavish compliments upon him. Voltaire went to wait upon him as on one of the Representatives of Literature; and the man who scarce praises any other living person—who flung abuse at Pope, and Swift, and Steele, and Addison—the Grub Street Timon, old John Dennis,† was hat in hand to Mr. Congreve; and said that when he retired from the stage, Comedy went with him.

* "Instead of endeavouring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men as well as finest writers of my age and country—one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer—and one who, I am sure, seriously rejoices with me at the period of my labours. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and to have the honour and satisfaction of placing together in this manner the names of Mr. Congreve and of—A. Pope."—*Postscript to Translation of the Iliad of Homer*, March 25, 1720.

† "When asked why he listened to the praises of Dennis, he said he had much rather be flattered than abused. Swift had a particular friendship for our author, and generously took him under his protection in his high authoritative manner."—Thos. Davies: *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

Nor was he less victorious elsewhere. He was admired in the drawing-rooms as well as the coffee-houses; as much beloved in the side-box as on the stage. He loved, and conquered, and jilted the beautiful Bracegirdle,* the heroine of all his plays, the favourite of all the town of her day; and the Duchess of Marlborough, Marlborough's daughter, had such an admiration of him, that when he died she had an ivory figure made to imitate him,† and a large wax doll with gouty feet to be dressed just as the great Congreve's gouty feet were dressed in his great lifetime. He saved some money by his Pipe office, and his Custom House office, and his Hackney-Coach office, and nobly left it,‡ not to

* "Congreve was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and lived in the same street, his house very near hers, until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The Duchess showed me a diamond necklace (which Lady Di used afterwards to wear) that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle."—Dr. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† "A glass was put in the hand of the statue, which was supposed to bow to her Grace and to nod in approbation of what she spoke to it."—THOS. DAVIES: *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

‡ The sum Congreve left Mrs. Bracegirdle was £200, as is said in the *Dramatic Miscellanies* of Tom Davies; where are some particulars about this charming actress and beautiful woman.

She had a "lively aspect," says Tom, on the authority of Cibber, and "such a glow of health and cheerfulness in her countenance, as inspired everybody with desire." "Scarce an audience saw her that were not half of them her lovers."

Congreve and Rowe courted her in the persons of their lovers. "In Tamerlane, Rowe courted her Selima, in the person of Axalla . . .; Congreve insinuated his addresses in his Valentine to her Angelica, in *Love for Love;* in his Osmyn to her Almena, in the *Mourning Bride;* and, lastly, in his Mirabel to her Millamant, in the *Way of the World.* Mirabel, the fine gentleman of the play, is, I believe, not very distant from the real character of Congreve."—*Dramatic Miscellanies,* vol. iii. 1784.

She retired from the stage when Mrs. Oldfield began to be the

Bracegirdle, who wanted it, but to the Duchess of Marlborough, who didn't.*

How can I introduce to you that merry and shameless Comic Muse who won him such a reputation? Nell Gwynn's servant fought the other footman for having called his mistress a bad name; and in like manner, and with pretty little epithets, Jeremy Collier attacked that godless reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time, and called her what Nell Gwynn's man's fellow-servants called Nell Gwynn's man's mistress. The servants of the theatre, Dryden, Congreve,† and others, defended

public favourite. She died in 1748, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

* Johnson calls his legacy the "accumulation of attentive parsimony, which," he continues, "though to her (the Duchess) superfluous and useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended, at that time, by the imprudence of his relation, reduced to difficulties and distress."—*Lives of the Poets.*

† He replied to Collier, in the pamphlet called *Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations*, &c. A specimen or two are subjoined:—

"The greater part of these examples which he has produced are only demonstrations of his own impurity: they only savour of his utterance, and were sweet enough till tainted by his breath.

"Where the expression is unblameable in its own pure and genuine signification, he enters into it, himself, like the evil spirit; he possesses the innocent phrase, and makes it bellow forth his own blasphemies.

"If I do not return him civilities in calling him names, it is because I am not very well versed in his nomenclatures. . . . I will only call him Mr. Collier, and that I will call him as often as I think he shall deserve it.

"The corruption of a rotten divine is the generation of a sour critic."

"Congreve," says Doctor Johnson, "a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security. . . . The dispute was protracted through ten years; but at last comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labours in the reformation of the theatre."—*Life of Congreve.*

themselves with the same success, and for the same cause which set Nell's lacquey fighting. She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the Continent with Charles (who chose many more of his female friends there) at the Restoration—a wild dishevelled Laïs, with eyes bright with wit and wine —a saucy Court-favourite that sat at the King's knees, and laughed in his face, and when she showed her bold cheeks at her chariot-window, had some of the noblest and most famous people of the land bowing round her wheel. She was kind and popular enough, that daring Comedy, that audacious poor Nell: she was gay and generous, kind, frank, as such people can afford to be: and the men who lived with her and laughed with her, took her pay and drank her wine, turned out when the Puritans hooted her, to fight and defend her. But the jade was indefensible, and it is pretty certain her servants knew it.

There is life and death going on in everything: truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Psha! and sneering. A man in life, a humourist, in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here

have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy; a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester: a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve Muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See, there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a gravestone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!

Reading in these plays now, is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling, and retreating, the *cavalier seul* advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop, after which everybody bows and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we can't understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gaiety,

its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a Heathen mystery, symbolising a Pagan doctrine; protesting—as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theatre and laughing at their games; as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses protested, crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands—against the new, hard, ascetic, pleasure-hating doctrine whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean, were for breaking the fair images of Venus and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theatre is a temple of Pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. I fear the theatre carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you all know, and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard châlet (whither he re-

turns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength, and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colours, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances danger down: when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman,—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show—the Pagan protest? Doesn't it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus—"There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your springtime. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valour win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segreto per esser felice?* Here it is, in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian." As the boy tosses the cup and sings his song—hark! what is that chaunt coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim—the cheeks turn pale—the voice quavers—and the cup drops

on the floor. Who's there? Death and Fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.

Congreve's comic feast flares with lights, and round the table, emptying their flaming bowls of drink, and exchanging the wildest jests and ribaldry, sit men and women, waited on by rascally valets and attendants as dissolute as their mistresses—perhaps the very worst company in the world. There doesn't seem to be a pretence of morals. At the head of the table sits Mirabel or Belmour (dressed in the French fashion and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Frontin). Their calling is to be irresistible, and to conquer everywhere. Like the heroes of the chivalry story, whose long-winded loves and combats they were sending out of fashion, they are always splendid and triumphant—overcome all dangers, vanquish all enemies, and win the beauty at the end. Fathers, husbands, usurers, are the foes these champions contend with. They are merciless in old age, invariably, and an old man plays the part in the dramas which the wicked enchanter or the great blundering giant performs in the chivalry tales, who threatens and grumbles and resists—a huge stupid obstacle always overcome by the knight. It is an old man with a money-box: Sir Belmour his son or nephew spends his money and laughs at him. It is an old man with a young wife whom he locks up: Sir Mirabel robs him of his wife, trips up his gouty old heels and leaves the old hunks. The old fool, what business has he to hoard his money, or to lock up blushing eighteen? Money is for youth,

love is for youth, away with the old people. When Millamant is sixty, having of course divorced the first Lady Millamant, and married his friend Doricourt's granddaughter out of the nursery—it will be his turn; and young Belmour will make a fool of him. All this pretty morality you have in the comedies of William Congreve, Esquire. They are full of wit. Such manners as he observes, he observes with great humour; but ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it and lonely blank headaches in the morning.

I can't pretend to quote scenes from the splendid Congreve's plays *—which are undeniably bright,

* The scene of Valentine's pretended madness in *Love for Love* is a splendid specimen of Congreve's daring manner:—

"*Scandal.* And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him?

"*Jeremy.* Yes, sir; he says he'll favour it, and mistake her for *Angelica.*

"*Scandal.* It may make us sport.

"*Foresight.* Mercy on us!

"*Valentine.* Husht—interrupt me not—I'll whisper predictions to thee, and thou shalt prophesie;—I am truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick,—I have told thee what's passed—now I'll tell what's to come:—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow? Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive thro' craft, and fools thro' fortune: and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

"*Scandal.* Ask him, *Mr. Foresight.*

"*Foresight.* Pray what will be done at Court?

"*Valentine.* *Scandal* will tell you;—I am truth, I never come there.

"*Foresight.* In the city?

"*Valentine.* Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the city, the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd herd buzz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy

witty, and daring—any more than I could ask you to hear the dialogue of a witty bargeman and a brilliant fishwoman exchanging compliments at

the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt 'prentice that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may, ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things, that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

"*Foresight.* I am married.

"*Valentine.* Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent-garden *Parish?*

"*Foresight.* No; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

"*Valentine.* Alas, poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his legs dwindled, and his back bow'd. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis—change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle and be boiled anew; come forth with lab'ring callous hands, and chine of steel, and *Atlas'* shoulders. Let Taliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! That a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pidgeons ought rather to be laid to his feet! Ha, ha, ha!

"*Foresight.* His frenzy is very high now, *Mr. Scandal.*

"*Scandal.* I believe it is a spring-tide.

"*Foresight.* Very likely—truly; you understand these matters. *Mr. Scandal,* I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

"*Valentine.* Oh! why would *Angelica* be absent from my eyes so long?

"*Jeremy.* She's here, sir.

"*Mrs. Foresight.* Now, sister!

"*Mrs. Frail.* O Lord! what must I say?

"*Scandal.* Humour him, madam, by all means.

"*Valentine.* Where is she? Oh! I see her: she comes, like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch. Oh—welcome, welcome!

"*Mrs. Frail.* How d'ye, sir? Can I serve you?

"*Valentine.* Hark'ee—I have a secret to tell you. *Endymion* and the moon shall meet us on *Mount Latmos,* and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. *Hymen* shall put his torch into a dark lanthorn, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail; and Argus's hundred eyes be shut—ha! Nobody shall know, but *Jeremy.*

"*Mrs. Frail.* No, no; we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

Billingsgate; but some of his verses—they were amongst the most famous lyrics of the time, and pronounced equal to Horace by his contemporaries

"*Valentine.* The sooner the better. *Jeremy*, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us. *Jeremy*, I can tell you news: *Angelica* is turned nun, and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope. Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part; for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces 'till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all. . . .

"*Enter* TATTLE.

"*Tattle.* Do you know me, *Valentine?*

"*Valentine.* You!—who are you? No, I hope not.

"*Tattle.* I am *Jack Tattle*, your friend.

"*Valentine.* My friend! What to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lye with my wife; I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then, what employment have I for a friend?

"*Tattle.* Ha! A good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

"*Angelica.* Do you know me, *Valentine?*

"*Valentine.* Oh, very well.

"*Angelica.* Who am I?

"*Valentine.* You're a woman, one to whom Heaven gave beauty when it grafted roses on a brier. You are the reflection of Heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white—a sheet of spotless paper—when you first are born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

"*Tattle.* Ay! pr'ythee, what's that?

"*Valentine.* Why, to keep a secret.

"*Tattle.* O Lord!

"*Valentine.* Oh, exceeding good to keep a secret; for, though she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

"*Tattle.* Hah! Good again, faith.

"*Valentine.* I would have musick. Sing me the song that I like."—CONGREVE: *Love for Love.*

There is a *Mrs. Nickleby*, of the year 1700, in Congreve's comedy of *The Double Dealer*, in whose character the author introduces some wonderful traits of roguish satire. She is practised on by the gallants of the play, and no more knows how to resist them than any of the ladies above quoted could resist Congreve.

"*Lady Plyant.* Oh! reflect upon the horror of your conduct!

—may give an idea of his power, of his grace, of his daring manner, his magnificence in compliment, and his polished sarcasm. He writes as if he was so accustomed to conquer, that he has a poor

Offering to pervert me" [the joke is that the gentleman is pressing the lady for her daughter's hand, not for her own]—"perverting me from the road of virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one trip—not one *faux pas*. Oh, consider it: what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to frailty! Alas! humanity is feeble, Heaven knows! Very feeble, and unable to support itself.

"*Mellefont.* Where am I? Is it day? and am I awake? Madam——

"*Lady Plyant.* O Lord, ask me the question! I swear I'll deny it—therefore don't ask me; nay, you shan't ask me, I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought all the blood into my face; I warrant I am as red as a turkey-cock. O fie, cousin Mellefont!

"*Mellefont.* Nay, madam, hear me; I mean——

"*Lady Plyant.* Hear you? No, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterwards. For one does not know how one's mind may change upon hearing—hearing is one of the senses and all the senses are fallible. I won't trust my honour, I assure you; my honour is infallible and uncomatable.

"*Mellefont.* For Heaven's sake, madam——

"*Lady Plyant.* Oh, name it no more. Bless me, how can you talk of Heaven, and have so much wickedness in your heart? May be, you don't think it a sin. They say some of you gentlemen don't think it a sin; but still, my honour, if it were no sin—— But, then, to marry my daughter for the convenience of frequent opportunities—I'll never consent to that: as sure as can be, I'll break the match.

"*Mellefont.* Death and amazement! Madam, upon my knees——

"*Lady Plyant.* Nay, nay, rise up! come, you shall see my good-nature. I know love is powerful, and nobody can help his passion. 'Tis not your fault; nor I swear, it is not mine. How can I help it, if I have charms? And how can you help it, if you are made a captive? I swear it is pity it should be a fault; but, my honour. Well, but your honour, too—but the sin! Well, but the necessity. O Lord, here's somebody coming. I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your crime: and strive as much as can be against it—strive, be sure; but don't be melancholick—don't despair; but never think that I'll grant you anything. O Lord, no; but be sure you lay aside all thoughts of the marriage, for though I know you don't love Cynthia, only as a blind to your passion for me—yet it will make me jealous. O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! No, no, I can't be jealous; for I must not love you. Therefore don't hope; but don't despair neither. Oh, they're coming; I *must* fly."—***The Double Dealer*, act ii. sc. v. page 156.**

opinion of his victims. Nothing's new except their faces, says he: "every woman is the same." He says this in his first comedy, which he wrote languidly * in illness, when he was an "excellent young man." Richelieu at eighty could have hardly said a more excellent thing.

When he advances to make one of his conquests, it is with a splendid gallantry, in full uniform and with the fiddles playing, like Grammont's French dandies attacking the breach of Lerida.

"Cease, cease to ask her name," he writes of a young lady at the Wells of Tunbridge, whom he salutes with a magnificent compliment—

"Cease, cease to ask her name,
The crowned Muse's noblest theme,
Whose glory by immortal fame
Shall only sounded be.
But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row:
Who most does like an angel show,
You may be sure 'tis she."

Here are lines about another beauty, who perhaps was not so well pleased at the poet's manner of celebrating her—

"When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,
I thought my heart which durst so high aspire
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.

* "There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance. The *Old Bachelor* was written for amusement in the languor of convalescence. Yet it is apparently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue and incessant ambition of wit."—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke:
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound."

Amoret is a cleverer woman than the lovely Lesbia, but the poet does not seem to respect one much more than the other; and describes both with exquisite satirical humour—

"Fair Amoret is gone astray:
Pursue and seek her, every lover.
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seemed neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates,
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises."

What could Amoret have done to bring down such shafts of ridicule upon her? Could she have resisted the irresistible Mr. Congreve? Could anybody? Could Sabina, when she woke and heard such a bard singing under her window? "See," he writes—

"See! see, she wakes—Sabina wakes!
And now the sun begins to rise.

Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
With light united, day they give;
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!"

Are you melted? Don't you think him a divine man? If not touched by the brilliant Sabina, hear the devout Selinda:—

"Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her:
Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her:
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!"

What a conquering air there is about these! What an irresistible Mr. Congreve it is! Sinner! of course he will be a sinner, the delightful rascal! Win her! of course he will win her, the victorious rogue! He knows he will: he must—with such a grace, with such a fashion, with such a splendid embroidered suit. You see him with red-heeled shoes deliciously turned out, passing a fair jewelled hand through his dishevelled periwig, and delivering a killing ogle along with his scented billet. And Sabina? What a comparison that is between the nymph and the sun! The sun gives Sabina the *pas*, and does not venture to rise before her ladyship: the morn's *bright beams* are less glorious than her *fair eyes;* but before night everybody will be

frozen by her glances: everybody but one lucky rogue who shall be nameless. Louis Quatorze in all his glory is hardly more splendid than our Phœbus Apollo of the Mall and Spring Gardens.*

When Voltaire came to visit the great Congreve, the latter rather affected to despise his literary reputation, and in this perhaps the great Congreve was not far wrong.† A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery; a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible. But the ladies loved him, and he was undoubtedly a pretty fellow.‡

* "Among those by whom it ('Will's') was frequented, Southerne and Congreve were principally distinguished by Dryden's friendship. . . . But Congreve seems to have gained yet farther than Southerne upon Dryden's friendship. He was introduced to him by his first play, the celebrated *Old Bachelor*, being put into the poet's hands to be revised. Dryden, after making a few alterations to fit it for the stage, returned it to the author with the high and just commendation, that it was the best first play he had ever seen."—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i. p. 370.

† It was in Surrey Street, Strand (where he afterwards died), that Voltaire visited him, in the decline of his life.

The anecdote relating to his saying that he wished "to be visited on no other footing than as a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity," is common to all writers on the subject of Congreve, and appears in the English version of Voltaire's *Letters concerning the English Nation*, published in London, 1733, as also in Goldsmith's *Memoir of Voltaire*. But it is worthy of remark, that it does not appear in the text of the same Letters in the edition of Voltaire's *Œuvres Completes* in the "Panthéon Littéraire." Vol. v. of his works. (Paris, 1837.)

"Celui de tous les Anglais qui a porté le plus loin la gloire du théâtre comique est feu M. Congreve. Il n'a fait que peu de pièces, mais toutes sont excellentes dans leur genre. . . . Vous y voyez partout le langage des honnêtes gens avec des actions de fripon; ce qui prouve qu'il connaissait bien monde, et qu'il vivait dans ce qu'on appelle la bonne compagnie."—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais*. Lettre XIX.

‡ On the death of Queen Mary he published a Pastoral—*The*

We have seen in Swift a humourous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy. We have had in Congreve

Mourning Muse of Alexis. Alexis and Menalcas sing alternately in the orthodox way. The Queen is called PASTORA

> "I mourn PASTORA dead, let Albion mourn,
> And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn,"

says Alexis. Among other phenomena, we learn that—

> "With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
> And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground"—

(a degree of sensibility not always found in the Satyrs of that period). . . . It continues—

> "Lord of these woods and wide extended plains,
> Stretch'd on the ground and close to earth his face
> Scalding with tears the already faded grass.
> . . . . . .
> To dust must all that Heavenly beauty come?
> And must Pastora moulder in the tomb?
> Ah Death! more fierce and unrelenting far
> Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are!
> With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeased,
> But ravenous Death the shepherdess has seized."

This statement that a wolf eats but a sheep, whilst Death eats a shepherdess—that figure of the "Great Shepherd" lying speechless on his stomach, in a state of despair which neither winds nor floods nor air can exhibit—are to be remembered in poetry surely; and this style was admired in its time by the admirers of the great Congreve!

In the *Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas* (the young Lord Blandford, the great Duke of Marlborough's only son), Amaryllis represents Sarah Duchess!

The tigers and wolves, nature and motion, rivers and echoes, come into work here again. At the sight of her grief—

> "Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
> And dumb distress and new compassion show,
> Nature herself attentive silence kept,
> *And motion seemed suspended while she wept!*"

And Pope dedicated the *Iliad* to the author of these lines—and Dryden wrote to him in his great hand:—

a humourous observer of another school, to whom the world seems to have no morals at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humour that flows from quite a different heart and spirit—a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy; to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had; and I believe you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honoured name.

"Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But Genius must be born and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To SHAKESPEARE gave as much, she could not give him more.
Maintain your Post: that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impossible you should proceed;
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expence,
I live a Rent-charge upon Providence:
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains, and oh! defend
Against your Judgment your departed Friend!
Let not the insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
But shade those Lawrels which descend to You:
And take for Tribute what these Lines express;
You merit more, nor could my Love do less."

This is a very different manner of welcome to that of our own day. In Shadwell, Higgons, Congreve, and the comic authors of their time, when gentlemen meet they fall into each other's arms, with "Jack, Jack, I must buss thee;" or, "Fore George, Harry, I must kiss thee, lad." And in a similar manner the poets saluted their brethren. Literary gentlemen do not kiss now; I wonder if they love each other better?

Steele calls Congreve "Great Sir" and "Great Author"; says "Well-dressed barbarians knew his awful name," and addresses him as if he were a prince; and speaks of *Pastora* as one of the most famous tragic compositions.

From reading over his writings, and the biographies which we have of him, amongst which the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* * may be cited as a magnificent statue of the great writer and moralist of the last age, raised by the love and the marvellous skill and genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own: looking at that calm fair face, and clear countenance—those chiselled features pure and cold, I can't but fancy that this great man—in this respect, like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture—was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they don't herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary—they are in the world, but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes, pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial, his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance, his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier,

* "To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. . . . After full inquiry and impartial reflection we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can justly be claimed by any of our infirm and erring race."—*Macaulay.*

"Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's profession and practice were at no great variance; since, amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies. Of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence."—*Johnson.*

calmer, and more instructed than almost every man with whom he met, how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon, or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He didn't praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have.* How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles with which Goethe or Scott, for instance, greeted almost every literary beginner, every small literary adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the great king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him—each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and riband into discredit. Everybody had his majesty's orders. Everybody had his majesty's cheap portrait, on a box surrounded by diamonds worth twopence apiece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of

* "Addison was perfect good company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman: Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Doggett, the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night: Addison praises Don Saltero: Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius.* But between those degrees of his men his praise is very scanty. I don't think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the Papist, much; I don't think he abused him. But when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I don't think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.†

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the Church.‡ His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called "a parson in a tye-wig" §

* "Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns, who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books."—*Spectator*, No. 279.

"If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one."—*Ibid.* No. 417.

These famous papers appeared in each Saturday's *Spectator*, from January 19th to May 3rd, 1712. Besides his services to Milton, we may place those he did to Sacred Music.

† "Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterwards."—Pope. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"'Leave him as soon as you can,' said Addison to me, speaking of Pope; 'he will certainly play you some devilish trick else: he has an appetite to satire.'"—Lady Wortley Montagu. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

‡ Lancelot Addison, his father, was the son of another Lancelot Addison, a clergyman in Westmoreland. He became Dean of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Coventry.

§ "The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an

in London afterwards at a time when tie-wigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury, and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to distinguish himself by the making of Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of "The Pigmies and the Cranes," is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise; and verses are extant in honour of King William, by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyæus: many more works are in the Collection, including one on the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of £300 a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had

evening in his company, declared that he was 'a parson in a tye-wig,' can detract little from his character. He was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville."—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.* (Mandeville was the author of the famous *Fable of the Bees.*)

"Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison: he had a quarrel with him, and, after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him—'One day or other you'll see that man a bishop—I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart.'"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Mr. Addison stayed about a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful: sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and stayed five minutes there before he has known anything of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him; kept very little company besides; and had no amour that I know of; and I think I should have known it if he had had any."—ABBÉ PHILIPPEAUX OF BLOIS. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

deeply imbued himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he travelled in Italy.* His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid: and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great Boileau,† upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation)—hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison, of Oxford, proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hertford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to his Grace, and his Lordship his Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hertford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were his Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them. The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of *congées* on one side and the other.‡

* "His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound."—*Macaulay.*

† "Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*."—TICKELL: *Preface to Addison's Works.*

‡ This proposal was made to Addison when he was in Holland on the return from his travels. He was recommended to the Duke by the bookseller, Tonson, for whom he had undertaken a transla-

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw: at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm.* He could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have committed many faults for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat rapt and charmed to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life, when he had lost his Government pension and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philosophy: and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyæus over-night. He was fond of drinking

tion of Herodotus. He had as yet published nothing separately, though he was well known in Oxford, and to some of the Whig nobility.

* "It was my fate to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them. *Addison was the best company in the world.* I never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve." —Lady Wortley Montagu. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

the healths of his friends: he writes to Wyche,* of Hamburg, gratefully remembering Wyche's "hoc." "I have been drinking your health to-day with Sir Richard Shirley," he writes to Bathurst. "I have lately had the honour to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne," he writes again. Swift † describes him over his

* *Mr. Addison to Mr. Wyche.*

"Dear Sir,—My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a letter, so the properest use I can put it to is to thank y^e^ honest gentleman that set it a shaking. I have had this morning a desperate design in my head to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done could I have found out a rhyme to rummer. But though you have escaped for y^e^ present, you are not yet out of danger, if I can a little recover my talent at crambo. I am sure, in whatever way I write to you, it will be impossible for me to express y^e^ deep sense I have of y^e^ many favours you have lately shown me. I shall only tell you that Hambourg has been the pleasantest stage I have met with in my travails. If any of my friends wonder at me for living so long in that place, I dare say it will be thought a very good excuse when I tell him Mr. Wyche was there. As your company made our stay at Hambourg agreeable, your wine has given us all y^e^ satisfaction that we have found in our journey through Westphalia. If drinking your health will do you any good, you may expect to be as long-lived as Methuselah, or, to use a more familiar instance, as y^e^ oldest hoc in y^e^ cellar. I hope y^e^ two pair of legs that was left a swelling behind us are by this time come to their shapes again. I can't forbear troubling you with my hearty respects to y^e^ owners of them, and desiring you to believe me always,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours," &c.

"To Mr. Wyche, His Majesty's Resident at

"Hambourg, May 1703."

—*From the Life of Addison, by* Miss Aikin. Vol. i. p. 146.

† It is pleasing to remember that the relation between Swift and Addison was, on the whole, satisfactory from first to last. The value of Swift's testimony, when nothing personal inflamed his vision or warped his judgment, can be doubted by nobody.

"*Sept.* 10, 1710.—I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele.

"11.—Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening.

cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson, he wore a tie-wig, recollect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.*

At thirty-three years of age, this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of "Travels" had failed: his "Dialogues on Medals" † had had

"18.—To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea. . . . I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison.

"27.—To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison, too.

"29.—I dined with Mr. Addison," &c.—*Journal to Stella.*

Addison inscribed a presentation copy of his Travels "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—(Scott. From the information of Mr. Theophilus Swift.)

"Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things."—*Letters.*

"I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now, besides that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for my friend or for myself."—Swift to Addison (1717). Scott's *Swift.* Vol. xix. p. 274.

Political differences only dulled for a while their friendly communications. Time renewed them: and Tickell enjoyed Swift's friendship as a legacy from the man with whose memory his is so honourably connected.

* "Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me: it hurt my health, and so I quitted it."—Pope. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† The *Dialogues on Medals* only appeared posthumously. The

no particular success: his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Virgil, or Statius at any rate, had not brought him a Government place, and Addison was living up three shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him.* A poem was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterwards Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:—

"But, O my Muse! what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

Travels appeared in 1705, *i.e.* after the *Campaign*. It is announced in the *Diverting Post* of December 2-9, 1704, that Mr. Addison's "long-expected poem" on the Campaign is to be published "next week."

* "When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was, therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind." —JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under-Secretary of State. O angel visits! you come "few and far between" to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now! *

You laugh? You think it is in the power of few writers nowadays to call up such an angel? Well, perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the

* [The famous story in the text, which has been generally accepted, is probably inaccurate. It was first told in 1732 by Addison's cousin, Eustace Budgell, then ruined and half sane, who was trying to puff himself by professing familiar knowledge of his eminent relation. The circumstantiality of the story is suspicious; Godolphin was the last man to give preferment to a poet in the way described, and Addison was not in the position implied. He had strong claims upon Halifax, his original patron. When Halifax lost office, Addison's pension had ceased. Halifax was now being courted by Godolphin, and could make an effective application on behalf of his client. This and not the simile of the angel, was probably at the bottom of Addison's preferment. It has lately appeared, from the publication of Hearne's diaries by the Oxford Historical Society, that, in December 1705, it was reported that Addison was to marry the Countess of Warwick. The marriage was delayed for eleven years; but it is clear that Addison had powerful friends at this time.]

"Campaign" some as bad lines as heart can desire; and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the Duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:—

"Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destined to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the Pagan Gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran
Clasped in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt!
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turned and finished for the camp or court!"

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charterhouse could write as well as that now? The "Campaign" has blunders, triumphant as it was; and weak points like all campaigns.*

In the year 1713 "Cato" came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem.†

* "Mr. Addison wrote very fluently; but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself; and too much concerned about his character as a poet; or (as he worded it) too solicitous for that kind of praise which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all!"—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† "As to poetical affairs," says Pope in 1713, "I am content at

Laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs, popular ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, present to be a bare looker-on. . . . Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:—

> " ' Envy itself is dumb—in wonder lost;
> And factions strive who shall applaud him most.'

" The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. . . . I believe you have heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, and presented him with fifty guineas in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator."—POPE'S *Letters to* SIR W. TRUMBULL.

Cato ran for thirty-five nights without interruption. Pope wrote the Prologue, and Garth the Epilogue.

It is worth noticing how many things in *Cato* keep their ground as habitual quotations; *e.g.*—

> ". . . big with the fate
> Of Cato and of Rome."

> " 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

> " Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury."

> " I think the Romans call it Stoicism."

> " My voice is still for war."

> " When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
> The post of honour is a private station."

Not to mention—

> " The woman who deliberates is lost."

And the eternal—

> " Plato, thou reasonest well,"

which avenges, perhaps, on the public their neglect of the play!

translations in all languages, delight and homage from all—save from John Dennis in a minority of one. Mr. Addison was called the "great Mr. Addison" after this. The Coffee-house Senate saluted him Divus: it was heresy to question that decree.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1717. And letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before, and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as "my dearest Lord," and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales and birds'-nests, which he has found at Fulham for his Lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her Ladyship in 1716; and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.*

* "The lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused—to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.' The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them, nor made them, equal. . . . Rowe's ballad of 'The Despairing Shepherd' is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair."—*Dr. Johnson.*

"I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both."—Lady Wortley Montagu to Pope: *Works, Lord Wharncliffe's edit.*, vol. ii. p. 111.

The issue of this marriage was a daughter, Charlotte Addison, who inherited, on her mother's death, the estate of Bilton, near

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of "Cato" and the "Campaign," or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady Warwick's husband, or for his eminence as an Examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a Guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind, that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jeffreys—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried; only peccadilloes and small sins against society: only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops;* or a

Rugby, which her father had purchased. She was of weak intellect, and died, unmarried, at an advanced age.

Rowe appears to have been faithful to Addison during his courtship, for his Collection contains "Stanzas to Lady Warwick, on Mr. Addison's going to Ireland," in which her Ladyship is called "Chloe," and Joseph Addison "Lycidas"; besides the ballad mentioned by the Doctor, and which is entitled "Colin's Complaint." But not even the interest attached to the name of Addison could induce the reader to peruse this composition, though one stanza may serve as a specimen:—

"What though I have skill to complain—
Though the Muses my temples have crowned;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.

Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine."

* One of the most humourous of these is the paper on Hoops,

nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerously from the side-box; or a

which, the *Spectator* tells us, particularly pleased his friend Sir Roger:—

"Mr. Spectator,—You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country; it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagances. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more; in short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty of their head-dresses; for as the humour of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure.

"The women give out, in defence of these wide bottoms, that they are airy and very proper for the season; but this I look upon to be only a pretence and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather; besides, I would fain ask these tender-constituted ladies, why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them?

"I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honour cannot be better entrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of outworks of lines and circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etherege's way of making love in a tub as in the midst of so many hoops.

"Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers who look upon the hoop-petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfall of the *French* king, and observe, that the farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the ruin of the *Spanish* monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it," &c. &c.—*Spectator*, No. 127.

Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head; or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet-show, and too little for her husband and children: every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gaily as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and as it seemed an almost endless fecundy. He was six-and-thirty years old: full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, sub-soiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet: a few Latin poems—graceful prolusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and the "Campaign," a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the "Tatler," Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep: let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so

good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life; * whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out, for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be, one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humours, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries: and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theatre, or the assembly, or the puppet-show; or at the toy-shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in Japan; or at church, eyeing the width of their rivals' hoops, or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles. Or he looks out of his window at the "Garter" in Saint James's Street, at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing-room with her coronet with six footmen; and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the City, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach-box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley

* "Mr. Addison has not had one epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own."—Pope's *Letters*.

where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute clubmen of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking—which, alas! is past praying for—you must know it, he owned, too, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know, he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humour in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking-room at the "Grecian," or the "Devil"; to pace 'Change and the Mall *—to mingle in that great club of the

* "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of mild or a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor; with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings; and shall give some account in them of the persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. . . . There runs a story in the family, that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

"As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always the favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that *my parts were solid and would wear well.* I had not been long at the University before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence;

world—sitting alone in it somehow: having good-will and kindness for every single man and woman in it—having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humours of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh—points our neighbour's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whis-

for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and, indeed, I do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. . . .

"I have passed my latter years in the city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not more than half-a-dozen of my select friends that know me. . . . There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at 'Will's,' and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in these little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at 'Child's,' and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Tuesday night at 'St. James's Coffee-house'; and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the 'Grecian,' the 'Cocoa-tree,' and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these two years; and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at 'Jonathan's.' In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

"Thus I live in the world rather as a '*Spectator*' of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artizan, without ever meddling in any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others, better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. . . . In short, I have acted, in all the parts of my life, as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper."—*Spectator*, No. 1.

pers *our* foibles to our neighbour. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? * If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say "Amen" with such a delightful pomposity; if he did not make a speech in the assize-court *à propos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator: † if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden: if he were wiser than he is: if he had not his humour to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game-preserver—of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities

* "So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered, amongst us, the sure mark of a fool."—*Macaulay.*

† "The Court was sat before Sir Roger came; but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that *he was glad his Lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit.* I was listening to the proceedings of the Court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

"Upon his first rising, the Court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the Court as to give him a figure in my eyes, and to keep up his credit in the country."—*Spectator*, No. 122.

and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their reading and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of Heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tie-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture: a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him: from your childhood you have known the verses: but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?—

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to Heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town: looking at the birds in the trees: at the children in the streets: in the morning or in the moonlight: over his books in his own room: in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good-will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of Him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful —a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name.*

* "Garth sent to Addison (of whom he had a very high opinion) on his death-bed, to ask him whether the Christian religion was true."—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy: on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity."—ADDISON: *Spectator*, No. 381.

Steele

What do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the leading public men? is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behaviour—the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your views about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you don't know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's history of the times

in which he took a part; the shrewdest of observers and initiated, one would think, into the politics of the age—he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity: he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's Life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which, I believe, influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side: I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it, in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait, or Swift's portrait, is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as sceptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History, "O venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions, you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers: Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric on a hero: I doubt it, and say

you flatter outrageously. You utter the condemnation of a loose character: I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced and take the side of the Dons. You offer me an autobiography: I doubt all autobiographies I ever read; except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences; these have no motive for concealment or half-truths; these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Doctor Smollett, or a volume of the *Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time; of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me?

As we read in these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London; the churches are thronged with daily worshippers; the beaux are gathering in the coffee-houses; the gentry are going to the Drawing-room; the ladies are thronging to the toy-shops: the chairmen are jostling in the streets; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, or fighting round the theatre doors. In the country I see the young Squire rid-

ing to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe. To make that journey from the Squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my Lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanserais on the road; Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the "Bell" or the "Ram," and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, whilst her carriage rumbles into the courtyard, where the "Exeter Fly" is housed that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the Captain's man—having hung up his master's half-pike—is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the townsfolk, who have their club in the chimney-corner. The Captain is ogling the chambermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and ostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling grey mare in the stables which will be saddled and away

with its owner half-an-hour before the "Fly" sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the "Exeter Fly" comes jingling and creaking onwards, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a grey mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses. . . . It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days, and see the tide of humankind pass by. We arrive at places now, but we travel no more. Addison talks jocularly of a difference of manner and costume being quite perceivable at Staines, where there passed a young fellow "with a very tolerable periwig," though, to be sure, his hat was out of fashion, and had a Ramillies cock. I would have liked to travel in those days (being of that class of travellers who are proverbially pretty easy *coram latronibus*) and have seen my friend with the grey mare and the black vizard. Alas! there always came a day in the life of that warrior when it was the fashion to accompany him as he passed—without his black mask, and with a nosegay in his hand, accompanied by halberdiers and attended by the sheriff,—in a carriage without springs, and a clergyman jolting beside him, to a spot close by Cumberland Gate and the Marble Arch, where a stone still records that here Tyburn turnpike stood. What a change in a century; in a few years! Within a few yards of that gate the fields began: the fields of his exploits, behind the hedges of which he lurked and robbed. A great and wealthy city has

grown over those meadows. Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years back, people crowded to see that last act of a highwayman's life, and make jokes on it. Swift laughed at him, grimly advising him to provide a Holland shirt and white cap crowned with a crimson or black riband for his exit, to mount the cart cheerfully—shake hands with the hangman, and so—farewell. Gay wrote the most delightful ballads, and made merry over the same hero. Contrast these with the writings of our present humourists! Compare those morals and ours—those manners and ours!

We can't tell—you would not bear to be told—the whole truth regarding those men and manners. You could no more suffer in a British drawing-room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton. It is as one reads about savages, that one contemplates the wild ways, the barbarous feasts, the terrific pastimes, of the men of pleasure of that age. We have our fine gentlemen, and our "fast men"; permit me to give you an idea of one particularly fast nobleman of Queen Anne's days, whose biography has been preserved to us by the law reporters.

In 1691, when Steele was a boy at school, my Lord Mohun was tried by his peers for the murder of William Mountford, comedian. In "Howell's State Trials," the reader will find not only an edi-

fying account of this exceedingly fast nobleman, but of the times and manners of those days. My Lord's friend, a Captain Hill, smitten with the charms of the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, and anxious to marry her at all hazards, determined to carry her off, and for this purpose hired a hackney-coach with six horses, and a half-dozen of soldiers to aid him in the storm. The coach with a pair of horses (the four leaders being in waiting elsewhere) took its station opposite my Lord Craven's house in Drury Lane, by which door Mrs. Bracegirdle was to pass on her way from the theatre. As she passed in company of her mamma and a friend, Mr. Page, the Captain seized her by the hand, the soldiers hustled Mr. Page and attacked him sword in hand, and Captain Hill and his noble friend endeavoured to force Madam Bracegirdle into the coach. Mr. Page called for help: the population of Drury Lane rose: it was impossible to effect the capture; and bidding the soldiers go about their business, and the coach to drive off, Hill let go of his prey sulkily, and waited for other opportunities of revenge. The man of whom he was most jealous was Will Mountford, the comedian; Will removed, he thought Mrs. Bracegirdle might be his: and accordingly the Captain and his Lordship lay that night in wait for Will, and as he was coming out of a house in Norfolk Street, while Mohun engaged him in talk, Hill, in the words of the Attorney-General, made a pass and ran him clean through the body.

Sixty-one of my Lord's peers finding him not

guilty of murder, while but fourteen found him guilty, this very fast nobleman was discharged: and made his appearance seven years after in another trial for murder—when he, my Lord Warwick, and three gentlemen of the military profession, were concerned in the fight which ended in the death of Captain Coote.

This jolly company were drinking together in "Lockit's" at Charing Cross, when angry words arose between Captain Coote and Captain French; whom my Lord Mohun and my Lord the Earl of Warwick * and Holland endeavoured to pacify. My Lord Warwick was a dear friend of Captain Coote, lent him £100 to buy his commission in the Guards; once when the Captain was arrested for £13 by his tailor, my Lord lent him five guineas, often paid his reckoning for him, and showed him other offices of friendship. On this evening the disputants, French and Coote, being separated whilst they were upstairs, unluckily stopped to drink ale again at the bar of "Lockit's." The row began

* The husband of the Lady Warwick who married Addison, and the father of the young Earl, who was brought to his stepfather's bed to see "how a Christian could die." He was amongst the wildest of the nobility of that day; and in the curious collection of Chap-Books at the British Museum, I have seen more than one anecdote of the freaks of the gay lord. He was popular in London, as such daring spirits have been in our time. The anecdotists speak very kindly of his practical jokes. Mohun was scarcely out of prison for his second homicide, when he went on Lord Macclesfield's embassy to the Elector of Hanover when Queen Anne sent the Garter to his Highness. The chronicler of the expedition speaks of his Lordship as an amiable young man, who had been in bad company, but was quite repentant and reformed. He and Macartney afterwards murdered the Duke of Hamilton between them, in which act Lord Mohun died. This amiable Baron's name was Charles, and not Henry, as a recent novelist has christened him (in *Esmond*).

afresh—Coote lunged at French over the bar, and at last all six called for chairs, and went to Leicester Fields, where they fell to. Their Lordships engaged on the side of Captain Coote. My Lord of Warwick was severely wounded in the hand, Mr. French also was stabbed, but honest Captain Coote got a couple of wounds—one especially, "a wound in the left side just under the short ribs, and piercing through the diaphragma," which did for Captain Coote. Hence the trials of my Lords Warwick and Mohun: hence the assemblage of peers, the report of the transaction in which these defunct fast men still live for the observation of the curious. My Lord of Warwick is brought to the bar by the Deputy-Governor of the Tower of London, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman gaoler, who stood with it at the bar at the right hand of the prisoner, turning the edge from him; the prisoner, at his approach, making three bows, one to his Grace the Lord High Steward, the other to the peers on each hand; and his Grace and the peers return the salute. And besides these great personages, august in periwigs, and nodding to the right and left, a host of the small come up out of the past and pass before us—the jolly captains brawling in the tavern, and laughing and cursing over their cups—the drawer that serves, the bar-girl that waits, the bailiff on the prowl, the chairmen trudging through the black lampless streets, and smoking their pipes by the railings, whilst swords are clashing in the garden within. "Help there! a gentleman is hurt!" The chairmen put up their

pipes, and help the gentleman over the railings, and carry him, ghastly and bleeding, to the Bagnio in Long Acre, where they knock up the surgeon—a pretty tall gentleman: but that wound under the short ribs has done for him. Surgeon, lords, captains, bailiffs, chairmen, and gentleman gaoler with your axe, where be you now? The gentleman axeman's head is off his own shoulders; the lords and judges can wag theirs no longer; the bailiff's writs have ceased to run: the honest chairmen's pipes are put out, and with their brawny calves they have walked away into Hades—all is irrecoverably done for as Will Mountford or Captain Coote. The subject of our night's lecture saw all these people—rode in Captain Coote's company of the Guards very probably—wrote and sighed for Bracegirdle, went home tipsy in many a chair, after many a bottle, in many a tavern—fled from many a bailiff.

In 1709, when the publication of the *Tatler* began, our great-great-grandfathers must have seized upon that new and delightful paper with much such eagerness as lovers of light literature in a later day exhibited when the Waverley novels appeared, upon which the public rushed, forsaking that feeble entertainment of which the Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseas, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself, with her dreary castles and exploded old ghosts, had had pretty much the monopoly. I have looked over many of the comic books with which our ancestors amused themselves, from the novels of Swift's coadjutrix, Mrs. Manley, the delectable author of the "New Atlantis," to the facetious pro-

ductions of Tom Durfey, and Tom Brown, and Ned Ward, writer of the "London Spy" and several other volumes of ribaldry. The slang of the taverns and ordinaries, the wit of the bagnios, form the strongest part of the farrago of which these libels are composed. In the excellent newspaper collection at the British Museum, you may see, besides, the *Craftsman* * and *Postboy* specimens—and queer specimens they are—of the higher literature of Queen Anne's time. Here is an abstract from a notable journal bearing date Wednesday, October 13th, 1708, and entitled *The British Apollo; or, curious amusements for the ingenious, by a society of gentlemen.* The *British Apollo* invited and professed to answer questions upon all subjects of wit, morality, science, and even religion; and two out of its four pages are filled with queries and replies much like some of the oracular penny prints of the present time.

One of the first querists, referring to the passage that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, argues that polygamy is justifiable in the laity. The society of gentlemen conducting the *British Apollo* are posed by this casuist, and promise to give him an answer. Celinda then wishes to know from "the gentleman," concerning the souls of the dead, whether they shall have the satisfaction to know those whom they most valued in this transitory life. The gentlemen of the *Apollo* give but poor comfort to poor Celinda. They are inclined to think not; for, say they, since every inhabitant of

* The *Craftsman* did not appear till 1726.

those regions will be infinitely dearer than here are our nearest relatives—what have we to do with a partial friendship in that happy place? Poor Celinda! it may have been a child or a lover whom she had lost, and was pining after, when the oracle of *British Apollo* gave her this dismal answer. She has solved the question for herself by this time, and knows quite as well as the society of gentlemen.

From theology we come to physics, and Q. asks, "Why does hot water freeze sconer than cold?" *Apollo* replies, "Hot water cannot be said to freeze sooner than cold; but water once heated and cold may be subject to freeze by the evaporation of the spirituous parts of the water, which renders it less able to withstand the power of frosty weather."

The next query is rather a delicate one. "You, Mr. Apollo, who are said to be the God of Wisdom, pray give us the reason why kissing is so much in fashion: what benefit one receives by it, and who was the inventor, and you will oblige Corinna." To this queer demand the lips of Phœbus, smiling, answer: "Pretty innocent Corinna! *Apollo* owns that he was a little surprised by your kissing question, particularly at that part of it where you desire to know the benefit you receive by it. Ah! madam, had you a lover, you would not come to *Apollo* for a solution; since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention, 'tis certain nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship."

After a column more of questions, follow nearly two pages of poems, signed by Philander, Armenia.

and the like, and chiefly on the tender passion; and the paper winds up with a letter from Leghorn, an account of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene before Lille, and proposals for publishing two sheets on the present state of Æthiopia, by Mr. Hill: all of which is printed for the authors by J. Mayo, at the Printing Press against Water Lane in Fleet Street. What a change it must have been —how *Apollo's* oracles must have been struck dumb —when the *Tatler* appeared, and scholars, gentlemen, men of the world, men of genius, began to speak!

Shortly before the Boyne was fought, and young Swift had begun to make acquaintance with English Court manners and English servitude, in Sir William Temple's family, another Irish youth was brought to learn his humanities at the old school of Charterhouse, near Smithfield; to which foundation he had been appointed by James, Duke of Ormond, a governor of the House, and a patron of the lad's family. The boy was an orphan, and described, twenty years after, with a sweet pathos and simplicity, some of the earliest recollections of a life which was destined to be chequered by a strange variety of good and evil fortune.

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should

enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging-block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous t rture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart-woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory engagements with the neighbouring lollipop vendors and piemen—exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree, and entered the Life Guards—the father of Captain Steele of Lucas's Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts—the father of Mr. Steele the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the *Gazette*, the *Tatler*, and *Spectator*, the expelled Member of Parliament, and the author of the "Tender Husband" and the "Conscious Lovers"; if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures

that ever conjugated the verb *tupto*, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.

Almost every gentleman who does me the honour to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Virgil. He is good-natured, and, his own masterpieces achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency; the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood: we all thought he must be Prime Minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after life to find he was no more than six feet high.

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gownboy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages; fagged for him and blacked his shoes:

to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.*

Steele found Addison a stately College Don at Oxford, and himself did not make much figure at this place. He wrote a comedy, which, by the advice of a friend, the humble fellow burned there; and some verses, which I dare say are as sublime as other gentlemen's compositions at that age; but being smitten with a sudden love for military glory, he threw up the cap and gown for the saddle and bridle, and rode privately in the Horse Guards, in the Duke of Ormond's troop—the second—and, probably, with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, "all mounted on black horses with white feathers in their hats, and scarlet coats richly laced," marched by King William, in Hyde Park, in November 1699,† and a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people, and above a thousand coaches. "The Guards had just got their new clothes," the *London Post* said: "they are

* "Steele had the greatest veneration for Addison, and used to show it, in all companies, in a particular manner. Addison, now and then, used to play a little upon him; but he always took it well."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Sir Richard Steele was the best-natured creature in the world: even in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased."—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

Steele, it may be noted, was a few weeks older than Addison. He was born in March, Addison on 1st May, 1672.

† Steele appears to have been a trooper in the Life Guards; but in 1699 he had received from Lord Cutts an ensigncy in the Coldstream Guards. In 1702 he became captain in Lucas's regiment, which, however, was not called "Fusiliers."—See AITKEN'S *Life of Steele.*

extraordinary grand, and thought to be the finest body of horse in the world." But Steele could hardly have seen any actual service. He who wrote about himself, his mother, his wife, his loves, his debts, his friends, and the wine he drank, would have told us of his battles if he had seen any. His old patron, Ormond, probably got him his cornetcy in the Guards, from which he was promoted to be a captain in Lucas's Fusiliers, getting his company through the patronage of Lord Cutts, whose secretary he was, and to whom he dedicated his work called the "Christian Hero." As for Dick, whilst writing this ardent devotional work, he was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town; it is related that all the officers of Lucas's, and the gentlemen of the Guards, laughed at Dick.* And

* "The gaiety of his dramatic tone may be seen in this little scene between two brilliant sisters, from his comedy *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*. Dick wrote this, he said, from 'a necessity of enlivening his character,' which, it seemed, the *Christian Hero* had a tendency to make too decorous, grave, and respectable in the eyes of readers of that pious piece.

[*Scene draws and discovers* LADY CHARLOTTE, *reading at a table,*— LADY HARRIET, *playing at a glass, to and fro, and viewing herself.*]

"*L. Ha.* Nay, good sister, you may as well talk to me [*looking at herself as she speaks*] as sit staring at a book which I know you can't attend.—Good Dr. Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis, Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look on me, now, and deny it if you can.

"*L. Ch.* You are the maddest girl [*smiling*].

"*L. Ha.* Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing. [*Looking over Charlotte.*]—Oh! I see his name as plain as you do—F-r-a-n, Fran, —c-i-s, cis, Francis, 'tis in every line of the book.

"*L. Ch.* [*rising*]. It's in vain, I see, to mind anything in such impertinent company—but, granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord Hardy—'tis more excusable to admire another than oneself.

"*L. Ha.* No, I think not,—yes, I grant you, than really to be

in truth a theologian in liquor is not a respectable object, and a hermit, though he may be out at elbows, must not be in debt to the tailor.

vain of one's person, but I don't admire myself,—Pish! I don't believe my eyes to have that softness. [*Looking in the glass.*] They a'n't so piercing: no, 'tis only stuff, tne men will be talking.—Some people are such admirers of teeth—Lord, what signifies teeth! [*Showing her teeth.*] A very black-a-moor has as white a set of teeth as I.—No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men.

"*L. Ch.* Ay, but Mr. Campley will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear self.

"*L. Ha.* Oh, what have I done to you, that you should name that insolent intruder? A confident, opinionative fop. No, indeed, if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung of both sexes,

'The public envy and the public care,

I shan't be so easily catched—I thank him—I want but to be sure I should heartily torment him by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

"*L. Ch.* Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humour does not at all become you.

"*L. Ha.* Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art.—Speak your soul.—Look you there.—[*Hauling her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude in your mien?

"*L. Ch.* Well, simpleton, if I am at first so simple as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

"*L. Ha.* Pshaw! Pshaw! Talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingale, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

"*L. Ch.* They that think it too soon to understand themselves will very soon find it too late.—But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

"*L. Ha.* The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily.—Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please.—What makes the value of dear china, but that 'tis so brittle?—were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet."—*The Funeral*, Oct. 2nd.

"We knew the obligations the stage had to his writings [Steele's]; there being scarcely a comedian of merit in our whole company whom his *Tatlers* had not made better by his recommendation of them."—*Cibber.*

Steele says of himself that he was always sinning and repenting. He beat his breast and cried most piteously when he *did* repent: but as soon as crying had made him thirsty, he fell to sinning again. In that charming paper in the *Tatler*, in which he records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine, "the same as is to be sold at Garraway's next week"; upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly, "drinking two bottles apiece, with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till two o'clock in the morning."

His life was so. Jack the drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the "Rose," or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver; and Dick wiped his eyes, which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business, and went off to the "Rose" to the jolly fellows.

When Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home in rather a dismal way to wait upon Providence in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant Captain of Lucas's, with his hat cocked, and his lace, and his face too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and

that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school-days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my Lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked over-night at the "Devil," or the "Garter"! Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold grey eyes following Dick for an instant, as he struts down the Mall to dine with the Guard at Saint James's, before he turns, with his sober pace and threadbare suit, to walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs? Steele's name was down for promotion, Dick always said himself, in the glorious, pious, and immortal William's last table-book. Jonathan Swift's name had been written there by the same hand too.

Our worthy friend, the author of the "Christian Hero," continued to make no small figure about town by the use of his wits.* He was appointed Gazetteer: he wrote, in 1703, "The Tender Husband," his second play, in which there is some delightful farcical writing, and of which he fondly owned in after life, and when Addison was no more, that there were "many applauded strokes" from Addison's beloved hand.† Is it not a pleasant

* "There is not now in his sight that excellent man, whom Heaven made his friend and superior, to be at a certain place in pain for what he should say or do. I will go on in his further encouragement. The best woman that ever man had cannot now lament and pine at his neglect of himself."—STEELE [of himself]: *The Theatre.* No. 12, Feb. 1719-20.

† *The Funeral* supplies an admirable stroke of humour,—one which

partnership to remember? Can't one fancy Steele full of spirits and youth, leaving his gay company to go to Addison's lodging, where his friend sits in the shabby sitting-room, quite serene, and cheerful, and poor? In 1704, Steele came on the town with another comedy, and behold it was so moral and religious, as poor Dick insisted,—so dull the town thought,—that the "Lying Lover" was damned.*

Addison's hour of success now came, and he was able to help our friend the "Christian Hero" in such a way, that, if there had been any chance of keeping that poor tipsy champion upon his legs, his fortune was safe, and his competence assured. Steele procured the place of Commissioner of Stamps: he wrote so richly, so gracefully often, so kindly always, with such a pleasant wit and easy frankness, with such a gush of good spirits and good humour, that his early papers may be compared to Addison's own, and are to be read, by a

Sydney Smith has used as an illustration of the faculty in his lectures.

The undertaker is talking to his *employés* about their duty.

"*Sable.* Ha, you !—A little more upon the dismal [*forming their countenances*]; this fellow has a good mortal look,—place him near the corpse: that wainscot-face must be o'top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the end of the hall. So—But I'll fix you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder —that hale, well-looking puppy ! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages ? *Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful ?—and the more I give you I think the gladder you are !*"

* There is some confusion here as to dates. Steele's first play, the *Funeral*, was brought out in December 1701; his second, the *Lying Lover*, in December 1703; and his third, the *Tender Husband*, in April 1705.

male reader at least, with quite an equal pleasure.*

After the *Tatler* in 1711, the famous *Spectator* made its appearance, and this was followed at

* "From my own Apartment: *Nov.* 16.

"There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy; it is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmuring, which carries with it, in the opinion of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

"I am led into this thought by a visit I made to an old friend who was formerly my schoolfellow. He came to town last week, with his family, for the winter; and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first, when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance; after which, they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage to one of my neighbours' daughters; upon which, the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay; if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference: there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand: 'Well, my good friend,' says he, 'I am heartily glad to see thee: I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse

various intervals, by many periodicals under the same editor—the *Guardian*—the *Englishman*—the *Lover*, whose love was rather insipid—the *Reader*, of whom the public saw no more after his second ap-

to find out who she was for me ?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, 'She is not, indeed, that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you, and told me, "She hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in." You may remember I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen.' 'Fifteen !' replied my good friend. 'Ah ! you little understand—you, that have lived a bachelor—how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved ! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried me off last winter. I tell you, sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But, as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasure beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh ! she is an inestimable jewel ! In her examination of her household affairs, she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the

pearance—the *Theatre*, under the pseudonym of Sir John Edgar, which Steele wrote while Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, to which post, and to that of Surveyor of the Royal Stables at

disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

"He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and, with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us, 'she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know he tells me, that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and schoolfellows are here—*young fellows with fair, full-bottomed periwigs.* I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted.*' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me in the front box.' This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were the mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her 'I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast.'

"We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady, when, on a sudden, we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found, upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side of eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop's Fables;* but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true;' for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for

Hampton Court, and to the Commission of the Peace for Middlesex, and to the honour of knighthood, Steele had been preferred soon after the accession of George I.; whose cause honest Dick had nobly fought, through disgrace, and danger, against the most formidable enemies, against traitors and bullies, against Bolingbroke and Swift in the last reign. With the arrival of the King, that splendid conspiracy broke up; and a golden opportunity came to Dick Steele, whose hand, alas, was too careless to gripe it.*

Steele married twice; and outlived his places, his schemes, his wife, his income, his health, and almost everything but his kind heart. That ceased

about a twelvemonth past, into the lives of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, 'the Seven Champions,' and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son, and that these diversions might turn to some profit. I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagement of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when his mother told me 'that the little girl who let me in this morning was, in her way, a better scholar than he. Betty,' said she, 'deals chiefly in fairies and sprights; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

"I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me."—*The Tatler.*

* He took what he could get, though it was not much.

to trouble him in 1729, when he died, worn out and almost forgotten by his contemporaries, in Wales, where he had the remnant of a property.

Posterity has been kinder to this amiable creature; all women especially are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. Congreve the Great, who alludes to the low estimation in which women were held in Elizabeth's time, as a reason why the women of Shakspeare make so small a figure in the poet's dialogues, though he can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, and destined, like the most consummate fortifications, to fall, after a certain time, before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man. There is a letter of Swift's entitled "Advice to a very Young Married Lady," which shows the Dean's opinion of the female society of his day, and that if he despised man he utterly scorned women too. No lady of our time could be treated by any man, were he ever so much a wit or Dean, in such a tone of insolent patronage and vulgar protection. In this performance, Swift hardly takes pains to hide his opinion that a woman is a fool: tells her to read books, as if reading was a novel accomplishment; and informs her that "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue." Addison laughs at women equally; but, with the gentleness and politeness of his nature, smiles at them and watches them, as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing,

pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty.* In his comedies the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made to do in the chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty, with an ardour and strength which should win the good-will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion. It is this ardour, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, that "to have loved her was a liberal education." "How often," he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, "how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guar-

* "As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper his friend, 'That creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than anybody else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor."—*Tatler*, No. 206.

dian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination, or more charming in form than my wife." His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature.

We possess of poor Steele's wild and chequered life some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man's biography.* Most men's let-

* The Correspondence of Steele passed after his death into the possession of his daughter Elizabeth, by his second wife, Miss Scurlock of Carmarthenshire. She married the Hon. John, afterwards third Lord Trevor. At her death, part of the letters passed to Mr. Thomas, a grandson of a natural daughter of Steele's; and part to Lady Trevor's next of kin, Mr. Scurlock. They were published by the learned Nichols—from whose later edition of them, in 1809, our specimens are quoted.

Here we have him, in his courtship—which was not a very long one:—

To Mrs. Scurlock.

"*Aug.* 30, 1707.

"MADAM,—I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee-house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love! Love which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion to

ters, from Cicero down to Walpole, or down to the great men of our time, if you will, are doctored compositions, and written with an eye suspicious towards posterity. That dedication of Steele's to his wife is an artificial performance, possibly; at

create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such; and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love to bless the rites He has ordained —and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to His will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please Him and each other.

"I am for ever your faithful servant,

"RICH. STEELE."

Some few hours afterwards, apparently, Mistress Scurlock received the next one—obviously written later in the day :—

"*Saturday Night* (*Aug.* 30, 1707).

"DEAR LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK,—I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I love best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you.*

"RICH. STEELE."

To Mrs. Scurlock.

"*Sept.* 1, 1707.

"MADAM,—It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

"A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know 'when I had last been at Hampton Court?' I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O Love!

"'A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who could live, to live without thee?'

"Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours,

"RICH. STEELE."

Two days after this, he is found expounding his circumstances and prospects to the young lady's mamma. He dates from "Lord

least, it is written with that degree of artifice which an orator uses in arranging a statement for the House, or a poet employs in preparing a sentiment in verse or for the stage. But there are some four hundred letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which

Sunderland's office, Whitehall;" and states his clear income at £1025 per annum. "I promise myself," says he, "the pleasure of an industrious and virtuous life, in studying to do things agreeable to you."

They were married, according to the most probable conjectures, about the 7th Sept. There are traces of a tiff about the middle of the next month; she being prudish and fidgety, as he was impassioned and reckless. General progress, however, may be seen from the following notes. The "house in Bury Street, Saint James's," was now taken.

To Mrs. Steele.

"*Oct.* 16, 1707.

"Dearest Being on Earth,—Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed on things this night which expressly concern your obedient husband,

"Rich. Steele."

To Mrs. Steele.

"*Eight o'clock, Fountain Tavern:*
"*Oct. 22,* 1707.

"My Dear,—I beg of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my *Gazette*.

"*Dec. 22,* 1707.

"My dear, dear Wife,—I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband."

"Devil Tavern, Temple Bar:
"*Jan.* 3, 1707-8.

"Dear Prue,—I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot

that thrifty woman preserved accurately, and which could have been written but for her and her alone. They contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, reconciliations of the pair; they have come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more.

"Your faithful husband," &c.

"*Jan.* 14, 1707-8.

"DEAR WIFE,—Mr. Edgecombe, Ned Ask, and Mr. Lumley have desired me to sit an hour with them at the 'George' in Pall Mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed," &c.

"GRAY'S INN: *Feb.* 3, 1708.

"DEAR PRUE,—If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Jonson to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end. He is expected at home every minute.

"Your most humble, obedient servant," &c.

"TENNIS-COURT COFFEE-HOUSE: *May* 5, 1708.

"DEAR WIFE,—I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the meantime shall lie this night at a baker's, one Leg, over against the 'Devil Tavern,' at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

"If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs. Todd send by the boy my night-gown, slippers, and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning," &c.

Dozens of similar letters follow, with occasional guineas, little parcels of tea, or walnuts, &c. In 1709 the *Tatler* made its appearance. The following curious note dates April 7th, 1710:—

"I enclose to you ['Dear Prue'] a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of £23 of Lewis's, which will make up the £50 I promised for your ensuing occasion.

"I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your person and society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy as it is possible to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to a cheerfulness . . . would not be amiss."

In another, he is found excusing his coming home, being "invited to supper to Mr. Boyle's." "Dear Prue," he says on this occasion, "do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous."

all the genuineness of conversation; they are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain-lecture. Some are written from the printing-office, where he is waiting for the proof-sheets of his *Gazette*, or his *Tatler;* some are written from the tavern, whence he promises to come to his wife "within a pint of wine," and where he has given a rendezvous to a friend or a money-lender: some are composed in a high state of vinous excitement, when his head is flustered with burgundy, and his heart abounds with amorous warmth for his darling Prue: some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning: some, alas, are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have impounded him, and where he is waiting for bail. You trace many years of the poor fellow's career in these letters. In September 1707, from which day she began to save the letters, he married the beautiful Mistress Scurlock. You have his passionate protestations to the lady; his respectful proposals to her mamma; his private prayer to Heaven when the union so ardently desired was completed; his fond professions of contrition and promises of amendment, when, immediately after his marriage, there began to be just cause for the one and need for the other.

Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, "the third door from Germain Street, left hand of Berry Street," and the next year he presented his wife with a country house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair,

and sometimes four horses: he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black buckled periwig, that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes (left to him by his first wife), his income as a writer of the *Gazette*, and his office of gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate, that with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the Captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the Captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, "the beautifullest object in the world," as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted Dick's pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half-guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea; and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two: or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his night-gown and shaving-plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic Captain is lying, hidden from the bailiffs. Oh that a Christian hero and late Captain in Lucas's should be afraid of a

dirty sheriff's officer! That the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own handwriting—the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day—that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn Street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury Street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and, after deducting the sum which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who wasn't in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I dare say was very glad of any sale or execution, the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer, larger, and grander house in Bloomsbury Square: where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in Saint James's, and where it is recorded that Dick giving a grand entertainment, had a half-dozen queer-looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. "I fared like a distressed prince," the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the *Tatler*,—"I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone

by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Poor needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace with his allies from Chancery Lane ominously guarding him.

All sorts of stories are told indicative of his recklessness and his good-humour. One narrated by Doctor Hoadly is exceedingly characteristic; it shows the life of the time; and our poor friend very weak, but very kind both in and out of his cups.

"My father," says Doctor John Hoadly, the Bishop's son, "when Bishop of Bangor, was, by invitation, present at one of the Whig meetings, held at the 'Trumpet,' in Shire Lane, when Sir Richard, in his zeal, rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come into the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him—*Do laugh. It is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard, in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair, and sent home. Nothing would serve him

but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairman carried him home, and got him upstairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them downstairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed." *

There is another amusing story which, I believe, that renowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honour; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and, after a moment, the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: "Sir Richard Steele!" he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a working in this theatre, and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money: we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his

* Of this famous Bishop, Steele wrote—

> "Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
> All faults he pardons, though he none commits."

This couplet was sent to Hoadly next day in an apologetic letter.

friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book-learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the Court, with men and women of fashion; with authors and wits, with the inmates of the spunging-houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffee-houses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a boxful of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote; and full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good-humour. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakspeare affectionately, and more than any man of his time: and according to his generous expansive nature, called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise: he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the

strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's lonely serenity.* Permit me to read to

* Here we have some of his later letters:—

To Lady Steele.

"HAMPTON COURT: *March* 16, 1716-17.

"DEAR PRUE,—If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer till the next post. . . . Your son at the present writing is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room, and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer; and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks about the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service."

To Lady Steele.

[Undated.]

"You tell me you want a little flattery from me. I assure you I know no one who deserves so much commendation as yourself, and to whom saying the best things would be so little like flattery. The thing speaks for itself, considering you as a very handsome woman that loves retirement—one who does not want wit, and yet is extremely sincere; and so I could go through all the vices which attend the good qualities of other people, of which you are exempt. But, indeed, though you have every perfection, you have an extravagant fault, which almost frustrates the good in you to me; and that is, that you do not love to dress, to appear, to shine out, even at my request, and to make me proud of you, or rather to indulge the pride I have that you are mine. . . .

"Your most affectionate obsequious husband,

"RICHARD STEELE."

"A quarter of Molly's schooling is paid. The children are perfectly well."

To Lady Steele.

"*March* 26, 1717.

"MY DEAREST PRUE,—I have received yours, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of telling me enow of the continual pain in your head. . . . When I lay in your place, and on your pillow, I assure you I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming

you a passage from each writer, curiously indicative of his peculiar humour: the subject is the same, and the mood the very gravest. We have said that upon all the actions of man, the most trifling and the most solemn, the humourist takes upon himself to comment. All readers of our old masters know the terrible lines of Swift, in which he hints at his philosophy and describes the end of mankind *:—

"Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stood trembling at Jove's throne;
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said:
'Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never err'd through pride;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd;
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you;)
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent your freaks no more;
I to such blockheads set my wit,
I damn such fools—go, go, you're bit!'"

little insolent might be then awake and in pain; and took it to be a sin to go to sleep.

"For this tender passion towards you, I must be contented that your *Prueship* will condescend to call yourself my well-wisher. . . ."

At the time when the above later letters were written, Lady Steele was in Wales, looking after her estate there. Steele, about this time, was much occupied with a project for conveying fish alive, by which, as he constantly assures his wife, he firmly believed he should make his fortune. It did not succeed, however.

Lady Steele died in December of the succeeding year. She lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

* Lord Chesterfield sends these verses to Voltaire in a characteristic letter.

Addison speaking on the very same theme, but with how different a voice, says, in his famous paper on Westminster Abbey (*Spectator*, No. 26):—

"For my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow."

(I have owned that I do not think Addison's heart melted very much, or that he indulged very inordinately in the "vanity of grieving.")

"When," he goes on, "when I see kings lying by those who deposed them: when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. And, when I read the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

Our third humourist comes to speak on the same

subject. You will have observed in the previous extracts the characteristic humour of each writer—the subject and the contrast—the fact of Death, and the play of individual thought by which each comments on it, and now hear the third writer—death, sorrow, and the grave, being for the moment also his theme.

"The first sense of sorrow I ever knew," Steele says in the *Tatler*, "was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age: but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with us. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sate weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more: for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief, amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since."

Can there be three more characteristic moods of minds and men? "Fools, do you know anything of this mystery?" says Swift, stamping on a grave, and carrying his scorn for mankind actually beyond it. "Miserable purblind wretches, how dare you to pretend to comprehend the Inscrutable, and how can your dim eyes pierce the unfathomable depths of yonder boundless heaven?" Addison, in a much kinder language and gentler voice, utters much the same sentiment: and speaks of the rivalry of wits, and the contests of holy men, with the same sceptic placidity. "Look what a little vain dust we are," he says, smiling over the tombstones; and catching, as is his wont, quite a divine effulgence as he looks heavenward, he speaks, in words of inspiration almost, of "the Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

The third, whose theme is Death, too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's coffin, and shows you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes your hand and confidingly asks your sympathy. "See how good and innocent and beautiful women are," he says; "how tender little children! Let us love these and one another, brother—God knows we have need of love and pardon." So it is each looks with his own eyes, speaks with his own voice, and prays his own prayer.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors

in that charming scene of Love and Grief and Death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love with an A, because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.

The misfortune regarding Steele is, that most part of the company here present must take his amiability upon hearsay, and certainly can't make his intimate acquaintance. Not that Steele was worse than his time; on the contrary, a far better, truer, and high-hearted man than most who lived in it. But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the sensation of a polite youth of the present day, if at a ball he saw the young object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff: or if at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife

into her mouth? If she cut her mother's throat with it, mamma would scarcely be more shocked. I allude to these peculiarities of bygone times as an excuse for my favourite Steele, who was not worse, and often much more delicate than his neighbours.

There exists a curious document * descriptive of the manners of the last age, which describes most minutely the amusements and occupations of persons of fashion in London at the time of which we are speaking; the time of Swift, and Addison, and Steele.

When Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit, the immortal personages of Swift's polite conversation, came to breakfast with my Lady Smart, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my Lord Smart was absent at the levée. His Lordship was at home to dinner at three o'clock to receive his guests; and we may sit down to this meal, like the Barmecide's, and see the fops of the last century before us. Seven of them sat down at dinner, and were joined by a country baronet who told them they kept Court hours. These persons of fashion began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. My Lady Smart carved the sirloin, my Lady Answerall helped the fish, and the gallant Colonel cut the shoulder of veal. All made a considerable inroad on the sirloin and the shoulder of veal with the exception of Sir John, who had no appetite, having already partaken of a beef-steak and two mugs of ale, besides

* Swift's "Polite Conversation."

a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish; and my Lord Smart particularly recommended some excellent cider to my Lord Sparkish, which occasioned some brilliant remarks from that nobleman. When the host called for wine, he nodded to one or other of his guests, and said, "Tom Neverout, my service to you."

After the first course came almond-pudding, fritters, which the Colonel took with his hands out of the dish, in order to help the brilliant Miss Notable; chickens, black puddings, and soup; and Lady Smart, the elegant mistress of the mansion, finding a skewer in a dish, placed it in her plate with directions that it should be carried down to the cook and dressed for the cook's own dinner. Wine and small beer were drunk during the second course; and when the Colonel called for beer, he called the butler Friend, and asked whether the beer was good. Various jocular remarks passed from the gentlefolk to the servants; at breakfast several persons had a word and a joke for Mrs. Betty, my Lady's maid, who warmed the cream and had charge of the canister (the tea cost thirty shillings a pound in those days). When my Lady Sparkish sent her footman out to my Lady Match to come at six o'clock and play at quadrille, her Ladyship warned the man to follow his nose, and if he fell by the way not to stay to get up again. And when the gentlemen asked the hall-porter if his lady was at home, that functionary replied, with manly wag-

gishness, "She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet."

After the puddings, sweet and black, the fritters and soup, came the third course, of which the chief dish was a hot venison pasty, which was put before Lord Smart, and carved by that nobleman. Besides the pasty, there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course, the gentlemen always pledging somebody with every glass which they drank; and by this time the conversation between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable had grown so brisk and lively, that the Derbyshire baronet began to think the young gentlewoman was Tom's sweetheart: on which Miss remarked, that she loved Tom "like pie." After the goose, some of the gentlewomen took a dram of brandy, "which was very good for the wholesomes," Sir John said: and now having had a tolerably substantial dinner, honest Lord Smart bade the butler bring up the great tankard full of October to Sir John. The great tankard was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, but when pressed by the noble host upon the gallant Tom Neverout, he said, "No, faith, my Lord; I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman. Your honour's claret is good enough for me." And so, the dinner over, the host said, "Hang saving, bring us up a ha'porth of cheese."

The cloth was now taken away, and a bottle of burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they went to their tea.

When they withdrew, the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour: fresh bottles were brought; the "dead men," meaning the empty bottles, removed; and "D'you hear, John! bring clean glasses," my Lord Smart said. On which the gallant Colonel Alwit said, "I'll keep my glass; for wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in."

After an hour the gentlemen joined the ladies, and then they all sat and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning, when the chairs and the flambeaux came, and this noble company went to bed.

Such were manners six or seven score years ago. I draw no inference from this queer picture—let all moralists here present deduce their own. Fancy the moral condition of that society in which a lady of fashion joked with a footman, and carved a sirloin, and provided besides a great shoulder of veal, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black puddings, and a ham for a dinner for eight Christians. What—what could have been the condition of that polite world in which people openly ate goose after almond-pudding, and took their soup in the middle of dinner? Fancy a Colonel in the Guards putting his hand into a dish of *beignets d'abricot* and helping his neighbour, a young lady *du monde!* Fancy a noble lord calling out to the servants, before the ladies at his table, "Hang expense, bring us a ha'porth of cheese!" Such were the ladies of Saint James's—such were the frequenters of "White's Chocolate House," when Swift used to visit it, and Steele described it as the

centre of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment, a hundred and forty years go!

Dennis, who ran amuck at the literary society of his day, falls foul of poor Steele, and thus depicts him:—

"Sir John Edgar, of the county of —— in Ireland, is of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney—a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet with such a face and such a shape, he discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be more mortified at being told that he was ugly, than he was by any reflection made upon his honour or understanding.

"He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honourable family; certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this more authentic than the Heralds' Office, or any human testimony. For God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and, above all, his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue." *

* Steele replied to Dennis in an "Answer to a Whimsical Pamphlet, called the Character of Sir John Edgar." What Steele had to say against the cross-grained old Critic discovers a great deal of humour:—

"Thou never didst let the sun into thy garret, for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him. . . .

Although this portrait is the work of a man who was neither the friend of Steele nor of any other man alive, yet there is a dreadful resemblance to the original in the savage and exaggerated traits of the caricature, and everybody who knows him must recognise Dick Steele. Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means, and, as he took and furnished a house with the most generous intentions towards his friends, the most tender gallantry towards his wife, and with this only drawback, that he had not wherewithal to pay the rent when quarter-day came,—

"Your years are about sixty-five, an ugly vinegar face, that if you had any command you would be obeyed out of fear, from your ill-nature pictured there; not from any other motive. Your height is about some five feet five inches. You see I can give your exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimension with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you. . . .

"Your doughty paunch stands before you like a firkin of butter, and your duck legs seem to be cast for carrying burdens.

"Thy works are libels upon others, and satires upon thyself; and while they bark at men of sense, call him fool and knave that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy to thy own species; and hatest the sight of a fool but in thy glass."

Steele had been kind to Dennis, and once got arrested on account of a pecuniary service which he did him. When John heard of the fact—"'Sdeath!" cries John; "why did not he keep out of the way as I did?"

The "Answer" concludes by mentioning that Cibber had offered Ten Pounds for the discovery of the authorship of Dennis's pamphlet; on which, says Steele,—"I am only sorry he has offered so much, because the *twentieth part* would have overvalued his whole carcase. But I know the fellow that he keeps to give answers to his creditors will betray him; for he gave me his word to bring officers on the top of the house that should make a hole through the ceiling of his garret, and so bring him to the punishment he deserves. Some people think this expedient out of the way, and that he would make his escape upon hearing the least noise. I say so too; but it takes him up half-an-hour every night to fortify himself with his old hair trunk, two or three joint-stools, and some other lumber, which he ties together with cords so fast that it takes him up the same time in the morning to release himself."

so, in his life he proposed to himself the most magnificent schemes of virtue, forbearance, public and private good, and the advancement of his own and the national religion; but when he had to pay for these articles—so difficult to purchase and so costly to maintain—poor Dick's money was not forthcoming: and when Virtue called with her little bill, Dick made a shuffling excuse that he could not see her that morning, having a headache from being tipsy over-night; or when stern Duty rapped at the door with his account, Dick was absent and not ready to pay. He was shirking at the tavern; or had some particular business (of somebody's else) at the ordinary; or he was in hiding, or worse than in hiding, in the lock-up house. What a situation for a man!—for a philanthropist—for a lover of right and truth—for a magnificent designer and schemer! Not to dare to look in the face the Religion which he adored and which he had offended: to have to shirk down back lanes and alleys, so as to avoid the friend whom he loved and who had trusted him; to have the house which he had intended for his wife, whom he loved passionately, and for her Ladyship's company which he wished to entertain splendidly, in the possession of a bailiff's man; with a crowd of little creditors,—grocers, butchers, and small-coal men—lingering round the door with their bills and jeering at him. Alas for poor Dick Steele! For nobody else, of course. There is no man or woman in *our* time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When duty calls upon

us, we no doubt are always at home and ready to pay that grim tax-gatherer. When *we* are stricken with remorse and promise reform, we keep our promise, and are never angry, or idle, or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in *our* hearts, destined for family friends and affections, and now occupied by some Sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promises to reform, hovering at our steps, or knocking at our door! Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century; and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle: let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness.

Prior, Gay, and Pope

Matthew Prior was one of those famous and lucky wits of the auspicious reign of Queen Anne, whose name it behoves us not to pass over. Mat was a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen.* He loved, he drank, he

* Gay calls him—"Dear Prior . . . beloved by every muse."—*Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece.*

Swift and Prior were very intimate, and he is frequently mentioned in the "Journal to Stella." "Mr. Prior," says Swift, "walks to make himself fat, and I to keep myself down. . . . We often walk round the park together."

In Swift's works there is a curious tract called *Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne* [Scott's edition, vol. xii.]. The "Remarks" are not by the Dean; but at the end of each is an addition in italics from his hand, and these are always characteristic. Thus, to the Duke of Marlborough, he adds, "*Detestably covetous*," &c. Prior is thus noticed—

"*Matthew Prior, Esquire, Commissioner of Trade.*

"On the Queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office; is very well at Court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my Lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice; is one of the best poets in England, but very facetious in conversation. A thin hollow-looked man, turned of forty years old. *This is near the truth.*"

"Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are.
High hopes he conceived and he smothered great fears,
In a life party-coloured—half pleasure, half care.

Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he!

sang. He describes himself, in one of his lyrics, "in a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night; on his left hand his Horace, and a friend on his right," going out of town from the Hague to pass that evening and the ensuing Sunday boozing at a Spielhaus with his companions, perhaps bobbing for perch in a Dutch canal, and noting down, in a strain and with a grace not unworthy of his Epicurean master, the charms of his idleness, his retreat, and his Batavian Chloe. A vintner's son * in Whitehall, and a distinguished pupil of Busby of the Rod, Prior attracted some notice by writing verses at Saint John's College, Cambridge, and, coming up to town, aided Montague † in an attack on the noble old English lion John Dryden; in ridicule of whose work, "The Hind and the Panther," he brought out that remarkable and famous burlesque, "The Town and Country Mouse." Aren't you all acquainted with it? Have you not all got it by heart? What! have you never heard of it? See what fame is made of! The wonderful part of the satire was, that, as a natural conse-

Now in equipage stately, now humble on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust."
—PRIOR'S *Poems.* [*For my own monument.*]

* [He was a joiner's son. His uncle was a vintner, and kept the Rhenish Wine House in Channel (now Cannon) Row, Westminster.]

† "They joined to produce a parody, entitled *The Town and Country Mouse*, part of which Mr. Bayes is supposed to gratify his old friends, Smart and Johnson, by repeating to them. The piece is therefore founded upon the twice-told jest of the 'Rehearsal.' . . . There is nothing new or original in the idea. . . . In this piece, Prior, though the younger man, seems to have had by far the largest share."—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i. p. 330.

quence of "The Town and Country Mouse," Matthew Prior was made Secretary of Embassy at the Hague! I believe it is dancing, rather than singing, which distinguishes the young English diplomatists of the present day; and have seen them in various parts perform that part of their duty very finely. In Prior's time it appears a different accomplishment led to preferment.* Could you write a copy of Alcaics? that was the question. Could you turn out a neat epigram or two? Could you compose "The Town and Country Mouse"? It is manifest that, by the possession of this faculty, the most difficult treaties, the laws of foreign nations, and the interests of our own, are easily understood. Prior rose in the diplomatic service, and said good things that proved his sense and his spirit. When the apartments at Versailles were shown to him, with the victories of Louis XIV. painted on the walls, and Prior was asked whether the palace of the King of England had any such decorations, "The monuments of my master's actions," Mat said, of William, whom he cordially revered, "are to be seen everywhere except in his own house." Bravo, Mat! Prior rose to be full ambassador at Paris,† where he somehow was cheated out of his ambassadorial plate; and in an heroic poem, addressed by him to her late lamented Majesty, Queen Anne, Mat makes some magnifi-

* [It is doubtful, however, whether Prior's appointment had much to do with his literary reputation.]

† "He was to have been in the same commission with the Duke of Shrewsbury, but that that nobleman," says Johnson, "refused to be associated with one so meanly born. Prior therefore continued to

cent allusions to these dishes and spoons, of which Fate had deprived him. All that he wants, he says, is her Majesty's picture; without that he can't be happy.

"Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore:
Thee, Queen of Peace, if Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer and a nobler strain
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse.
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend."

With that word the poem stops abruptly. The votive tablet is suspended for ever, like Mahomet's coffin. News came that the Queen was dead. Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse, were left there, hovering to this day, over the votive tablet. The picture was never got, any more than the spoons and dishes: the inspiration ceased, the verses were not wanted—the ambassador wasn't wanted. Poor Mat was recalled from his embassy, suffered disgrace along with his patrons, lived under a sort of cloud ever after, and disappeared in Essex. When deprived of all his pensions and emoluments, the hearty and generous Oxford pen-

act without a title till the Duke's return next year to England, and then he assumed the style and dignity of ambassador."

He had been thinking of slights of this sort when he wrote his Epitaph:—

"Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?"

But, in this case, the old prejudice got the better of the old joke.

sioned him.* They played for gallant stakes—the bold men of those days—and lived and gave splendidly.

Johnson quotes from Spence a legend, that Prior, after spending an evening with Harley, St. John, Pope, and Swift, would go off and smoke a pipe with a couple of friends of his, a soldier and his wife, in Long Acre. Those who have not read his late Excellency's poems should be warned that they smack not a little of the conversation of his Long Acre friends. Johnson speaks slightingly of his lyrics; but with due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humourous of English lyrical poems.* Horace is always in his

* [Prior's poems published (in folio) by subscription brought him £4000. Lord Harley (not his father, the Earl of Oxford) added £4000 to this for the purchase of an estate (Down Hall) in Essex.]

* His epigrams have the genuine sparkle:—

The Remedy worse than the Disease.

"I sent for Radcliff; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician."

"Yes, every poet is a fool;
By demonstration Ned can show it;
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet."

"On his deathbed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.

mind; and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master. In reading his works one is struck with their modern air, as well as by their happy similarity to the songs of the charming owner of the Sabine farm. In his verses addressed to Halifax, he says, writing of that endless theme to poets, the vanity of human wishes—

"So whilst in fevered dreams we sink,
And waking, taste what we desire,
The real draught but feeds the fire,
The dream is better than the drink.

Our hopes like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy height:
To stand aloof and view the flight,
Is all the pleasure of the game."

Would you not fancy that a poet of our own days * was singing? and in the verses of Chloe weeping and reproaching him for his inconstancy, where he says—

"The God of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
How, after his journeys, he sets up his rest.
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

'A different cause,' says Parson Sly,
'The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live.'"

* [Thackeray, however, has ingeniously transposed the order of these verses, which, in the original, are not in the metre made familiar by a poet of our own days.]

So, when I am wearied with wandering all day,
To thee, my delight, in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
They were but my visits, but thou art my home!

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me."

If Prior read Horace, did not Thomas Moore study Prior? Love and pleasure find singers in all days. Roses are always blowing and fading—to-day as in that pretty time when Prior sang of them, and of Chloe lamenting their decay—

"She sighed, she smiled, and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bowed:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas, may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

Damon's knell was rung in 1721. May his turf lie lightly on him! "Deus sit propitius huic

potatori," as Walter de Mapes sang.* Perhaps Samuel Johnson, who spoke slightingly of Prior's verses, enjoyed them more than he was willing to

* *Prior to Sir Thomas Hanmer.*

" *Aug.* 4, 1709.

" DEAR SIR,—Friendship may live, I grant you, without being fed and cherished by correspondence; but with that additional benefit I am of opinion it will look more cheerful and thrive better: for in this case, as in love, though a man is sure of his own constancy, yet his happiness depends a good deal upon the sentiments of another, and while you and Chloe are alive, 'tis not enough that I love you both, except I am sure you both love me again; and as one of her scrawls fortifies my mind more against affliction than all Epictetus, with Simplicius's comments into the bargain, so your single letter gave me more real pleasure than all the works of Plato. . . . I must return my answer to your very kind question concerning my health. The Bath waters have done a good deal towards the recovery of it, and the great specific, *Cape caballum*, will, I think, confirm it. Upon this head I must tell you that my mare Betty grows blind, and may one day, by breaking my neck, perfect my cure: if at Rixham fair any pretty nagg that is between thirteen and fourteen hands presented himself, and you would be pleased to purchase him for me, one of your servants might ride him to Euston, and I might receive him there. This, sir, is just as such a thing happens. If you hear, too, of a Welch widow, with a good jointure, that has her *goings* and is not very skittish, pray be pleased to cast your eye on her for me too. You see, sir, the great trust I repose in your skill and honour, when I dare put two such commissions in your hand. . . ."—*The Hanmer Correspondence*, p. 120.

From Mr. Prior.

" PARIS: *1st-12th May*, 1714.

" MY DEAR LORD AND FRIEND,—Matthew never had so great occasion to write a word to Henry as now: it is noised here that I am soon to return. The question that I wish I could answer to the many that ask, and to our friend Colbert de Torcy (to whom I made your compliments in the manner you commanded) is, what is done for me; and to what I am recalled? It may look like a bagatelle, what is to become of a philosopher like me? but it is not such: what is to become of a person who had the honour to be chosen, and sent hither as intrusted, in the midst of a war, with what the Queen designed should make the peace; returning with the Lord Bolingbroke, one of the greatest men in England, and one of the finest heads in Europe (as they say here, if true or not, *n'importe*); having been left by him in the greatest character (that of her Majesty's Plenipotentiary), exercising that power conjointly

own. The old moralist had studied them as well as Mr. Thomas Moore, and defended them and showed that he remembered them very well too,

with the Duke of Shrewsbury, and solely after his departure; having here received more distinguished honour than any Minister, except an Ambassador, ever did, and some which were never given to any but who had that character; having had all the success that could be expected; having (God be thanked!) spared no pains, at a time when at home the peace is voted safe and honourable—at a time when the Earl of Oxford is Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke First Secretary of State? This unfortunate person, I say, neglected, forgot, unnamed to anything that may speak the Queen satisfied with his services, or his friends concerned as to his fortune.

"Mr. de Torcy put me quite out of countenance, the other day, by a pity that wounded me deeper than ever did the cruelty of the late Lord Godolphin. He said he would write to Robin and Harry about me. God forbid, my Lord, that I should need any foreign intercession, or owe the least to any Frenchman living, besides the decency of behaviour and the returns of common civility: some say I am to go to Baden, others that I am to be added to the Commissioners for settling the commerce. In all cases I am ready, but in the meantime, *dic aliquid de tribus capellis*. Neither of these two are, I presume, honours or rewards, neither of them (let me say to my dear Lord Bolingbroke, and let him not be angry with me) are what Drift may aspire to, and what Mr. Whitworth, who was his fellow-clerk, has or may possess. I am far from desiring to lessen the great merit of the gentleman I named, for I heartily esteem and love him; but in this trade of ours, my Lord, in which you are the general, as in that of the soldiery, there is a certain right acquired by time and long service. You would do anything for your Queen's service, but you would not be contented to descend, and be degraded to a charge, no way proportioned to that of Secretary of State, any more than Mr. Ross, though he would charge a party with a halbard in his hand, would be content all his life after to be Serjeant. Was my Lord Dartmouth, from Secretary, returned again to be Commissioner of Trade, or from Secretary of War, would Frank Gwyn think himself kindly used to be returned again to be Commissioner? In short, my Lord, you have put me above myself, and if I am to return to myself, I shall return to something very discontented and uneasy. I am sure, my Lord, you will make the best use you can of this hint for my good. If I am to have anything, it will certainly be for her Majesty's service, and the credit of my friends in the Ministry, that it be done before I am recalled from home, lest the world may think either that I have merited to be disgraced, or that ye dare not stand by me. If nothing is to be done, *fiat voluntas Dei*. I have writ to Lord Treasurer upon this subject, and having im-

on an occasion when their morality was called in question by that noted puritan, James Boswell, Esquire, of Auchinleck.*

In the great society of the wits, John Gay deserved to be a favourite, and to have a good place.†

plored your kind intercession, I promise you it is the last remonstrance of this kind that I will ever make. Adieu, my Lord, all honour, health, and pleasure to you.

"Yours ever, MATT.

"*P.S.*—Lady Jersey is just gone from me. We drank your healths together in usquebaugh after our tea: we are the greatest friends alive. Once more adieu. There is no such thing as the 'Book of Travels' you mentioned; if there be, let friend Tilson send us more particular account of them, for neither I nor Jacob Tonson can find them. Pray send Barton back to me, I hope with some comfortable tidings."—*Bolingbroke's Letters.*

* "I asked whether Prior's poems were to be printed entire; Johnson said they were. I mentioned Lord Hales's censure of Prior in his preface to a collection of sacred poems, by various hands, published by him at Edinburgh a great many years ago, where he mentions 'these impure tales, which will be the eternal opprobrium of their ingenious author.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, Lord Hales has forgot. There is nothing in Prior that will excite to lewdness. If Lord Hales thinks there is, he must be more combustible than other people.' I instanced the tale of 'Paulo Purganti and his wife.' JOHNSON: 'Sir, there is nothing there but that his wife wanted to be kissed, when poor Paulo was out of pocket. No, sir, Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library." —BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*

† Gay was of an old Devonshire family, but his pecuniary prospects not being great, was placed in his youth in the house of a silkmercer in London. He was born in 1688—Pope's year [It has been lately shown that Gay was born in 1685], and in 1712 the Duchess of Monmouth made him her secretary. Next year he published his *Rural Sports,* which he dedicated to Pope, and so made an acquaintance which became a memorable friendship.

"Gay," says Pope, "was quite a natural man,—wholly without art or design, and spoke just what he thought and as he thought it. He dangled for twenty years about a Court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young princesses. Secretary Craggs made Gay a present of stock in the South Sea year; and he was once worth £20,000, but lost it all again. He got about £400 by the first 'Beggar's Opera,' and £1100 or £1200 by the second. He was negligent and a bad manager. Latterly, the Duke of Queensberry took his money into his keeping, and let him only have what was

In his set all were fond of him. His success offended nobody. He missed a fortune once or twice. He was talked of for Court favour, and hoped to win it; but the Court favour jilted him. Craggs gave him some South Sea stock; and at one time Gay had very nearly made his fortune. But Fortune shook her swift wings and jilted him too: and so his friends, instead of being angry with him, and jealous of him, were kind and fond of honest Gay. In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of the last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor nightcap (the full dress and *négligé* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits), and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee—an artless sweet humour. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woebegone at others, such a natural good creature, that the Giants loved him. The great Swift was gentle and sportive with him,* as the enormous Brobdingnag maids of honour were with little Gulliver. He could frisk and fondle round Pope,† and sport, and bark, and caper, without offending the

necessary out of it, and, as he lived with them, he could not have occasion for much. He died worth upwards of £3000."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

* "Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew."—SWIFT, *To Lady Betty Germaine*, Jan. 1733.

† "Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:

most thin-skinned of poets and men; and when he was jilted in that little Court affair of which we have spoken, his warm-hearted patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry * (the "Kitty, beau-

> A safe companion, and an easy friend,
> Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
> These are thy honours; not that here thy bust
> Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
> But that the worthy and the good shall say,
> Striking their pensive bosoms, '*Here* lies Gay.'"
> —POPE'S *Epitaph on Gay.*

> "A hare who in a civil way,
> Complied with everything, like Gay."
> —*Fables, "The Hare and many Friends."*

* "I can give you no account of Gay," says Pope curiously, "since he was raffled for, and won back by his Duchess."—*Works, Roscoe's ed.*, vol. ix. p. 392.

Here is the letter Pope wrote to him when the death of Queen Anne brought back Lord Clarendon from Hanover, and lost him the Secretaryship of that nobleman, of which he had had but a short tenure.

Gay's Court prospects were never happy from this time.—His dedication of the *Shepherd's Week* to Bolingbroke, Swift used to call the "original sin" which had hurt him with the house of Hanover:—

"*Sept.* 23, 1714.

"DEAR MR. GAY,—Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with Court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future; whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are or in whatever state you are, all hail!

"One or two of your own friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death; I told them no man

tiful and young," of Prior) pleaded his cause with indignation, and quitted the Court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement their kind gentle *protégé*: With these kind lordly folks, a real Duke and Duchess, as delightful as those who har-

living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons, too, themselves to allege in your excuse, as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect anything from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys, I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Blousalindas of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you, directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

"Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the Court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am, entirely, as ever,

"Your," &c.

Gay took the advice "in the poetical way," and published "An Epistle to a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales." But though this brought him access to Court, and the attendance of the Prince and Princess at his farce of the "What d'ye call it?" it did not bring him a place. On the accession of George II., he was offered the situation of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa (her Highness being then two years old); but "by this offer," says Johnson, "he thought himself insulted."

boured Don Quixote, and loved that dear old Sancho, Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken, and his saucer of cream, and frisked, and barked, and wheezed, and grew fat, and so ended.* He became very melancholy and lazy, sadly plethoric, and only occasionally diverting in his latter days. But everybody loved him, and the remembrance of his pretty little tricks; and the raging old Dean of Saint Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him announcing the sad news of the death of Gay.†

Swift's letters to him are beautiful; and having no purpose but kindness in writing to him, no party aim to advocate, or slight or anger to wreak, every word the Dean says to his favourite is natural, trustworthy, and kindly. His admiration for Gay's

* "Gay was a great eater.—As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *Cogito, ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is, *Edit, ergo est*."—CONGREVE, *in a letter to Pope. Spence's Anecdotes.*

† Swift endorsed the letter—"On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received Dec. 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune."

"It was by Swift's interest that Gay was made known to Lord Bolingbroke, and obtained his patronage."—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i. p. 156.

Pope wrote on the occasion of Gay's death, to Swift, thus:—

"[*Dec.* 5, 1732.]

"... One of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. .... He asked of you a few hours before when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. .... His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows. .... Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all."

parts and honesty, and his laughter at his weaknesses, were alike just and genuine. He paints his character in wonderful pleasant traits of jocular satire. "I writ lately to Mr. Pope," Swift says, writing to Gay: "I wish you had a little villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan." "If your ramble," says Swift, in another letter, "was on horseback, I am glad of it, on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends' coaches—for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones that may add another thousand pounds to your stock. And then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half-a-crown a day." And then Swift goes off from Gay to pay some grand compliments to her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry, in whose sunshine Mr. Gay was basking, and in whose radiance the Dean would have liked to warm himself too.

But we have Gay here before us, in these letters —lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, I'm afraid; for ever eating and saying good things; a little round French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted.

Our object in these lectures is rather to describe the men than their works; or to deal with the latter only in as far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers. Mr. Gay's "Fables" which were written to benefit that amiable Prince the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young Prince, whose manners they were intended to mollify, and whose natural ferocity our gentle-hearted Satirist perhaps proposed to restrain. But the six pastorals called the "Shepherd's Week," and the burlesque poem of "Trivia," any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure. They are to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture: graceful, minikin, fantastic; with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribands to their crooks and waistcoats and bodices, danced their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbour of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of bergamot. Gay's gay plan seems to me far pleasanter than that

of Philips—his rival and Pope's—a serious and dreary idyllic cockney; not that Gay's "Bumkinets" and "Hobnelias" are a whit more natural than the would-be serious characters of the other posture-master; but the quality of this true humourist was to laugh and make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness, to perform the drollest little antics and capers, but always with a certain grace, and to sweet music—as you may have seen a Savoyard boy abroad, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, turning over head and heels, or clattering and pirouetting in a pair of wooden shoes, yet always with a look of love and appeal in his bright eyes, and a smile that asks and wins affection and protection. Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folk and Court ladies free and friendly with John Gay—which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him—which melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him—and drove away, for a moment or two, the dark frenzies which obscured the lonely tyrant's brain, as he heard Gay's voice with its simple melody and artless ringing laughter.

What used to be said about Rubini,* *qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix*, may be said of Gay,† and of one other humourist of whom we shall have to

* [This was said earlier of Mdlle. Duchesnois of the Théâtre Français, who was not beautiful, but had a most beautiful voice.]

† "Gay, like Goldsmith, had a musical talent. 'He could play on the flute,' says Malone, 'and was, therefore, enabled to adapt so happily some of the airs in the *Beggar's Opera*.'"—*Notes to Spence.*

speak. In almost every ballad of his, however slight,* in the "Beggar's Opera" † and in its weari-

* "'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

'Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover—
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

'The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep?'

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died."
—*A Ballad from the "What d'ye call it?"*

"What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or, rather, Swift's,

† See foot-note on page 166.

some continuation (where the verses are to the full as pretty as in the first piece, however), there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody. It charms and melts you. It's indefinable, but it exists; and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose.

Let me read a piece from one of his letters, which is so famous that most people here are no doubt familiar with it, but so delightful that it is always pleasant to hear:—

"I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers as con-

Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and Gay's, in the 'What d'ye call it?' 'Twas when the seas were roaring'? I have been well informed that they all contributed."—*Cowper to Unwin*, 1783.

† "Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the *Beggar's Opera*. He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the Doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, 'It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.' We were all at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do!—I see it in the eyes of them!' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the Duke [besides his own good taste] has a more particular knack than any one now living in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual; the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

stant as ever were found in romance—beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood, for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock; and John (who never separated from her), sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful

pair—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies —only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave."

And the proof that this description is delightful and beautiful is, that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it and to send it off to a certain lady and wit, with whom he pretended to be in love in those days—my Lord Duke of Kingston's daughter, and married to Mr. Wortley Montagu, then his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.*

We are now come to the greatest name on our list—the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits and humourists with whom we have to rank him. If the author of the "Dunciad" be not a humourist, if the poet of the "Rape of the Lock" be not a wit, who deserves to be called so? Besides that brilliant genius and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen. He

* [This was a natural conjecture, but now appears to be erroneous. The letter seems to have been a joint composition of Gay and Pope, who were staying together at Lord Harcourt's house. Gay wrote to Fortescue, while Pope sent substantially the same letter to Martha Blount, Lord Bathurst, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—See Mr. Courthope's notes in Pope's Works, vol. ix., 284, 399.]

polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk, or contemplation of nature. He began to imitate at an early age; * and taught himself to write by copying printed books. Then he passed into the hands of the priests, and from his first clerical master, who came to him when he was eight years old, he went to a school at Twyford, and another school at Hyde Park, at which places he unlearned all that he had got from his first in-

* "Waller, Spenser, and Dryden were Mr. Pope's great favourites, in the order they are named, in his first reading, till he was about twelve years old."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Mr. Pope's father (who was an honest merchant, and dealt in hollands, wholesale) was no poet, but he used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased; and used often to send him back to new turn them. 'These are not good rhimes;' for that was my husband's word for verses."—POPE'S MOTHER. *Spence.*

"I wrote things, I'm ashamed to say how soon. Part of an Epic Poem when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes and some of the neighbouring islands; and the poem opened under water with a description of the Court of Neptune."—POPE. *Ibid.*

"His perpetual application (after he set to study of himself) reduced him in four years' time to so bad a state of health, that, after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper; and sat down calmly in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought, he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends, and, among the rest, one to the Abbé Southcote. The Abbé was extremely concerned both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hope, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down to Pope in Windsor Forest. The chief thing the Doctor ordered him was to apply less, and to ride every day. The following his advice soon restored him to his health."—POPE. *Spence.*

structor. At twelve years old, he went with his father into Windsor Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. "And this was all the teaching I ever had," he said, "and God knows it extended a very little way."

When he had done with his priests he took to reading by himself, for which he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. He learnt versification from Dryden, he said. In his youthful poem of "Alcander," he imitated every poet, Cowley, Milton, Spenser, Statius, Homer, Virgil. In a few years he had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. "This I did," he says, "without any design, except to amuse myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I looked upon as the happiest in my life." Is not here a beautiful holiday picture? The forest and the fairy story-book—the boy spelling Ariosto or Virgil under the trees, battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène, or dreaming of Armida's garden—peace and sunshine round about—the kindest love and tenderness waiting for him at his quiet home yonder—and Genius throbbing in his young heart, and whispering to him, "You shall be great, you shall be famous; you too shall love and sing; you will sing her so nobly that some kind heart shall forget you are weak and ill formed.

Every poet had a love. Fate must give one to you too,"—and day by day he walks the forest, very likely looking out for that charmer. "They were the happiest days of his life," he says, when he was only dreaming of his fame: when he had gained that mistress she was no consoler.

That charmer made her appearance, it would seem, about the year 1705, when Pope was seventeen. Letters of his are extant, addressed to a certain Lady M——, whom the youth courted, and to whom he expressed his ardour in language, to say no worse of it, that is entirely pert, odious, and affected. He imitated love-compositions as he had been imitating love-poems just before—it was a sham mistress he courted, and a sham passion, expressed as became it. These unlucky letters found their way into print years afterwards, and were sold to the congenial Mr. Curll. If any of my hearers, as I hope they may, should take a fancy to look at Pope's correspondence, let them pass over that first part of it; over, perhaps, almost all Pope's letters to women; in which there is a tone of not pleasant gallantry, and, amidst a profusion of compliments and politenesses, a something which makes one distrust the little pert, prurient bard. There is very little indeed to say about his loves, and that little not edifying. He wrote flames and raptures and elaborate verse and prose for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but that passion probably came to a climax in an impertinence, and was extinguished by a box on the ear, or some such rebuff, and he began on a sudden to hate her with a fervour much

more genuine than that of his love had been. It was a feeble puny grimace of love, and paltering with passion. After Mr. Pope had sent off one of his fine compositions to Lady Mary, he made a second draft from the rough copy, and favoured some other friend with it. He was so charmed with the letter of Gay's that I have just quoted, that he had copied that and amended it, and sent it to Lady Mary as his own.* A gentleman who writes letters *à deux fins*, and after having poured out his heart to the beloved, serves up the same dish *réchauffé* to a friend, is not very much in earnest about his loves, however much he may be in his piques and vanities when his impertinence gets its due.

But, save that unlucky part of the "Pope Correspondence," I do not know, in the range of our literature, volumes more delightful.† You live in

* [See note on p. 168. Pope, however, was capable of very similar performances.]

† *Mr. Pope to the Rev. Mr. Broom, Pulham, Norfolk.*
"*Aug. 29, 1730.*

"DEAR SIR,—I intended to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yours came, but stayed to have informed myself and you of the circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but, I believe, rather a complication first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told), or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: he had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than his own. So he died as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient contentment.

"As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I know an instance when he did his utmost

them in the finest company in the world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *apprêté* and conscious that they are speaking to whole generations who are listening; but in the tone of their voices—pitched,

to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least, I have heard of none, except some few further remarks on Waller (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson), and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the first book of *Oppian*. He had begun a tragedy of *Dion*, but made small progress in it.

"As to his other affairs, he died poor but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem.

"I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, Christian, and philosophical character in his epitaph. There truth may be spoken in a few words; as for flourish, and oratory, and poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers, such as love writing for writing's sake, and would rather show their own fine parts than report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

"I condole with you from my heart on the loss of so worthy a man, and a friend to us both. . . .

"Adieu; let us love his memory and profit by his example. Am very sincerely, dear sir,

"Your affectionate and real servant."

To the Earl of Burlington.

"*August* 1714.

"My Lord,—If your mare could speak, she would give you an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road, which, since she cannot do, I will.

"It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, overtook me in Windsor Forest. He said he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me thither.

"I asked him where he got his horse? He answered he got it of his publisher; 'for that rogue, my printer,' said he, 'disappointed me. I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost ten shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ——; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy. So, in short, I borrowed this

as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key—in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is something generous, and cheering, and ennobling. You are

stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt. He lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me. He was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me more than two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechism. If you have any more bags, he shall carry them.'

"I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil, and, mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

"Mr. Lintot began in this manner: 'Now, damn them! What if they should put it into the newspaper how you and I went together to Oxford? What would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker; but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G-d, I would keep as good company as old Jacob.'

"Hereupon, I inquired of the son. 'The lad,' says he, 'has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late Ministry came out of it; so did many of this Ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune.'

"'Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?' 'To what purpose?' said he. 'The Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.'

"As Mr. Lintot was talking I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. 'Nothing,' says he. 'I can bear it well enough; but, since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods.' When we were alighted, 'See, here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! What if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours!' 'Perhaps I may,' said I, 'if we ride on: the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.'

"Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, 'Well, sir, how far have you gone?' I answered, seven miles. 'Z—ds, sir,' said Lintot, 'I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldisworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon Hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldisworth [though I lost by his Timothy's], he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England.

in the society of men who have filled the greatest parts in the world's story—you are with St. John the statesman; Peterborough the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kind-

I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern, three hours after he could not speak: and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet Ditch and St. Giles's Pound, shall make you half a Job.'

"'Pray, Mr. Lintot,' said I, 'now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them?' 'Sir,' replied he, 'these are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter and cry, "Ah, this is Hebrew, and must read it from the latter end." By G-d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way: I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso that I will have their doings corrected with whom I please; so by one or the other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.' 'Then how are you sure these correctors may not impose upon you?' 'Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

"'I'll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S—— for a new version of *Lucretius*, to publish against Tonson's, agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay, too, upon the proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.'

"'Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics?' 'Sir,' said he, 'nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with and dedicated to as tiptop critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest: A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pish'd at every line of it. "One would wonder," says he, "at the

liest laughter,— it is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little faith and a little fancy any one of us here may

strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task as every stripling, every versifier——" he was going on when my wife called to dinner. "Sir," said I, "will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?" "Mr. Lintot," said he, "I am very sorry you should be at the expense of this great book: I am really concerned on your account." "Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding——?"— "Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning——"—"Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in." My critic complies; he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

"'Now, sir,' continued Mr. Lintot, 'in return for the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at Court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar or not?' I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to.—'That may be,' replied Mr. Lintot; 'but by G— if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.'

"These, my Lord, are a few traits with which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carlton, at Middleton. . . . I am," &c.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

"*Sept. 29, 1725.*

"I am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin—into the *grand monde*—for fear of burying my parts; to signalise myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread-and-butter through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my 'Travels' [Gulliver's], in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather, when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labours is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time; but since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world,

enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past, and listen to their wit and wisdom. Mind that there is always a certain *cachet* about great

give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals—for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Councillor Such-a-one and Judge Such-a-one: it is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man—although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth.

"... I have got materials towards a treatise proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. ... The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute—nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point. ...

"Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh! if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my 'Travels'!"

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

"*October* 15, 1725.

"I am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends. ... Here is one [Lord Bolingbroke] who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another [Edward, Earl of Oxford], who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised but what is made up of a few men like yourself. ...

"Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs—and generally by Tories too. Because he had humour, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. ...

"Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet

men—they may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air—they speak of common life more largely and generously than common men do—they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it. He who reads these noble records of a past age, salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it. You may go home now and talk with St. John; you may take a volume from your library and listen to Swift and Pope.

Might I give counsel to my young hearer, I would say to him, Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another. There never has been a society of men more friendly, as there never

again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity.

. . . . . .

"I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me, concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. . . ."

was one more illustrious. Who dares quarrel with Mr. Pope, great and famous himself, for liking the society of men great and famous? and for liking them for the qualities which made them so? A mere pretty fellow from White's could not have written the "Patriot King," and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope, the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men: a mere nobleman of the Court could no more have won Barcelona, than he could have written Peterborough's letters to Pope,* which are as witty as Congreve: a mere Irish Dean

* Of the Earl of Peterborough, Walpole says:—"He was one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand *bon-mots* and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord, of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave; but a little more expeditious in his journeys: for he is said to have seen more kings and more postillions than any man in Europe. . . . He was a man, as his friend said, who would neither live nor die like any other mortal."

From the Earl of Peterborough to Pope.

"You must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birthday or a return.

"Dutiful affection was bringing me to town; but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country: however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birthday. . . .

"You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time either to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow your pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

"I find you don't mend upon correction; again I tell you you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?

"... I should have been glad of anything of Swift's. Pray,

could not have written "Gulliver"; and all these men loved Pope, and Pope loved all these men. To name his friends is to name the best men of his time. Addison had a senate; Pope reverenced his equals. He spoke of Swift with respect and admiration always. His admiration for Bolingbroke was so great, that when some one said of his friend, "There is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake," "Yes," Pope answered, "and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home as a coach comes to one's door for visitors." So these great spirits spoke of one another. Show me six of the dullest middle-aged gentlemen that ever dawdled round a club table so faithful and so friendly.

We have said before that the chief wits of this time, with the exception of Congreve, were what we should now call men's men. They spent many hours of the four-and-twenty, a fourth part of each day nearly, in clubs and coffee-houses, where they dined, drank, and smoked. Wit and news went by word of mouth; a journal of 1710 contained the very smallest portion of one or the other. The chiefs spoke, the faithful *habitués* sat round; strangers came to wonder and listen. Old Dryden had his headquarters at "Will's," in Russell Street,

when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way as himself.

"Yours."

Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer.

at the corner of Bow Street: at which place Pope saw him when he was twelve years old. The company used to assemble on the first floor—what was called the dining-room floor in those days—and sat at various tables smoking their pipes. It is recorded that the beaux of the day thought it a great honour to be allowed to take a pinch out of Dryden's snuffbox. When Addison began to reign, he with a certain crafty propriety—a policy let us call it—which belonged to his nature, set up his court, and appointed the officers of his royal house. His palace was "Button's," opposite "Will's." * A quiet opposition, a silent assertion of empire, distinguished this great man. Addison's ministers were Budgell, Tickell, Philips, Carey; his master of the horse, honest Dick Steele, who was what Duroc was to Napoleon, or Hardy to Nelson: the man who performed his master's bidding, and would have cheerfully died in his quarrel. Addison lived with these people for seven or eight hours every day. The male society passed over their punch-bowls and tobacco-pipes about as much time as ladies of that age spent over spadille and manille.

For a brief space, upon coming up to town, Pope formed part of King Joseph's court, and was his

* "Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

"From the coffee-house he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late and drank too much wine."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Will's Coffee-house was on the west side of Bow Street, and "corner of Russell Street."—See *Handbook of London.*

rather too eager and obsequious humble servant.* Dick Steele, the editor of the *Tatler*, Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too—a person of no little figure in the world of letters—patronised the young poet, and set him a task or two. Young Mr. Pope did the tasks very quickly and smartly (he had been at the feet, quite as a boy, of Wycherley's † de-

* "My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712: I liked him then as well as I liked any man, and was very fond of his conversation. It was very soon after that Mr. Addison advised me 'not to be content with the applause of half the nation.' He used to talk much and often to me, of moderation in parties: and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man. He encouraged me in my design of translating the *Iliad*, which was begun that year, and finished in 1718."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

"Addison had Budgell, and I think Philips, in the house with him.—Gay they would call one of my *élèves*.—They were angry with me for keeping so much with Dr. Swift and some of the late Ministry."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† *To Mr. Blount.*

"*Jan.* 21, 1715-16.

"I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, and I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together those two sacraments which wise men say we should be the last to receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the consciousness of having, by this one act, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged his debts; a jointure of £500 a year made her a recompence; and the nephew was left to comfort himself as well as he could with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done—less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request—the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her: 'My dear, it is only this—that you will never marry an old man

crepit reputation, and propped up for a year that doting old wit): he was anxious to be well with the men of letters, to get a footing and a recognition. He thought it an honour to be admitted into their company; to have the confidence of Mr. Addison's friend Captain Steele. His eminent parts obtained for him the honour of heralding Addison's triumph of "Cato" with his admirable prologue, and heading the victorious procession as it were. Not content with this act of homage and admiration, he wanted to distinguish himself by assaulting Addison's enemies, and attacked John Dennis with a prose lampoon, which highly offended his lofty patron. Mr. Steele was instructed to write to Mr. Dennis, and inform him that Mr. Pope's pamphlet against him was written quite without Mr. Addison's approval.* Indeed, "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Phrenzy

again.' I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed his even in his last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?

"So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the same character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:—

"'Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet.'

"I am," &c.

* "Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele that he was sorry for the insult."—JOHNSON. *Life of Addison.*

of J. D." is a vulgar and mean satire, and such a blow as the magnificent Addison could never desire to see any partisan of his strike in any literary quarrel. Pope was closely allied with Swift when he wrote this pamphlet. It is so dirty that it has been printed in Swift's works, too. It bears the foul marks of the master hand. Swift admired and enjoyed with all his heart the prodigious genius of the young Papist lad out of Windsor Forest, who had never seen a university in his life, and came and conquered the Dons and the doctors with his wit. He applauded, and loved him, too, and protected him, and taught him mischief. I wish Addison could have loved him better. The best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then; and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without a flaw. But he who had so few equals could not bear one, and Pope was more than that. When Pope, trying for himself, and soaring on his immortal young wings, found that his, too, was a genius, which no pinion of that age could follow, he rose and left Addison's company, settling on his own eminence, and singing his own song.

It was not possible that Pope should remain a retainer of Mr. Addison; nor likely that after escaping from his vassalage and assuming an independent crown, the sovereign whose allegiance he quitted should view him amicably.* They did not

* "While I was heated with what I heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know 'that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak of him severely in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should

do wrong to mislike each other. They but followed the impulse of nature, and the consequence of position. When Bernadotte became heir to a throne, the Prince Royal of Sweden was naturally Napoleon's enemy. "There are many passions and tempers of mankind," says Mr. Addison in the *Spectator*, speaking a couple of years before the little differences between him and Mr. Pope took place, "which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own deserts. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him the superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal." Did Mr. Addison, justly perhaps thinking that, as young Mr. Pope had not had the benefit of a university education, he couldn't know Greek, therefore he couldn't translate Homer, encourage his young friend Mr. Tickell, of Queen's, to translate that poet, and aid him with his own known scholarship and skill? * It was natural that Mr. Addison should doubt of

rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner.' I then subjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after; and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after."—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

* "That Tickell should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; that Addison should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; but that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villainy, seems, to us, improbable in a tenfold degree."—*Macaulay.*

the learning of an amateur Grecian, should have a high opinion of Mr. Tickell, of Queen's, and should help that ingenious young man. It was natural, on the other hand, that Mr. Pope and Mr. Pope's friends should believe that his counter-translation, suddenly advertised and so long written, though Tickell's college friends had never heard of it—though, when Pope first wrote to Addison regarding his scheme, Mr. Addison knew nothing of the similar project of Tickell, of Queen's—it was natural that Mr. Pope and his friends, having interests, passions, and prejudices of their own, should believe that Tickell's translation was but an act of opposition against Pope, and that they should call Mr. Tickell's emulation Mr. Addison's envy—if envy it were.

"And were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and eac. art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, as to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend:
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged:
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise;
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

"I sent the verses to Mr. Addison," said Pope, "and he used me very civilly ever after." No wonder he did. It was shame very likely more than fear that silenced him. Johnson recounts an interview between Pope and Addison after their quarrel, in which Pope was angry, and Addison tried to be contemptuous and calm. Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn. It flashes for ever, and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks out on us from the past—stainless but for that—pale, calm, and beautiful: it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like Saint Sebastian, with that arrow in his side. As he sent to Gay and asked his pardon, as he bade his stepson come and see his death, be sure he had forgiven Pope, when he made ready to show how a Christian could die.*

Pope then formed part of the Addisonian court for a short time, and describes himself in his letters as sitting with that coterie until two o'clock in the morning over punch and burgundy amidst the fumes of tobacco. To use an expression of the present day, the "pace" of those *viveurs* of the former age was awful. Peterborough lived into the

* [This story has been now upset by the researches of Mr. Dilke, Mr. Elwin, and others; though, when Thackeray wrote, it was the accepted version. There is no reason to suppose that Addison ever saw the verses. The statement is part of an elaborate fiction concocted by Pope, and supported by manufacturing letters to Addison out of letters really written to another correspondent. The whole story may be found in the edition of Pope by Elwin and Courthope, and is one of the most curious cases of literary imposture on record. It is enough to say that all stain has been removed from Addison's character. Thackeray would have rejoiced at that result, though he would have had to modify some of the eulogy bestowed upon Pope.]

very jaws of death; Godolphin laboured all day and gambled at night; Bolingbroke,* writing to Swift, from Dawley, in his retirement, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising, as he says, refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life; when about that hour he used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, and jaded with business; his head often full of schemes, and his heart as often full of anxiety. It was too hard, too coarse a life for the sensitive, sickly Pope. He was the only wit of the day, a friend writes to me, who wasn't fat.† Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Steele was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat—all that fuddling and punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age. Pope withdrew in a great measure from this boisterous London company, and being put into an independence by the gallant exertions of

* *Lord Bolingbroke to the Three Yahoos of Twickenham.*

"*July* 23, 1726.

"JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN, MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,—Though you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you, therefore, from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you, that I shall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week: by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu. Jonathan, Alexander, John, mirth be with you!"

† Prior must be excepted from this observation. "He was lank and lean."

Swift * and his private friends, and by the enthusiastic national admiration which justly rewarded his great achievement of the "Iliad," purchased that famous villa of Twickenham which his song and life celebrated; duteously bringing his old parent to live and die there, entertaining his friends there, and making occasional visits to London in his little chariot, in which Atterbury compared him to "Homer in a nutshell."

"Mr. Dryden was not a genteel man," Pope quaintly said to Spence, speaking of the manner and habits of the famous old patriarch of "Will's." With regard to Pope's own manners, we have the best contemporary authority that they were singularly refined and polished. With his extraordinary sensibility, with his known tastes, with his delicate frame, with his power and dread of ridicule, Pope could have been no other than what we call a highly-bred person.† His closest friends, with the exception of Swift, were among the delights and ornaments of the polished society of their age. Garth,* the accomplished and benevo-

* Swift exerted himself very much in promoting the *Iliad* subscription; and also introduced Pope to Harley and Bolingbroke. Pope realised by the *Iliad* upwards of £5000, which he laid out partly in annuities, and partly in the purchase of his famous villa. Johnson remarks that "it would be hard to find a man so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money."

† "His (Pope's) voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him 'the little nightingale.'"—*Orrery.*

‡ Garth, whom Dryden calls "generous as his Muse," was a Yorkshireman. He graduated at Cambridge, and was made M.D. in 1691. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, by his poem of the "Dispensary," and in society, and pronounced Dryden's funeral oration. He was a strict Whig, a notable member of the

lent, whom Steele has described so charmingly, of whom Codrington said that his character was "all beauty," and whom Pope himself called the best of Christians without knowing it; Arbuthnot,* one

"Kit-Cat," and a friendly, convivial, able man. He was knighted by George I., with the Duke of Marlborough's sword. He died in 1718.

* "Arbuthnot was the son of an Episcopal clergyman in Scotland, and belonged to an ancient and distinguished Scotch family. He was educated at Aberdeen; and, coming up to London—according to a Scotch practice often enough alluded to—to make his fortune, first made himself known by *An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge*. He became physician successively to Prince George of Denmark and to Queen Anne. He is usually allowed to have been the most learned, as well as one of the most witty and humourous members of the Scriblerus Club. The opinion entertained of him by the humourists of the day is abundantly evidenced in their correspondence. When he found himself in his last illness, he wrote thus, from his retreat at Hampstead, to Swift:—

"HAMPSTEAD: *Oct.* 4, 1734.

"'MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,—You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends, for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart towards you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

"'. . . I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that He would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again. . . . What I did, I can assure you was not for life, but ease; for I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea—who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family and from the kindness of my friends as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me, and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England: the reasons you assign are not sufficient—the journey, I am sure,

of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind; Bolingbroke, the Alcibiades of his age; the generous Oxford; the magnificent, the witty, the famous, and chivalrous Peterborough: these were the fast and faithful friends of Pope, the most brilliant company of friends, let us repeat, that the world has ever seen. The favourite recreation of his leisure hours was the society of painters, whose art he practised. In his correspondence are letters between him and Jervas, whose pupil he loved to be—Richardson, a celebrated artist of his time, and who painted for him a portrait of his old

would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

"'My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock, and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from the way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none are with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant.'"

"Arbuthnot," Johnson says, "was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal."

Dugald Stewart has testified to Arbuthnot's ability in a department of which he was particularly qualified to judge: "Let me add, that, in the list of philosophical reformers, the authors of *Martinus Scriblerus* ought not to be overlooked. Their happy ridicule of the scholastic logic and metaphysics is universally known; but few are aware of the acuteness and sagacity displayed in their allusions to some of the most vulnerable passages in Locke's *Essay*. In this part of the work it is commonly understood that Arbuthnot had the principal share."—See *Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica*, note to p. 242, and also note B. B. B., p. 285.

mother, and for whose picture he asked and thanked Richardson in one of the most delightful letters that ever were penned,*—and the wonderful Kneller, who bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better than any artist of his day.†

It is affecting to note, through Pope's correspondence, the marked way in which his friends, the greatest, the most famous, and wittiest men of the time—generals and statesmen, philosophers and divines—all have a kind word and a kind thought for the good simple old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. Those men would have scarcely valued her, but that they knew how much he loved her, and that they pleased him by thinking of her. If his early letters to women are

* *To Mr. Richardson.*

"TWICKENHAM, *June* 10, 1733.

"As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason, which possibly might hinder you coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew; and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily! Yours," &c.

† "Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. 'Nephew,' said Sir Godfrey, 'you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world.' 'I don't know how great you may be,' said the Guinea man, 'but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas.'" —DR. WARBURTON. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

affected and insincere, whenever he speaks about this one, it is with a childish tenderness and an almost sacred simplicity. In 1713, when young Mr. Pope had, by a series of the most astonishing victories and dazzling achievements, seized the crown of poetry, and the town was in an uproar of admiration, or hostility, for the young chief; when Pope was issuing his famous decrees for the translation of the "Iliad"; when Dennis and the lower critics were hooting and assailing him; when Addison and the gentlemen of his court were sneering with sickening hearts at the prodigious triumphs of the young conqueror; when Pope, in a fever of victory, and genius, and hope, and anger, was struggling through the crowd of shouting friends and furious detractors to his temple of Fame, his old mother writes from the country, "My deare," says she— "my deare, there's Mr. Blount, of Mapel Durom, dead the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. Your sister is well; but your brother is sick. My service to Mrs. Blount, and all that ask of me. I hope to hear from you, and that you are well, which is my daily prayer; and this with my blessing." The triumph marches by, and the car of the young conqueror, the hero of a hundred brilliant victories: the fond mother sits in the quiet cottage at home and says, "I send you my daily prayers, and I bless you, my deare."

In our estimate of Pope's character, let us always take into account that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life, and never forget that maternal bene-

diction.* It accompanied him always: his life seems purified by those artless and heartfelt prayers. And he seems to have received and deserved the fond attachment of the other members of his family. It is not a little touching to read in Spence of the enthusiastic admiration with which his half-sister regarded him, and the simple anecdote by which she illustrates her love. "I think no man was ever so little fond of money." Mrs. Rackett says about her brother, "I think my brother when he was young read more books than any man in the world;" and she falls to telling stories of his schooldays, and the manner in which his master at Twyford ill-used him. "I don't think my brother knew what fear was," she continues; and the accounts of Pope's friends bear out this character for courage. When he had exasperated the dunces, and threats of violence and personal assault were brought to him, the dauntless little champion never for one instant allowed fear to disturb him, or condescended to take any guard in his daily walks except occasionally his faithful dog to bear him company. "I had rather die at once," said the gallant little cripple, "than live in fear of those rascals."

As for his death, it was what the noble Arbuthnot

* Swift's mention of him as one

"whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells,"

is well known. And a sneer of Walpole's may be put to a better use than he ever intended it for, *à propos* of this subject. He charitably sneers, in one of his letters, at Spence's "fondling an old mother—in imitation of Pope!"

asked and enjoyed for himself—a euthanasia—a beautiful end. A perfect benevolence, affection, serenity hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very hallucinations of his brain, and weaknesses of his delirium, there was something almost sacred. Spence describes him in his last days, looking up and with a rapt gaze as if something had suddenly passed before him. "He said to me, 'What's that?' pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down and said, with a smile of the greatest softness, 'Twas a vision!'" He laughed scarcely ever, but his companions describe his countenance as often illuminated by a peculiar sweet smile.

"When," said Spence,* the kind anecdotist whom Johnson despised—"when I was telling Lord Bolingbroke that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends; and that this was so surprising, as it seemed to me as if humanity had outlasted understanding, Lord Bolingbroke said, 'It has so,' and then added, 'I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than——' Here," Spence says, "St. John

* Joseph Spence was the son of a clergyman, near Winchester. He was a short time at Eton, and afterwards became a Fellow of New College, Oxford, a clergyman, and professor of poetry. He was a friend of Thomson's, whose reputation he aided. He published an *Essay on the Odyssey* in 1726, which introduced him to Pope. Everybody liked him. His *Anecdotes* were placed, while still in MS., at the service of Johnson and also of Malone. They were published by Mr. Singer in 1820.

sunk his head and lost his voice in tears." The sob which finishes the epitaph is finer than words. It is the cloak thrown over the father's face in the famous Greek picture, which hides the grief and heightens it.

In Johnson's "Life of Pope" you will find described, with rather a malicious minuteness, some of the personal habits and infirmities of the great little Pope. His body was crooked, he was so short that it was necessary to raise his chair in order to place him on a level with other people at table.* He was sewed up in a buckram suit every morning, and required a nurse like a child. His contemporaries reviled these misfortunes with a strange acrimony, and made his poor deformed person the butt for many a bolt of heavy wit. The facetious Mr. Dennis, in speaking of him, says, "If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you have A. P. E." Pope catalogues, at the end of the "Dunciad," with a rueful precision, other pretty names, besides Ape, which Dennis called him. That great critic pronounced Mr. Pope a little ass, a fool, a coward, a Papist, and therefore a hater of Scripture, and so forth. It must be remembered that the pillory was a flourishing and

* He speaks of Arbuthnot's having helped him through "that long disease, my life." But not only was he so feeble as is implied in his use of the "buckram," but "it now appears," says Mr. Peter Cunningham, "from his unpublished letters that, like Lord Hervey, he had recourse to ass's milk for the preservation of his health." It is to his lordship's use of that simple beverage that he alludes when he says—

> "Let Sporus tremble!—A. What, that thing of silk
> Sporus, that mere white-curd of ass's milk?"

popular institution in those days. Authors stood in it in the body sometimes: and dragged their enemies thither morally, hooted them with foul abuse and assailed them with garbage of the gutter. Poor Pope's figure was an easy one for those clumsy caricaturists to draw. Any stupid hand could draw a hunchback and write Pope underneath. They did. A libel was published against Pope, with such a frontispiece. This kind of rude jesting was an evidence not only of an ill nature, but a dull one. When a child makes a pun, or a lout breaks out into a laugh, it is some very obvious combination of words, or discrepancy of objects, which provokes the infantine satirist, or tickles the boorish wag; and many of Pope's revilers laughed not so much because they were wicked, as because they knew no better.

Without the utmost sensibility, Pope could not have been the poet he was; and through his life, however much he protested that he disregarded their abuse, the coarse ridicule of his opponents stung and tore him. One of Cibber's pamphlets coming into Pope's hands, whilst Richardson the painter was with him, Pope turned round and said, "These things are my diversions;" and Richardson, sitting by whilst Pope perused the libel, said he saw his features "writhing with anguish." How little human nature changes! Can't one see that little figure? Can't one fancy one is reading Horace? Can't one fancy one is speaking of to-day?

The tastes and sensibilities of Pope, which led

him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners, or wit, or taste, or beauty, caused him to shrink equally from that shabby and boisterous crew which formed the rank and file of literature in his time: and he was as unjust to these men as they to him. The delicate little creature sickened at habits and company which were quite tolerable to robuster men: and in the famous feud between Pope and the Dunces, and without attributing any peculiar wrong to either, one can quite understand how the two parties should so hate each other. As I fancy, it was a sort of necessity that when Pope's triumph passed, Mr. Addison and his men should look rather contemptuously down on it from their balcony; so it was natural for Dennis and Tibbald, and Welsted and Cibber, and the worn and hungry pressmen in the crowd below, to howl at him and assail him. And Pope was more savage to Grub Street than Grub Street was to Pope. The thong with which he lashed them was dreadful; he fired upon that howling crew such shafts of flame and poison, he slew and wounded so fiercely, that in reading the "Dunciad" and the prose lampoons of Pope, one feels disposed to side against the ruthless little tyrant, at least to pity those wretched folk on whom he was so unmerciful. It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition. He revels in base descriptions of poor men's want; he gloats over poor Dennis's garret, and flannel nightcap and red stockings; he gives instructions how to find Curll's authors—the historian at the tallow-chandler's under

the blind arch in Petty France, the two translators in bed together, the poet in the cock-loft in Budge Row, whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen; at least there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a Minister, and Prior an Ambassador, and Steele a Commissioner, and Swift all but a Bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the "Dunciad." * If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffee-house and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children and

* [This statement would require qualification. The Grub Street author was probably worse off in the time of Queen Anne than in the time of George II., and the "Dunciad" really showed that he could make himself more effectually unpleasant to his superiors. The prizes of Queen Anne's time did not go to the professional author, but to the authors who were in a good enough position to be on friendly terms with ministers.]

clamorous landladies, were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the "Dunciad": and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit. Everybody read those. Everybody was familiarised with the idea of the poor devil, the author. The manner is so captivating that young authors practise it, and begin their career with satire. It is so easy to write, and so pleasant to read! to fire a shot that makes a giant wince, perhaps; and fancy one's self his conqueror. It is easy to shoot—but not as Pope did. The shafts of his satire rise sublimely: no poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight with which the "Dunciad" concludes:—*

"She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old;
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As, one by one, at dread Medea's strain
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed, one by one, to everlasting rest;—
Thus, at her fell approach and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, Morality expires.

* "He (Johnson) repeats to us, in his forcible melodious manner the concluding lines of the 'Dunciad.'"—*Boswell.*

Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all." *

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardour, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. It is heroic courage speaking: a splendid declaration of righteous wrath and war. It is the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing defiance to falsehood and tyranny, deceit, dulness, superstition. It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back. It is a wonderful and victorious single combat, in that great battle which has always been waging since society began.

In speaking of a work of consummate art one does not try to show what it actually is, for that were vain; but what it is like, and what are the sensations produced in the mind of him who views it. And in considering Pope's admirable career, I am forced into similitudes drawn from other cour-

* "Mr. Langton informed me that he once related to Johnson (on the authority of Spence), that Pope himself admired these lines so much that when he repeated them his voice faltered. 'And well it might, sir,' said Johnson, 'for they are noble lines.'"—*J. Boswell, junior.*

age and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses, as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. But in the presence of the great occasion, the great soul flashes out, and conquers transcendent. In thinking of the splendour of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

Hogarth, Smollett, and Fielding

I suppose, as long as novels last and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds a champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice, after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him and honest folk come by their own. There never was perhaps a greatly popular story but this simple plot was carried through it: mere satiric wit is addressed to a class of readers and thinkers quite different to those simple souls who laugh and weep over the novel. I fancy very few ladies, indeed, for instance, could be brought to like "Gulliver" heartily, and (putting the coarseness and difference of manners out of the question) to relish the wonderful satire of "Jonathan Wild." In that strange apologue, the author takes for a hero the greatest rascal, coward, traitor, tyrant, hypocrite, that his wit and experience, both large in this matter, could enable him to devise or depict; he accompanies this villain through all the actions of his life, with a grinning deference and a wonderful mock respect; and doesn't leave him till he is dangling at the gallows,

when the satirist makes him a low bow and wishes the scoundrel good-day.

It was not by satire of this sort, or by scorn and contempt, that Hogarth achieved his vast popularity and acquired his reputation.* His art is quite simple;† he speaks popular parables to in-

* Coleridge speaks of the "beautiful female faces" in Hogarth's pictures, "in whom," he says, "the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet."—*The Friend.*

† "I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered 'Shakspeare': being asked which he esteemed next best, replied 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read. . . .

"The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would almost unvulgarise every subject which he might choose. . . .

"I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their nature repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them, besides, that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face,—they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the circumstances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett and Fielding."—*Charles Lamb.*

"It has been observed that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representations of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists.

"In the first place, they are, in the strictest sense, *historical* pictures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of *Tom Jones* ought to be regarded as an epic prose-poem, because it contained a regular development of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of epic pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomination to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subjects historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humours of mankind in action,

terest simple hearts, and to inspire them with pleasure or pity or warning and terror. Not one of his tales but is as easy as "Goody Two-Shoes"; it is the moral of Tommy was a naughty boy and the master flogged him, and Jacky was a good boy and had plum-cake, which pervades the whole works of the homely and famous English moralist. And if the moral is written in rather too large letters after the fable, we must remember how simple the scholars and schoolmaster both were, and like neither the less because they are so artless and honest. "It was a maxim of Doctor Harrison's," Fielding says, in "Amelia,"—speaking of the benevolent divine and philosopher who represents the good principle in that novel—"that no man can descend below himself, in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, *or to bring a rogue to the gallows.*" The moralists of that age had no compunction, you see; they had not begun to be sceptical about the theory of punishment, and thought that the hanging of a thief was a spectacle

and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas for ever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at the salient point. . . . His figures are not like the background on which they are painted: even the pictures on the wall have a peculiar look of their own. Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. This is, in fact, what distinguishes his compositions from all others of the same kind, that they are equally remote from caricature, and from mere still life. . . . His faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never (we believe in any single instance) go beyond it."—*Hazlitt.*

for edification. Masters sent their apprentices, fathers took their children, to see Jack Sheppard or Jonathan Wild hanged, and it was as undoubting subscribers to this moral law, that Fielding wrote and Hogarth painted. Except in one instance, where, in the madhouse scene in the "Rake's Progress," the girl whom he has ruined is represented as still tending and weeping over him in his insanity, a glimpse of pity for his rogues never seems to enter honest Hogarth's mind. There's not the slightest doubt in the breast of the jolly Draco.

The famous set of pictures called "Marriage à la Mode," and which are now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen Alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old Earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the Earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet —as how should such an Earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glasses; on the dogs;* on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldaquin be-

*[There is no coronet on the dogs in the picture. A coronet was conferred upon one dog in the engraving.]

hind him; under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old Alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his Alderman's chain, and has brought a bag full of money, mortgage-deeds and thousand-pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. Whilst the steward * (a Methodist—therefore a hypocrite and cheat: for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his bride is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket-handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counsellor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father; as in the young Viscount's face you see a resemblance to the Earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda † is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture

* [This person is the Alderman's clerk or cashier. The Methodist steward (a different person) appears in the next picture—the breakfast scene.]

† [This is a mistake. The only person likely to be intended is St. Sebastian. Any reference to the incidents is very doubtful.]

it is the Earl himself as a young man), with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture * the old lord must be dead, for Madam has now the Countess's coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counsellor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, whilst the counsellor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My Lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the "Rose," to find his wife yawning in her drawing-room, her whist-party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, whilst his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My Lord draws upon the counsellor, who kills him, and is apprehended whilst endeavouring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the Alderman in the City, and faints † upon reading Counsellor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counsellor has been executed for sending his Lordship out of the world. Moral:—Don't listen to evil silver-tongued counsellors: don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money: don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband: don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise

* [Really the fourth.]

† [She has taken laudanum and is dead.]

you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off. In the "Rake's Progress," a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling-house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of "Industry and Idleness," the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, whilst naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of "Whittington" and the "London 'Prentice," whilst that reprobate Tom Idle prefers "Moll Flanders," and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at "half-penny-under-the-hat" with street blackguards, and is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, whilst Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrow-bones and cleavers; whilst idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esquire, becomes Sheriff of London, and partakes of the most splendid dinners which

money can purchase or Alderman devour; whilst poor Tom is taken up in a night-cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognises his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; whilst the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his Mansion House, in his gilt coach with four footmen and a sword-bearer, whilst the Companies of London march in the august procession, whilst the train-bands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honour; and—O crowning delight and glory of all—whilst his Majesty the King * looks out from his royal balcony, with his riband on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of Saint Paul's Churchyard.

How the times have changed! The new Post Office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is in the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the 'prentice-boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Passed away 'prentice-boy and pretty girl! Passed away tipsy trainband-man with wig and bandolier! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an

* [Really Frederick, Prince of Wales, with the Princess of Wales.]

unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond, a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abode of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe.

In that last plate of the London Apprentices, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honourable Francis Goodchild is drawn, a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple, kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1847, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day: over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the "Hercules Pillars" on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilisation and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks, and chambers, and counting-houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry; what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages, what swarms of busy apprentices and arti-

ficers, riding on omnibus-roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed: many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period when Fielding hanged him and Hogarth drew him.

To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners, and even the thoughts, of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chamber filled with gewgaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane: all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend upon the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation: we see one of Walpole's Members of Parliament chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender: we see the grenadiers and trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy; and have before

us, with sword and firelock, and "White Hanoverian Horse" embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire waggon rolls into the inn yard; the country parson, in his jack-boots, and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams, with his sermon in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old "Angel"—you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms, sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the hunchbacked postillion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the "Centurion" lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side * —it may be Smollett's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lismahago. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the windows of the enraged French musician: it is such a girl as Steele charmingly described in the *Guardian*, a few years before this date,† singing, under Mr. Ironside's window in Shire Lane, her pleasant carol of a May morning. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the Cockpit: you see Garrick as he was arrayed in "King Richard"; Macheath

* [The commentators say that the soldier is a Frenchman.]

† [The *Guardian* ended in 1713. The "enraged musician" is dated 1741.]

and Polly in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribands sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate: they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver Monsieur de Strap, with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench; the audience laughing in the pit; the student in the Oxford theatre; the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to woman as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the "Rake's Progress" at Hogarth's picture of Saint James's Palace Gate, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers your ancestors to Queen Caroline's drawing-room more than a hundred years ago.

What manner of man * was he who executed

* Hogarth (whose family name was Hogart) was the grandson of a Westmoreland yeoman. His father came to London, and was an author and schoolmaster. William was born 10th November 1697, in the parish of Saint Martin, Ludgate. He was early apprenticed to an engraver of arms on plate. The following touches are from his *Anecdotes of Himself* (Edition of 1833):—

"As I had naturally a good eye, and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant; and

these portraits—so various, so faithful, and so admirable? In the National Collection of Pictures most of us have seen the best and most carefully

mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention from play; and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learnt to draw the alphabet with great correctness. My exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them, than for the exercise itself. In the former, I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished. . . .

"I thought it still more unlikely that by pursuing the common method, and copying *old* drawings, I could ever attain the power of making *new* designs, which was my first and greatest ambition. I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory; and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors, viz., the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate.

"The instant I became master of my own time, I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper. In this I readily got employment; and frontispieces to books, such as prints to *Hudibras*, in twelves, &c., soon brought me into the way. But the tribe of booksellers remained as my father had left them . . . which put me upon publishing on my own account. But here again I had to encounter a monopoly of printsellers, equally mean and destructive to the ingenious; for the first plate I published, called 'The Taste of the Town,' in which the reigning follies were lashed, had no sooner begun to take a run, than I found copies of it in the printshops, vending at half-price, while the original prints were returned to me again, and I was thus obliged to sell the plate for whatever these pirates pleased to give me, as there was no place of sale but at their shops. Owing to this, and other circumstances, by engraving, until I was near thirty, I could do little more than maintain myself; *but even then I was a punctual paymaster.*

"I then married, and——"

[But William is going too fast here. He made a "stolen union," on March 23, 1729, with Jane, daughter of Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter. For some time Sir James kept his heart and his purse-strings close, but "soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple."—*Hogarth's Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. p. 44.]

"—commenced painter of small Conversation Pieces, from twelve

finished series of his comic paintings, and the portrait of his own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine out from the canvas and give you

to fifteen inches high. This, being a novelty, succeeded for a few years."

[About this time Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth, and did all kinds of work, "embellishing" the "Spring Gardens" at "Vauxhall," and the like. In 1731 he published a satirical plate against Pope, founded on the well-known imputation against him of his having satirised the Duke of Chandos, under the name of *Timon*, in his poem on "Taste." The plate represented a view of Burlington House, with Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos's coach. Pope made no retort, and has never mentioned Hogarth.]

"Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk, I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call *The Great Style of History Painting;* so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted two Scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high. . . . But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, I was unwilling to sink into a *portrait manufacturer;* and, still ambitious of being singular, dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large.

"As to portrait-painting, the chief branch of the art by which a painter can procure himself a tolerable livelihood, and the only one by which a lover of money can get a fortune, a man of very moderate talents may have great success in it, as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life."

. . . . . .

"By this inundation of folly and puff" (*he has been speaking of the success of Vanloo, who came over here in* 1737), "I must confess I was much disgusted, and determined to try if by any means I could stem the torrent, and, *by opposing, end it.* I laughed at the pretensions of these quacks in colouring, ridiculed their productions as feeble and contemptible, and asserted that it required neither taste nor talents to excel their most popular performances. This interference excited much enmity, because, as my opponents told me, my studies were in another way. 'You talk,' added they, 'with ineffable contempt of portrait-painting; if it is so easy a task, why do not you convince the world by painting a portrait yourself?' Provoked at this language, I, one day at the Academy in St. Martin's Lane, put the following question: 'Supposing any man, at this time, were

an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero; you see him before you,

to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance ? '

" They asked me in reply, if I could paint one as well; and I frankly answered, I believed I could. . . .

" Of the mighty talents said to be requisite for portrait painting I had not the most exalted opinion."

Let us now hear him on the question of the Academy:—

" To pester the three great estates of the empire, about twenty or thirty students drawing after a man or a horse, appears, as must be acknowledged, foolish enough: but the real motive is, that a few bustling characters, who have access to people of rank, think they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places, and have salaries, as in France, for telling a lad when a leg or an arm is too long or too short. . . .

" France, ever aping the magnificence of other nations, has in its turn assumed a foppish kind of splendour sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the neighbouring states, and draw vast sums of money from this country. . . .

" To return to our Royal Academy: I am told that one of their leading objects will be, sending young men abroad to study the antique statues, for such kind of studies may sometimes improve an exalted genius, but they will not create it; and whatever has been the cause, this same travelling to Italy has, in several instances that I have seen, seduced the student from nature and led him to paint marble figures, in which he has availed himself of the great works of antiquity, as a coward does when he puts on the armour of an Alexander; for, with similar pretensions and similar vanity, the painter supposes he shall be adored as a second Raphael Urbino."

We must now hear him on his " Sigismunda ":—

" As the most violent and virulent abuse thrown on ' Sigismunda ' was from a set of miscreants, with whom I am proud of having been ever at war—I mean the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures—I have been sometimes told they were beneath my notice. This is true of them individually; but as they have access to people of rank, who seem as happy in being cheated as these *merchants* are in cheating them, they have a power of doing much mischief to a modern artist. However mean the vendor of poisons, the mineral is destructive:—to me its operation was troublesome enough. Ill nature spreads so fast that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark ! "

Next comes a characteristic account of his controversy with Wilkes and Churchill.

" The stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some

and can fancy what he was—a jovial, honest London citizen, stout and sturdy; a hearty, plain-spoken man,* loving his laugh, his friend, his glass, his roast beef of Old England, and having a proper

timed thing, to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income. This drew forth my print of 'The Times,' a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity, and put the opposers of these humane objects in a light which gave great offence to those who were trying to foment disaffection in the minds of the populace. One of the most notorious of them, till now my friend and flatterer, attacked me in the *North Briton*, in so infamous and malign a style, that he himself, when pushed even by his best friends, was driven to so poor an excuse as to say he was drunk when he wrote it. . . .

"This renowned patriot's portrait, drawn like as I could as to features, and marked with some indications of his mind, fully answered my purpose. The ridiculous was apparent to every eye! A Brutus! A saviour of his country with such an aspect—was so arrant a farce, that though it gave rise to much laughter in the lookers-on, galled both him and his adherents to the bone. . . .

"Churchill, Wilkes's toad-echo, put the *North Briton* attack into verse, in an Epistle to Hogarth; but as the abuse was precisely the same, except a little poetical heightening, which goes for nothing, it made no impression. . . . However, having an old plate by me, with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a Bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

* "It happened in the early part of Hogarth's life, that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honour to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of himself, never once thought of paying for a reflection that would only disgust him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterwards many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient. . . . It was couched in the following card:—

"'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it, in three days it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appen-

bourgeois scorn for French frogs, for mounseers, and wooden shoes in general, for foreign fiddlers, foreign singers, and, above all, for foreign painters, whom he held in the most amusing contempt.

It must have been great fun to hear him rage against Correggio and the Caracci; to watch him thump the table and snap his fingers, and say, "Historical painters be hanged! here's the man that will paint against any of them for a hundred pounds. Correggio's 'Sigismunda'! Look at Bill Hogarth's 'Sigismunda'; look at my altar-piece at Saint Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; look at my 'Paul before Felix,' and see whether I'm not as good as the best of them." *

Posterity has not quite confirmed honest Hogarth's opinion about his talents for the sublime.

dages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man: Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it, for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal.'

"This intimation had the desired effect."—*Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. p. 25.

* "Garrick himself was not more ductile to flattery. A word in favour of 'Sigismunda' might have commanded a proof-print or forced an original print out of our artist's hands. . . .

"The following authenticated story of our artist (furnished by the late Mr. Belchier, F.R.S., a surgeon of eminence) will also serve to show how much more easy it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolical adulation respecting others, than when applied to ourselves. Hogarth, being at dinner with the great Cheselden and some other company, was told that Mr. John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a few evenings before at Dick's Coffee-house, had asserted that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. 'That fellow Freke,' replied Hogarth, 'is always shooting his bolt absurdly, one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer.' 'Ay,' says our artist's informant, 'but at the same time Mr. Freke declared you were as good a portrait-painter as Vandyke.' '*There* he was right,' adds Hogarth, 'and so, by G——, I am, give me my time and let me choose my subject.'"—***Works***, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. pp. 236, 237.

Although Swift could not see the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, posterity has not shared the Dean's contempt for Handel; the world has discovered a difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and given a hearty applause and admiration to Hogarth, too, but not exactly as a painter of scriptural subjects, or as a rival of Correggio. It does not take away from one's liking for the man, or from the moral of his story, or the humour of it—from one's admiration for the prodigious merit of his performances, to remember that he persisted to the last in believing that the world was in a conspiracy against him with respect to his talents as an historical painter, and that a set of miscreants, as he called them, were employed to run his genius down. They say it was Liston's firm belief, that he was a great and neglected tragic actor; they say that every one of us believes in his heart, or would like to have others believe, that he is something which he is not. One of the most notorious of the "miscreants," Hogarth says, was Wilkes, who assailed him in the *North Briton;* the other was Churchill, who put the *North Briton* attack into heroic verse, and published his "Epistle to Hogarth." Hogarth replied by that caricature of Wilkes, in which the patriot still figures before us, with his Satanic grin and squint, and by a caricature of Churchill, in which he is represented as a bear with a staff, on which lie the first, lie the second—lie the tenth, are engraved in unmistakable letters. There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire: if he has to paint a man

with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off; and he tried to do the same for his enemies in this little controversy. "Having an old plate by me," says he, "with some parts ready, such as the background, and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill, in the character of a bear; the pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as I can expect at my time of life."

And so he concludes his queer little book of Anecdotes: "I have gone through the circumstances of a life which till lately passed pretty much to my own satisfaction, and I hope in no respect injurious to any other man. This I may safely assert, that I have done my best to make those about me tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury. What may follow, God knows." *

A queer account still exists of a holiday jaunt taken by Hogarth and four friends of his, who set out like the redoubted Mr. Pickwick and his companions, but just a hundred years before those heroes; and made an excursion to Gravesend, Rochester, Sheerness, and adjacent places.† One

* Of Hogarth's kindliness of disposition, the story of his rescue of the drummer-girl from the ruffian at Southwark Fair is an illustration; and in this case virtue was not its own reward, since her pretty face afterwards served him for a model in many a picture.

† He made this excursion in 1732, his companions being John Thornhill (son of Sir James), Scott the landscape-painter, Tothall, and Forrest. [The account was first published in 1782, and is in the third volume of the "Genuine Works," 1817.]

of the gentlemen noted down the proceedings of the journey, for which Hogarth and a brother artist made drawings. The book is chiefly curious at this moment from showing the citizen life of those days, and the rough jolly style of merriment, not of the five companions merely, but of thousands of jolly fellows of their time. Hogarth and his friends, quitting the "Bedford Arms," Covent Garden, with a song, took water to Billingsgate, exchanging compliments with the bargemen as they went down the river. At Billingsgate Hogarth made a "caracatura" of a facetious porter, called the Duke of Puddledock, who agreeably entertained the party with the humours of the place. Hence they took a Gravesend boat for themselves; had straw to lie upon, and a tilt over their heads, they say, and went down the river at night, sleeping and singing jolly choruses.

They arrived at Gravesend at six, when they washed their faces and hands, and had their wigs powdered. Then they sallied forth for Rochester on foot, and drank by the way three pots of ale. At one o'clock they went to dinner with excellent port, and a quantity more beer, and afterwards Hogarth and Scott played at hopscotch in the town hall. It would appear that they slept most of them in one room, and the chronicler of the party describes them all as waking at seven o'clock, and telling each other their dreams. You have rough sketches by Hogarth of the incidents of this holiday excursion. The sturdy little painter is seen sprawling over a plank to a boat at Gravesend; the

whole company are represented in one design, in a fisherman's room, where they had all passed the night. One gentleman in a nightcap is shaving himself; another is being shaved by the fisherman; a third, with a handkerchief over his bald pate, is taking his breakfast; and Hogarth is sketching the whole scene.

They describe at night how they returned to their quarters, drank to their friends as usual, emptied several cans of good flip, all singing merrily.

It is a jolly party of tradesmen engaged at high jinks. These were the manners and pleasures of Hogarth, of his time very likely, of men not very refined, but honest and merry. It is a brave London citizen, with John Bull habits, prejudices, and pleasures.*

* Doctor Johnson made four lines once, on the death of poor Hogarth, which were equally true and pleasing; I know not why Garrick's were preferred to them:—

> "'The hand of him here torpid lies,
> That drew th' essential forms of grace;
> Here, closed in death, th' attentive eyes,
> That saw the manners in the face.'"

[Johnson's lines were only a suggested emendation upon the first form of the verses, submitted to him by Garrick for criticism.—BOSWELL'S *Johnson* (Birkbeck Hill), i. 187.]

"Mr. Hogarth, among the variety of kindnesses shown to me when I was too young to have a proper sense of them, was used to be very earnest that I should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible the friendship, of Doctor Johnson; whose conversation was, to the talk of other men, like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's, he said: 'but don't you tell people now that I say so,' continued he, 'for the connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!' . . . Of Dr. Johnson, when my father and he were talking about him one day, 'That man,' says Hogarth, 'is not contented with believing the Bible; but he fairly resolves, I think, to believe

Of SMOLLETT's associates and manner of life the author of the admirable "Humphrey Clinker" has given us an interesting account in that most amusing of novels.*

nothing *but* the Bible. Johnson,' added he, 'though so wise a fellow, is more like King David than King Solomon, for he says in his haste, *All men are liars.*'"—*Mrs. Piozzi.*

Hogarth died on the 26th of October 1764. The day before his death, he was removed from his villa at Chiswick to Leicester Fields, "in a very weak condition, yet remarkably cheerful." He had just received an agreeable letter from Franklin. He lies buried at Chiswick.

* *To Sir Watkin Phillips, Bart., of Jesus College, Oxon.*

"DEAR PHILLIPS,—In my last, I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. 'A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper,' said he, 'and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed, that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed, and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting.'

"My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town; and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

"At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce

I have no doubt that this picture by Smollett is as faithful a one as any from the pencil of his kindred humourist, Hogarth.

We have before us, and painted by his own hand,

such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility. A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction: when spoke to, he always answered from the purpose. Sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath; sometimes he burst out a laughing; then he folded his arms, and sighed; and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

"At first, I really thought he was mad; and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety; when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. 'The gentleman,' said he, 'is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified; if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad; his spirits are too flat to be kindled into phrenzy.' ''Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-owever,' observed a person in a tarnished laced coat: 'aff-ffected m-madness w-ill p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-nineteen out of t-twenty.' 'And affected stuttering for humour,' replied our landlord; 'though, God knows! there is no affinity between them.' It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual, that he could not lay it aside.

"A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offence at S——, because he looked and talked, and ate and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never

Tobias Smollett, the manly, kindly, honest, and irascible; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard

would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances towards an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person: that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire, he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius; and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

"Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, understrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of bookmaking; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects, were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavoured to be facetious: nor did their endeavours always miscarry; some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

"The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but, in the meantime, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance for

fortune. His brain had been busied with a hundred different schemes; he had been reviewer and historian, critic, medical writer, poet, pamphleteer.

having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

"The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of My Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a Minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the Minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of 'your Lordship,' with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garreteer, as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of 'my Lord,' and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoe Lane.

"Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled *The Balance of the English Poets;* a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage, who laboured under the *ἀγροφοβία,* or 'horror of green fields,' had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice-pudding he had ever eat.

"The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

"After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S—— give a short separate audience to every individual in a

He had fought endless literary battles; and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days, and a niggard pay. He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute, and his courage steady; the battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. He is like one of those Scotch cadets, of whom history gives us so many examples, and whom, with a national fidelity, the great Scotch novelist has painted so charmingly. Of gentle birth * and narrow means,

small remote filbert-walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony."

Smollett's house was in Lawrence Lane, Chelsea, and is now destroyed.—See *Handbook of London*, p. 115.

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation, in the highest degree, instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character without disguising the most unfavourable of them. . . . When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooped to no patron, sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours. . . . He was a doting father and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

* Smollett of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire. *Arms*, azure, a bend, or, between a lion rampant, ppr., holding in his paw a banner, argent, and a bugle-horn, also ppr. *Crest*, an oak-tree, ppr. *Motto*, *Viresco.*

Smollett's father, Archibald, was the fourth son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, a Scotch Judge and Member of Parliament, and one of the commissioners for framing the Union with England. Archibald married, without the old gentleman's consent, and died early, leaving his children dependent on their grandfather. Tobias, the second son, was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquharn in the valley of Leven; and all his life loved and admired that valley

going out from his northern home to win his fortune in the world, and to fight his way, armed with courage, hunger, and keen wits. His crest is a shattered oak-tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. On his ancient coat-of-arms there is a lion and a horn; this shield of his was battered and dinted in a hundred fights and brawls,* through which the stout Scotchman bore it cour-

and Loch Lomond beyond all the valleys and lakes in Europe. He learned the "rudiments" at Dumbarton Grammar School, and studied at Glasgow.

But when he was only ten, his grandfather died, and left him without provision (figuring as the old judge in *Roderick Random* in consequence, according to Sir Walter). Tobias, armed with the *Regicide, a Tragedy*—a provision precisely similar to that with which Doctor Johnson had started, just before—came up to London. The *Regicide* came to no good, though at first patronised by Lord Lyttelton ("one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men," Smollett says); and Smollett embarked as "surgeon's mate" on board a line-of-battle ship, and served in the Carthagena expedition, in 1741. He left the service in the West Indies, and, after residing some time in Jamaica, returned to England in 1746.

He was now unsuccessful as a physician, to begin with; published the satires, *Advice* and *Reproof*, without any luck; and (1747) married the "beautiful and accomplished Miss Lascelles."

In 1748 he brought out his *Roderick Random*, which at once made a "hit." The subsequent events of his life may be presented, chronologically, in a bird's-eye view:—

1750. Made a tour to Paris, where he chiefly wrote *Peregrine Pickle.*
1751. Published *Peregrine Pickle.*
1753. Published *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom.*
1755. Published version of *Don Quixote.*
1756. Began the *Critical Review.*
1758. Published his *History of England.*
1763-1766. Travelling in France and Italy; published his *Travels.*
1769. Published *Adventures of an Atom.*
1770. Set out for Italy; died at Leghorn, 21st of October 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age.

* A good specimen of the old "slashing" style of writing is presented by the paragraph on Admiral Knowles, which subjected Smollett to prosecution and imprisonment. The admiral's defence on the occasion of the failure of the Rochefort expedition came to be examined before the tribunal of the *Critical Review.*

"He is," said our author, "an admiral without conduct, an en-

ageously. You see somehow that he is a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures; his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. Strange companions he must

gineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity!"

Three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench avenged this stinging paragraph.

But the *Critical* was to Smollett a perpetual fountain of "hot water." Among less important controversies may be mentioned that with Grainger, the translator of Tibullus. Grainger replied in a pamphlet; and in the next number of the Review we find him threatened with "castigation," as an "owl that has broken from his mew!"

In Doctor Moore's biography of him is a pleasant anecdote. After publishing the *Don Quixote*, he returned to Scotland to pay a visit to his mother:—

"On Smollett's arrival, he was introduced to his mother with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer (her daughter), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavoured to preserve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling: she immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, 'Ah, my son! my son! I have found you at last!'

"She afterwards told him, that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer, but 'your old roguish smile,' added she, 'betrayed you at once.'"

"Shortly after the publication of *The Adventures of an Atom*, disease again attacked Smollett with redoubled violence. Attempts being vainly made to obtain for him the office of Consul in some part of the Mediterranean, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate, without better means of provision than his own precarious finances could afford. The kindness of his distinguished friend and countryman, Dr. Armstrong (then abroad), procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Nero, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for the press the last, and, like music 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions, *The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*. This delightful work was published in 1771."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

have had; queer acquaintances he made in the Glasgow College—in the country apothecary's shop; in the gun-room of the man-of-war where he served as surgeon; and in the hard life on shore, where the sturdy adventurer struggled for fortune. He did not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humour. I think Uncle Bowling, in "Roderick Random," is as good a character as Squire Western himself; and Mr. Morgan, the Welsh apothecary, is as pleasant as Doctor Caius. What man who has made his inestimable acquaintance—what novel-reader who loves Don Quixote and Major Dalgetty—will refuse his most cordial acknowledgments to the admirable Lieutenant Lismahago? The novel of "Humphrey Clinker" is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.

FIELDING, too, has described, though with a greater hand, the characters and scenes which he knew and saw. He had more than ordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with life. His family and education, first—his fortunes and misfortunes afterwards, brought him into the society of every rank and condition of man. He is himself

the hero of his books: he is wild Tom Jones, he is wild Captain Booth; less wild, I am glad to think, than his predecessor: at least heartily conscious of demerit, and anxious to amend.

When Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffee-houses and assemblies, and the judges there declared that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart; his face handsome, manly, and noble-looking; to the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air, and although worn down by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people round about him.

A dispute took place between Mr. Fielding and the captain * of the ship in which he was making his last voyage, and Fielding relates how the man finally went down on his knees, and begged his passenger's pardon. He was living up to the last days of his life, and his spirit never gave in. His vital power must have been immensely strong. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu † prettily characterises Fielding and this capacity for happiness

* The dispute with the captain arose from the wish of that functionary to intrude on his right to his cabin, for which he had paid thirty pounds. After recounting the circumstances of the apology, he characteristically adds:—

"And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving, if they were much wiser than they are: because it was convenient for me so to do."

† Lady Mary was his second cousin—their respective grandfathers

which he possessed, in a little notice of his death when she compares him to Steele, who was as improvident and as happy as he was, and says that both should have gone on living for ever. One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humour, and his keen and healthy relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast —the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden rushing upon the feast, with his great laugh, and immense healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young

being sons of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, son of William, Earl of Denbigh.

In a letter dated just a week before his death, she says:—

"H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife in the characters of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Booth*, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive *Tom Jones* and *Mr. Booth* are sorry scoundrels. . . . Fielding has really a fund of true humour, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. . . . Since I was born no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellences, if not forced by his necessities to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. . . . I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances; I wish you would tell me his name."—*Letters and Works* (Lord Wharncliffe's ed.), vol. iii. pp. 93, 94.

man's wit and manners made him friends everywhere: he lived with the grand Man's society of those days; he was courted by peers and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company, which are all expensive articles to purchase, Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel: was in nowise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter, he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance amongst the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of his work: when the audience began to hiss, Fielding said with characteristic coolness—"They have found it out, have they?" He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame.

Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the

architecture of that age, but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill.

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrases? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care and wine? Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings: in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no ran-

cour, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.*

If that theory be—and I have no doubt it is—the right and safe one, that human nature is always pleased with the spectacle of innocence rescued by fidelity, purity, and courage, I suppose that of the heroes of Fielding's three novels, we should like honest Joseph Andrews the best, and Captain Booth the second, and Tom Jones the third.†

Joseph Andrews, though he wears Lady Booby's cast-off livery, is, I think, to the full as polite as Tom Jones in his fustian suit, or Captain Booth in regimentals. He has, like those heroes, large calves, broad shoulders, a high courage, and a handsome face. The accounts of Joseph's bravery and good qualities; his voice, too musical to halloo to the dogs; his bravery in riding races for the gentlemen of the county, and his constancy in refusing bribes and temptation, have something affecting in their *naïveté* and freshness, and prepossess one in favour of that handsome young hero. The rustic bloom of Fanny, and the delightful simplicity of Parson Adams, are described with a

* He sailed for Lisbon, from Gravesend, on Sunday morning, June 30th, 1754; and began *The Journal of a Voyage* during the passage. He died at Lisbon, in the beginning of October of the same year. He lies buried there, in the English Protestant churchyard, near the Estrella Church, with this inscription over him:—

"HENRICUS FIELDING
LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DARI
FOVERE NATUM."

† Fielding himself is said by Doctor Warton to have preferred *Joseph Andrews* to his other writings.

friendliness which wins the reader of their story; we part from them with more regret than from Booth and Jones.

Fielding, no doubt, began to write this novel in ridicule of "Pamela," for which work one can understand the hearty contempt and antipathy which such an athletic and boisterous genius as Fielding's must have entertained. He couldn't do otherwise than laugh at the puny cockney bookseller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle, and hold him up to scorn as a mollcoddle and a milksop. *His* genius had been nursed on sack posset, and not on dishes of tea. *His* muse had sung the loudest in tavern choruses, had seen the daylight streaming in over thousands of emptied bowls, and reeled home to chambers on the shoulders of the watchman. Richardson's goddess was attended by old maids and dowagers, and fed on muffins and bohea. "Milksop!" roars Harry Fielding, clattering at the timid shop-shutters. "Wretch! Monster! Mohock!" shrieks the sentimental author of "Pamela"; * and all the ladies of his court cackle out an affrighted chorus. Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at; but

* "Richardson," says worthy Mrs. Barbauld, in her Memoir of him, prefixed to his Correspondence, "was exceedingly hurt at this (*Joseph Andrews*), the more so as they had been on good terms, and he was very intimate with Fielding's two sisters. He never appears cordially to have forgiven it (perhaps it was not in human nature he should), and he always speaks in his letters with a great deal of asperity of *Tom Jones*, more indeed than was quite graceful in a rival author. No doubt he himself thought his indignation was solely excited by the loose morality of the work and of its author, but he could tolerate Cibber."

he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn that he begins to like the characters which he invents, can't help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all, loves them heartily every one.

Richardson's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings and dislikings have ceased in the present day: and every author must lay his account not only to misrepresentation, but to honest enmity among critics, and to being hated and abused for good as well as for bad reasons. Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly: Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner: and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him.* But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding; and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. "Our immortal Fielding," Gibbon writes, "was of the younger branch of the

* It must always be borne in mind, that besides that the Doctor couldn't be expected to like Fielding's wild life (to say nothing of the fact that they were of opposite sides in politics), Richardson was one of his earliest and kindest friends. Yet Johnson too (as Boswell tells us) read *Amelia* through without stopping.

Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humour and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon, is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

As a picture of manners, the novel of "Tom Jones" is indeed exquisite: as a work of construction, quite a wonder: the by-play of wisdom; the power of observation; the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts; the varied character of the great Comic Epic: keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity.* But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author

* "Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton, with Lady Bellaston, &c., would not be a Tom Jones; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without perhaps being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harridan of fortune. Therefore, this novel is, and indeed pretends to be, no example of conduct. But, notwithstanding all this, I do loathe the cant which can recommend *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* as strictly moral, although they poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of *tinct. lyttæ*, while *Tom Jones* is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women; but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited by this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit, that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson."—COLERIDGE. *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 374.

evidently has for that character. Charles Lamb says finely of Jones, that a single hearty laugh from him "clears the air"—but then it is in a certain state of the atmosphere. It might clear the air when such personages as Blifil or Lady Bellaston poison it. But I fear very much that (except until the very last scene of the story), when Mr. Jones enters Sophia's drawing-room, the pure air there is rather tainted with the young gentleman's tobacco-pipe and punch. I can't say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable: if, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests, be it said), it is propounded that there exists in life no such being, and therefore that in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character; then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities, as we do those of Parson Thwackum, or Miss Seagrim. But a hero with a flawed reputation; a hero spunging for a guinea; a hero who can't pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honour out to hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. I protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-

shouldered, and fond of wine and pleasure. He would not rob a church, but that is all; and a pretty long argument may be debated, as to which of these old types—the spendthrift, the hypocrite, Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface—is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure. The prodigal Captain Booth is a better man than his predecessor Mr. Jones, in so far as he thinks much more humbly of himself than Jones did: goes down on his knees, and owns his weaknesses, and cries out, "Not for my sake, but for the sake of my pure and sweet and beautiful wife Amelia, I pray you, O critical reader, to forgive me." That stern moralist regards him from the bench (the judge's practice out of court is not here the question), and says, "Captain Booth, it is perfectly true that your life has been disreputable, and that on many occasions you have shown yourself to be no better than a scamp—you have been tippling at the tavern, when the kindest and sweetest lady in the world has cooked your little supper of boiled mutton and awaited you all the night; you have spoilt the little dish of boiled mutton thereby, and caused pangs and pains to Amelia's tender heart.* You have got into debt

* "Nor was she (Lady Mary Wortley **Montagu**) a stranger to that beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in **his 'Amelia,'** when, as she said, even the glowing language he **knew how** to employ did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection. . . .

"His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that, after the death of this charming woman, he married her maid. And yet

without the means of paying it. You have gambled the money with which you ought to have paid your rent. You have spent in drink or in worse amusements the sums which your poor wife has raised upon her little home treasures, her own ornaments, and the toys of her children. But, you rascal! you own humbly that you are no better than you should be; you never for one moment pretend that you are anything but a miserable weak-minded rogue. You do in your heart adore that angelic woman your wife, and for her sake, sirrah, you shall have your discharge. Lucky for you, and for others like you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you. For your wife's sake you are permitted to go hence without a remand; and I beg you, by the way, to carry to that angelical lady the expression of the cordial respect and ad-

the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor solace when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least, this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion."—*Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*. Edited by Lord Wharncliffe. *Introductory Anecdotes*, vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

Fielding's first wife was Miss Craddock, a young lady from Salisbury, with a fortune of £1500, whom he married in 1736. About the same time he succeeded, himself, to an estate of £200 per annum, and on the joint amount he lived for some time as a splendid country gentleman in Dorsetshire. Three years brought him to the end of his fortune; when he returned to London, and became a theatrical manager. [Recent researches have not confirmed the report as to the "estate of £200 a year"; nor can he have spent three years in the country.]

miration of this court." Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth: Amelia pleads for her reckless kindly old father, Harry Fielding. To have invented that character is not only a triumph of art, but it is a good action. They say it was in his own home that Fielding knew her and loved her: and from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction. Fiction! why fiction? why not history? I know Amelia just as well as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I believe in Colonel Bath almost as much as in Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland. I admire the author of "Amelia," and thank the kind master who introduced me to that sweet and delightful companion and friend. "Amelia" perhaps is not a better story than "Tom Jones," but it has the better ethics; the prodigal repents, at least, before forgiveness—whereas that odious broad-backed Mr. Jones carries off his beauty with scarce an interval of remorse for his manifold errors and shortcomings; and is not half punished enough before the great prize of fortune and love falls to his share. I am angry with Jones. Too much of the plum-cake and rewards of life fall to that boisterous, swaggering young scapegrace. Sophia actually surrenders without a proper sense of decorum; the fond, foolish palpitating little creature!—"Indeed, Mr. Jones," she says,—"it rests with you to appoint the day." I suppose Sophia is drawn from life as well as Amelia; and many a young fellow, no better than Mr. Thomas Jones, has carried by a

coup de main the heart of many a kind girl who was a great deal too good for him.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones's fondness for play and drink, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing-rooms, or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius! what a vigour! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of human kind! what a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, ill-

ness, remorse which he endured! and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.*

* In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786, an anecdote is related of Harry Fielding, "in whom," says the correspondent, "good-nature and philanthropy in their extreme degree were known to be the prominent features." It seems that "some parochial taxes" for his house in Beaufort Buildings had long been demanded by the collector. "At last, Harry went off to Johnson, and obtained by a process of literary mortgage the needful sum. He was returning with it, when he met an old college chum whom he had not seen for many years. He asked the chum to dinner with him at a neighbouring tavern; and learning that he was in difficulties, emptied the contents of his pocket into his. On returning home he was informed that the collector had been twice for the money. 'Friendship has called for the money and had it,' said Fielding; 'let the collector call again.'"

It is elsewhere told of him, that being in company with the Earl of Denbigh, his kinsman, and the conversation turning upon their relationship, the Earl asked him how it was that he spelled his name "Fielding," and not "Feilding," like the head of the house? "I cannot tell, my Lord," said he, "except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell."

In 1748, he was made Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, an office then paid by fees and very laborious, without being particularly reputable. It may be seen from his own words, in the Introduction to the "Voyage," what kind of work devolved upon him, and in what a state he was during these last years; and still more clearly, how he comported himself through all.

"Whilst I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the King's messenger, to attend his Grace the next morning in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon some business of importance: but I excused myself from complying with the message, as, besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

"His Grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington the very next morning with another summons, with which, though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the Duke happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for these murders and robberies, which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my

In the quarrel mentioned before, which happened on Fielding's last voyage to Lisbon, and when the stout captain of the ship fell down on his knees, and asked the sick man's pardon—"I did not suffer," Fielding says, in his hearty, manly way, his eyes lighting up as it were with their old fire—"I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in that posture, but immediately forgave him." Indeed, I think, with his noble spirit

opinion in writing to his Grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the Privy Council.

"Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work, and in about four days sent the Duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out on several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the Duke, by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

"The principal and most material of these terms was the immediately depositing £600 in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able for the future to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

"I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintances and the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire to demolish this gang of villains and cut-throats. . . .

"After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and within a few days after £200 of it had come into my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed. . . ."

Further on, he says—

"I will confess that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect; for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left. I had reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money upon earth to little more than £300, a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk."

and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters—of the officer on the African shore, when disease had destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the surroundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavour—of the wounded captain, when the vessel founders, who never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognise in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.

Sterne and Goldsmith

Roger Sterne, Sterne's father, was the second son of a numerous race, descendants of Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Charles II.; * and children of Simon Sterne and Mary Jaques, his wife, heiress of Elvington, near York.† Roger was an ensign in Colonel Hans Hamilton's regiment, and engaged in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars.‡ He married the daughter of a noted sutler. "*N.B.*, he was in debt to him," his son writes, pursuing the paternal biography—and marched through the world with his companion; she following the regiment and bringing many children to poor Roger Sterne. The Captain was an irascible but kind and simple little man, Sterne says, and he informs us that his sire was run through the body at Gibraltar, by a brother officer, in a duel which arose out of a dispute about a goose. Roger never entirely recovered from the effects of this rencontre,

* [1664 to 1683.]

† He came of a Suffolk family—one of whom settled in Nottinghamshire. The famous "starling" was actually the family crest.

‡ [He was appointed ensign about 1710. The regiment became Colonel Chudleigh's in 1711, and afterwards the 34th Foot. He did not become lieutenant till late in life.]

but died presently at Jamaica,* whither he had followed the drum.

Laurence, his second child, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1713, and travelled for the first ten years of his life, on his father's march, from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England.†

One relative of his mother's took her and her family under shelter for ten months at Mullingar; another collateral descendant of the Archbishop's housed them for a year at his castle near Carrickfergus. Larry Sterne was put to school at Halifax in England, finally was adopted by his kinsman of Elvington, and parted company with his father, the Captain, who marched on his path of life till he met the fatal goose which closed his career. The most picturesque and delightful parts of Laurence Sterne's writings we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fevre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure are doubtless reminiscences of the boy, who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberds of Malplaquet on the parade-ground at Clonmel.

Laurence remained at Halifax school till he was eighteen years old. His wit and cleverness appear to have acquired the respect of his master here;

* [March 1731.]

† "It was in this parish (of Animo, in Wicklow), during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mill-race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt: the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me."—*Sterne.*

for when the usher whipped Laurence for writing his name on the newly whitewashed schoolroom ceiling, the pedagogue in chief rebuked the under-strapper, and said that the name should never be effaced, for Sterne was a boy of genius, and would come to preferment.

His cousin, the Squire of Elvington, sent Sterne to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained some years,* and, taking orders, got, through his uncle's interest, the living of Sutton and a prebendal stall at York.† Through his wife's connections he got the living of Stillington. He married her in 1741, having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. It was not until the young lady fancied herself dying, that she made Sterne acquainted with the extent of her liking for him. One evening when he was sitting with her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill (the reverend Mr. Sterne's heart was a good deal broken in the course of his life), she said—"My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune;" a generosity which overpowered Sterne. She recovered: and so they were married, and grew heartily tired of each other before many years were over. "Nescio quid est materia cum me," Sterne writes to one of his friends

* [He was admitted sizar on 6th July 1733, became an exhibitioner in 1734, graduated B.A. in 1736, and M.A. 1740.]

† [Sterne was presented to Sutton, where he generally lived till 1760, in 1738. He became prebendary of York in January 1740-41. In 1760 he moved to Coxwold, on being presented to the perpetual curacy. He held a stall at York, and the three livings, Sutton, Stillington, and Coxwold, till his death.]

(in dog-Latin, and very sad dog-Latin too); "sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam:" which means, I am sorry to say, "I don't know what is the matter with me; but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever." *

This to be sure was five-and-twenty years † after Laurey had been overcome by her generosity, and she by Laurey's love. Then he wrote to her of the delights of marriage, saying, "We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the arch-fiend entered that indescribable scene. The kindest affections will have room to expand in our retirement: let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December?—Some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. No planetary influence shall reach us but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity. We will sing our choral songs of gratitude and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for

* "My wife returns to Toulouse, and proposes to pass the summer at Bagnères. I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church, in Yorkshire. We all live the longer at least the happier, for having things our own way; this is my conjugal maxim. I own 'tis not the best of maxims, but I maintain 'tis not the worst."—STERNE'S *Letters:* 20th January 1764. [His wife was Elizabeth, only daughter of Richard Lumley, formerly rector of Bedale. Both parents died in her infancy.]

† [This is probably a mistake. The Latin letter addressed to John Hall Stevenson is now known to have been written in 1758. Mrs. Sterne had a fit of insanity next year, and was for a time at a private asylum in York.]

thy society!—As I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L."

And it is about this woman, with whom he finds no fault but that she bores him, that our philanthropist writes, "Sum fatigatus et ægrotus"—*Sum mortaliter in amore* with somebody else! That fine flower of love, that polyanthus over which Sterne snivelled so many tears, could not last for a quarter of a century!

Or rather it could not be expected that a gentleman with such a fountain at command should keep it to *arroser* one homely old lady, when a score of younger and prettier people might be refreshed from the same gushing source.* It was in Decem-

* In a collection of "Seven Letters by Sterne and his Friends" (printed for private circulation in 1844), is a letter of M. Tollot, who was in France with Sterne and his family in 1764. Here is a paragraph:—

"Nous arrivâmes le lendemain à Montpellier, où nous trouvâmes notre ami Mr. Sterne, sa femme, sa fille, Mr. Huet, et quelques autres Anglaises. J'eus, je vous l'avoue, beaucoup de plaisir en revoyant le bon et agréable Tristram. . . . Il avait été assez longtemps à Toulouse, où il se serait amusé sans sa femme, qui le poursuivit partout, et qui voulait être de tout. Ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame lui ont fait passer d'assez mauvais momens; il supporte tous ces désagrémens avec une patience d'ange."

About four months after this very characteristic letter, Sterne wrote to the same gentleman to whom Tollot had written; and from his letter we may extract a companion paragraph:—

". . . . . All which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cousin, thou couldst conceive (perhaps thou canst without my wishing it) how deliciously I cantered away with it the first month, two up, two down, always upon my *hanches*, along the streets from my hotel to hers, at first once—then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby-horse in her stable for good and all. I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon. The last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting; and thou may'st conceive, dear cousin, how it

ber 1767, that the Reverend Laurence Sterne, the famous Shandean, the charming Yorick, the delight of the fashionable world, the delicious divine for whose sermons the whole polite world was subscribing,* the occupier of Rabelais's easy-chair, only fresh stuffed and more elegant than when in possession of the cynical old curate of Meudon,†

altered my gait and air: for I went and came like any louden'd carl, and did nothing but *jouer des sentimens* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the south of France: and to finish the *comédie*, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs, and half bled to death. Voilà mon histoire!"

Whether husband or wife had most of the "patience d'ange" may be uncertain; but there can be no doubt which needed it most!

* "'Tristram Shandy' is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book: one is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight before. As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his 'Sermons,' with his own comick figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience."—GRAY's *Letters:* June 22nd, 1760.

"It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London—Johnson: 'Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months.' Goldsmith: 'And a very dull fellow.' Johnson: 'Why, no, sir.'"—BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson.*

"Her [Miss Monckton's] vivacity enchanted the sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure,' said she, 'they have affected me.' 'Why,' said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about—'that is because, dearest, you're a dunce.' When she some time afterwards mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness, 'Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it.'"—*Ibid.*

† A passage or two from Sterne's Sermons may not be without interest here. Is not the following, levelled against the cruelties of the Church of Rome, stamped with the autograph of the author of the *Sentimental Journey?*—

"To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the

—the more than rival of the Dean of Saint Patrick's, wrote the above-quoted respectable letter to his friend in London: and it was in April of the

prisons of the Inquisition—behold *religion* with mercy and justice chained down under her feet—there, sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks, and instruments of torment.—Hark!—what a piteous groan!—See the melancholy wretch who uttered it, just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock-trial, and endure the utmost pain that a studied system of *religious cruelty* has been able to invent. Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors. *His body so wasted with sorrow and long confinement, you'll see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.*—Observe the last movement of that horrid engine.—What convulsions it has thrown him into! Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched.—What exquisite torture he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear.—Good GOD! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell—dragg'd out of it again to meet the flames—and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle—this principle, that there can be religion without morality—has prepared for him."—*Sermon 27th.*

The next extract is preached on a text to be found in Judges xix. vv. 1, 2, 3, concerning a "certain Levite":—

"Such a one the Levite wanted to share his solitude and fill up that uncomfortable blank in the heart in such a situation: for, notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, &c. . . yet still 'it *is not good for man to be alone;*' nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship; a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

"Let the torpid monk seek Heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part, I fear I should never so find the way: *let me be wise and religious, but let me be* MAN; wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, 'How our shadows lengthen as our sun goes down!'—to whom I may say, 'How fresh is the face of Nature! how sweet the flowers of the field! how delicious are these fruits!'"—*Sermon 18th.*

The first of these passages gives us another drawing of the famous "Captive." The second shows that the same reflection was suggested to the Reverend Laurence by a text in Judges as by the *fille-de-chambre.*

Sterne's Sermons were published as those of "Mr. Yorick."

same year that he was pouring out his fond heart to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of "Daniel Draper, Esquire, Councillor of Bombay, and, in 1775, chief of the factory of Surat—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe." *

"I got thy letter last night, Eliza," Sterne writes, "on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined"—(the letter has this merit in it, that it contains a pleasant reminiscence of better men than Sterne, and introduces us to a portrait of a kind old gentleman)—"I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's; and where I was heard—as I talked of thee an hour without intermission—with so much pleasure and attention, that the good old Lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his 85th year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth as she does already in exterior and, what is far better" (for Sterne is nothing without his morality), "in interior merit. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, &c., always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me one day as I was at the Princess

* [Mrs. Draper, daughter of May Sclater, of a good west-country family, was married at Bombay in 1758, when little more than fourteen. She first met Sterne when on a visit to England in December 1766.]

of Wales's Court, and said, 'I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you also should know who it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much? I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast; but have survived them; and, despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have shut up my books and closed my accounts; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die: which I now do: so go home and dine with me.' This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy, for he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew: added to which a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

"He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction—for there was only a third person, *and of sensibility*, with us: and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock have we passed! * But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and

* "I am glad that you are in love: 'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman. I myself must ever have some Dulcinea in my head; it harmonises the soul; and in these cases I first endeavour to make the lady believe so, or rather, I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love; but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally: 'L'amour,' say they, 'n'est rien sans sentiment.' Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annexed to it. And so much for that same subject called love."—STERNE'S *Letters:* May 23, 1765.

"*P.S.*—My *Sentimental Journey* will please Mrs. J(ames) and my Lydia" [his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Medalle]—"I can answer for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past. I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it."—*Letters* [1767].

enlivened the discourse! And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls!—the sufferings I have sustained all night in consequence of thine, Eliza, are beyond the power of words. . . . And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing-desk, and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties?—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost: his picture does not do justice to his own complacency. I am glad your shipmates are friendly beings" (Eliza was at Deal, going back to the Councillor at Bombay, and indeed it was high time she should be off). "You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza; it would civilise savages—though pity were it thou shouldst be tainted with the office. Write to me, my child, thy delicious letters. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself anyhow, everyhow. Such, Eliza, I write to thee!" (The artless rogue, of course he did!) "And so I should ever love thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the same section of the globe: for I am all that honour and affection can make me 'THY BRAMIN.'"

The Bramin continues addressing Mrs. Draper until the departure of the *Earl of Chatham* Indiaman from Deal, on the 3rd of April 1767. He is amiably anxious about the fresh paint for Eliza's

cabin; he is uncommonly solicitous about her companions on board:—

"I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou beholdest them. So was—you know who—from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when—but I will not mortify you!"

"You know who" was, of course, Daniel Draper, Esquire, of Bombay—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe, and about whose probable health our worthy Bramin writes with delightful candour:—

"I honour you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, my philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow. Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Saccharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal."

Approve and honour the proposal! The coward was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*. Her ship was not out of the Downs and the charming Sterne was at the "Mount Coffee-house," with a sheet of gilt-edged paper before him, offering that precious treasure his heart to Lady P——,* asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy? whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned a man into a fool?—quoting the Lord's Prayer, with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world. It was from his home at Coxwold that he wrote the Latin Letter, which, I suppose, he was ashamed to put into English. I find in my copy of the Letters that there is a note of, I can't call it admiration, at Letter 112, which seems to announce that there was a No. 3 to whom the wretched worn-out old scamp was paying his addresses; † and the year after, having come back to his lodgings in Bond Street, with his "Sentimental Journey" to launch upon the town, eager as ever for praise and pleasure —as vain, as wicked, as witty, as false as he had ever been, death at length seized the feeble wretch, and

* [*i.e.* Lady Percy, daughter of Lord Bute.]

† *To Mrs. H——.*

"COXWOULD: *Nov.* 15, 1767.

"Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there's for you! But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my 'Sentimental Journey,' which shall

on the 18th of March 1768, that "bale of cadaverous goods," as he calls his body, was consigned to Pluto.* In his last letter there is one sign of grace

make you cry as much as it has affected me, or I will give up the business of sentimental writing. . . .

"I am yours, &c. &c.,
"T. SHANDY."

To the Earl of ——.

"COXWOULD: *Nov.* 28, 1767.

"MY LORD,—'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your lordship for your letter of inquiry about Yorick: he was worn out, both his spirits and body, with the 'Sentimental Journey.' 'Tis true, then, an author must feel himself, or his reader will not; but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings: I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body. Therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife (who is come from France); but, in fact, I have long been a sentimental being, whatever your lordship may think to the contrary."

[From April to August 1767, Sterne wrote a "Journal to Eliza," which he called the "Bramine's Journal," and described as a "diary of the miserable feelings of a person separated from a lady for whose society he languished." It has never been printed. It was bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Thomas Washbourne Gibbs, of Bath, who, in 1851, showed it to Thackeray with a view to this lecture. Thackeray returned it without using it, and told the owner that it made him think worse of Sterne than any of the published writings.]

* "In February 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by *Mrs. Quickly* as attending that of *Falstaff*, the compeer of *Yorick*, for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and whilst the assistant was in the act of chafing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered to him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

"We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall

—the real affection with which he entreats a friend to be a guardian to his daughter Lydia. All his letters to her are artless, kind, affectionate, and *not* sentimental; as a hundred pages in his writings are beautiful, and full, not of surprising humour merely, but of genuine love and kindness. A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. Does he exaggerate his grief, so as to get his reader's pity for a false sensibility? feign indignation, so as to establish a character for virtue? elaborate repartees, so that he may pass for a wit? steal from other authors, and put down the theft to the credit side of his own reputation for ingenuity and learning? feign originality? affect benevolence or misanthropy? appeal to the gallery gods with claptraps and vulgar baits to catch applause?

How much of the paint and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much

and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons while he was expiring."—*Dr. Ferriar.*

"He died at No. 41 (now a cheesemonger's), on the west side of Old Bond Street."—*Handbook of London.* [At Sterne's death it is said to have been a "silk-bag shop"; it is now Agnew's Picture Gallery. At his death, John Crawford of Erroll, who was entertaining some of Sterne's friends, sent a footman to James Macdonald to inquire after his health. Macdonald, who published memoirs, was sent to Sterne's bedside, and heard the dying man say, "Now it has come." A few minutes later he was dead. He was buried in St. George's burial-ground in the Bayswater Road, which has recently been put in order.]

of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actors? His audience trusts him: can he trust himself? How much was deliberate calculation and imposture—how much was false sensibility—and how much true feeling? Where did the lie begin, and did he know where? and where did the truth end in the art and scheme of this man of genius, this actor, this quack? Some time since, I was in the company of a French actor who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *das chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad—it was so charmingly sung that it touched all persons present, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping: he utilised it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me. "See what sensibility I have—own now that I'm very clever—

do cry now, you can't resist this." The humour of Swift and Rabelais, whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them. But this man —who can make you laugh, who can make you cry too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience repose: when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humourist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.

For instance, take the "Sentimental Journey," and see in the writer the deliberate propensity to make points and seek applause. He gets to "Dessein's Hotel," he wants a carriage to travel to Paris, he goes to the inn-yard, and begins what the actors call "business" at once. There is that little carriage (the *désobligeante*).

"Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard, and having sallied out thence but a vamped-up business at first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mont Cenis, it had not profited much by its adventures, but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of Monsieur Dessein's coach-yard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will rescue

misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them."

Le tour est fait! Paillasse has tumbled! Paillasse has jumped over the *désobligeante*, cleared it, hood and all, and bows to the noble company. Does anybody believe that this is a real Sentiment? that this luxury of generosity, this gallant rescue of Misery—out of an old cab, is genuine feeling? It is as genuine as the virtuous oratory of Joseph Surface when he begins, "The man who," &c. &c., and wishes to pass off for a saint with his credulous, good-humoured dupes.

Our friend purchases the carriage: after turning that notorious old monk to good account, and effecting (like a soft and good-natured Paillasse as he was, and very free with his money when he had it) an exchange of snuffboxes with the old Franciscan, jogs out of Calais; sets down in immense figures on the credit side of his account the sous he gives away to the Montreuil beggars; and, at Nampont, gets out of the chaise and whimpers over that famous dead donkey, for which any sentimentalist may cry who will. It is agreeably and skilfully done—that dead jackass: like Monsieur de Soubise's cook on the campaign, Sterne dresses it, and serves it up quite tender and with a very piquant sauce. But tears and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Psha, mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!

This donkey had appeared once before with signal effect. In 1765, three years before the publication of the "Sentimental Journey," the seventh and eighth volumes of "Tristram Shandy" were given to the world, and the famous Lyons donkey makes his entry in those volumes (pp. 315, 316):—

"'Twas by a poor ass, with a couple of large panniers at his back, who had just turned in to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves, and stood dubious, with his two forefeet at the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

"Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike: there is a patient endurance of suffering wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers, whether in liberty or bondage, I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and, as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I), I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing responses from the etchings of his countenance; and where those carry me not deep enough, in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of

beings below me with whom I can do this. . . . With an ass I can commune for ever.

"'Come, Honesty,' said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, 'art thou for coming in or going out?'

"The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.

"'Well!' replied I, 'we'll wait a minute for thy driver.'

"He turned his head thoughtfully about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

"'I understand thee perfectly,' answered I: 'if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well! a minute is but a minute; and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.'

"He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions between hunger and unsavouriness, had dropped it out of his mouth half-a-dozen times, and had picked it up again. 'God help thee, Jack!' said I, 'thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour, and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages! 'Tis all, all bitterness to thee —whatever life is to others! And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot' (for he had cast aside the stem), 'and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world that will give thee a macaroon.' In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just bought, and gave him one; and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleas-

antry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

"When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in. The poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke in my hand. He looked up pensive in my face: 'Don't thrash me with it; but if you will you may.' 'If I do,' said I, 'I'll be d——.'"

A critic who refuses to see in this charming description wit, humour, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment, must be hard indeed to move and to please. A page or two farther we come to a description not less beautiful—a landscape and figures, deliciously painted by one who had the keenest enjoyment and the most tremulous sensibility:—

"'Twas in the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France: the sun was set, they had done their work: the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh, and the swains were preparing for a carousal. My mule made a dead point. 'Tis the pipe and tambourine,' said I—'I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live;' so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch and t'other into that, 'I'll take a dance, said I, 'so stay you here.'

"A sunburnt daughter of labour rose up from the group to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was of a dark chestnut approach-

ing to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

"'We want a cavalier,' said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them. 'And a cavalier you shall have,' said I, taking hold of both of them. 'We could not have done without you,' said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.

"A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tambourine of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank. 'Tie me up this tress instantly,' said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger. The whole knot fell down—we had been seven years acquainted. The youth struck the note upon the tambourine, his pipe followed, and off we bounded.

"The sister of the youth—who had stolen her voice from heaven—sang alternately with her brother. 'Twas a Gascoigne roundelay: '*Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.*' The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

"*Viva la joia* was in Nannette's lips, *viva la joia* in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us. She looked amiable. Why could I not live and end my days thus? 'Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows!' cried I, 'why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?' Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and

dance up insidious. 'Then 'tis time to dance off,' quoth I."

And with this pretty dance and chorus, the volume artfully concludes. Even here one can't give the whole description. There is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, a latent corruption—a hint, as of an impure presence.*

Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but

* "With regard to Sterne, and the charge of licentiousness which presses so seriously upon his character as a writer, I would remark that there is a sort of knowingness, the wit of which depends, 1st, on the modesty it gives pain to; or, 2ndly, on the innocence and innocent ignorance over which it triumphs; or, 3rdly, on a certain oscillation in the individual's own mind between the remaining good and the encroaching evil of his nature—a sort of dallying with the devil—a fluxionary art of combining courage and cowardice, as when a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time, or better still, perhaps, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn, because it has been forbidden; so that the mind has its own white and black angel; the same or similar amusement as may be supposed to take place between an old debauchee and a prude—the feeling resentment, on the one hand, from a prudential anxiety to preserve appearances and have a character; and, on the other, an inward sympathy with the enemy. We have only to suppose society innocent, and then nine-tenths of this sort of wit would be like a stone that falls in snow, making no sound, because exciting no resistance; the remainder rests on its being an offence against the good manners of human nature itself.

"This source, unworthy as it is, may doubtless be combined with wit, drollery, fancy, and even humour; and we have only to regret the misalliance; but that the latter are quite distinct from the former, may be made evident by abstracting in our imagination the morality of the characters of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Trim, which are all antagonists to this spurious sort of wit, from the rest of 'Tristram Shandy,' and by supposing, instead of them, the presence of two or three callous debauchees. The result will be pure disgust. Sterne cannot be too severely censured for thus using the best dispositions of our nature as the panders and condiments for the basest."—COLERIDGE. *Literary Remains*, vol. i. pp. 141, 142.

not all. The foul satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly: the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked—the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon. I think of these past writers and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of "David Copperfield" gives to my children.

"Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand:

Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit.
Le bon Dieu me dit: Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!

Chanter ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici-bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?"

In those charming lines of Béranger, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature of GOLDSMITH, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man!* A wild youth, wayward,

* "He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea. . . .

"The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the

but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village, where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune: and after years of dire struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home: he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home-relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did

pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the 'Vicar of Wakefield' one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.

". . . We read the 'Vicar of Wakefield' in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the "Vicar of Wakefield"* he has found entry into every

* "Now Herder came," says Goethe in his Autobiography, relating his first acquaintance with Goldsmith's masterpiece, "and together with his great knowledge brought many other aids, and the later publications besides. Among these he announced to us the 'Vicar of Wakefield' as an excellent work, with the German translation of which he would make us acquainted by reading it aloud to us himself. . . .

"A Protestant country clergyman is perhaps the most beautiful subject for a modern idyl; he appears like Melchizedeck, as priest and king in one person. To the most innocent situation which can be imagined on earth, to that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united by similarity of occupation as well as by equality in family relationships; he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus perfectly a member of the community. On this pure, beautiful earthly foundation rests his higher calling; to him is it given to guide men through life, to take care of their spiritual education, to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them, and, if consolation is not sufficient for the present, to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man with pure human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this already elevated above the multitude of whom one cannot expect purity and firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which is even passionate, as it neglects no moment to do good—and you will have him well endowed. But at the same time add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only pause in a small circle, but may also, perchance, pass over to a smaller; grant him good-nature, placability, resolution, and everything else praiseworthy that springs from a decided character, and over all this a cheerful spirit of compliance, and a smiling toleration of his own failings and those of others,—then you will have put together pretty well the image of our excellent Wakefield.

"The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows, the ever-increasing interest of the story, by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best which have ever been written;

castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian—represents the reward of a good-will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elevation of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has, without question, a great insight into the moral world, into its strength and its infirmities; but at the same time he can thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and reckon highly the advantages which his country and his nation afford him. The family, with the delineation of which he occupies himself, stands upon one of the last steps of citizen comfort, and yet comes in contact with the highest; its narrow circle, which becomes still more contracted, touches upon the great world through the natural and civil course of things; this little skiff floats on the agitated waves of English life, and in weal or woe it has to expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

"I may suppose that my readers know this work, and have it in memory; whoever hears it named for the first time here, as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me."—GOETHE. *Truth and Poetry; from my own Life.* (English Translation, vol. i. pp. 378, 379.)

"He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid in his cradle by the 'good people' who haunted his birthplace, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny. He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college: they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that does not address itself to his poetical imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gipsy in quest of odd adventures. . . . Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humour, and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole store familiar features

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Doctor Primrose, whom we all of us know.* Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county Westmeath, that sweet "Auburn" which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson * brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependants besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of

of life which form the staple of his most popular writings."—*Washington Irving.*

* "The family of Goldsmith, Goldsmyth, or, as it was occasionally written, Gouldsmith, is of considerable standing in Ireland, and seems always to have held a respectable station in society. Its origin is English, supposed to be derived from that which was long settled at Crayford in Kent."—PRIOR'S *Life of Goldsmith.*

Oliver's father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were clergymen; and two of them married clergymen's daughters.

* "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."—*The Deserted Village.*

his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honour's charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd round the parlour table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen of Irish dependants who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith * left but little provision for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a Squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

* "In May this year (1768), he lost his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, for whom he had been unable to obtain preferment in the Church. . . .

". . . To the curacy of Kilkenny West, the moderate stipend of which, forty pounds a year, is sufficiently celebrated by his brother's lines. It has been stated that Mr. Goldsmith added a school, which, after having been held at more than one place in the vicinity, was finally fixed at Lissoy. Here his talents and industry gave it celebrity, and under his care the sons of many of the neighbouring gentry received their education. A fever breaking out among the boys about 1765, they dispersed for a time, but reassembling at Athlone, he continued his scholastic labours there until the time of his death, which happened, like that of his brother, about the forty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of an excellent heart and an amiable disposition."—PRIOR'S *Goldsmith.*

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."
—*The Traveller.*

The smallpox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand: and from Paddy Byrne he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was pleaced under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative—kind uncle Contarine—took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his schooldays righteously doing as little work as he could: robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous "Mistake of a Night," when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the "best house" in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed

at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop; and little Noll made his repartee of "Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing." One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humour and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon he surveys them in the glass ruefully; and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his little person in splendour and fine colours. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of coloured clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat: in better days he bloomed out in plum-colour, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendours the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day: perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met and settled their little account in Hades.*

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College,† Dublin, on which the name of O. Gold-

* "When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Mr. William Filby (amounting in all to £79) was for clothes supplied to this nephew Hodson."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, p. 520.

As this nephew Hodson ended his days (see the same page) "a prosperous Irish gentleman," it is not unreasonable to wish that he had cleared off Mr. Filby's bill.

† [The pane is still preserved in the library of Trinity College.]

smith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: * he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem: and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his rooms, and took the box on the ear so much to heart, that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public-house.† Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and

* "Poor fellow! He hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table."—CUMBERLAND'S *Memoirs*.

† "These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors, often disturb the mind only in order to its future refinement: a life spent in phlegmatic apathy resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy."—GOLDSMITH. *Memoir of Voltaire*.

"He [Johnson] said 'Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late. There appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young.'"—*Boswell*.

the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given to him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and uncle Contarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage-money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage in a nameless ship, never to return; if uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

"But me not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;

That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own."

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honourable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm, and rain, and bitter weather.* The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbour: he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from gaol: when he was a schoolusher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys,

* "An 'inspired idiot,' Goldsmith, hangs strangely about him [Johnson]. . . . Yet, on the whole, there is no evil in the 'gooseberry fool,' but rather much good; of a finer, if of a weaker sort than Johnson's: and all the more genuine that he himself could never become *conscious* of it,—though unhappily never cease *attempting* to become so: the author of the genuine 'Vicar of Wakefield,' nill he will he, must needs fly towards such a mass of genuine manhood."—CARLYLE'S *Essays* (2nd ed.), vol. iv. p. 91.

and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentleman's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the Doctor but he must treat them still. "Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?" he asked of one of his old pupils. "Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half-an-hour." His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Doctor Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. "My patrons," he gallantly said, "are the booksellers, and I want no others." * Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain

* "At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and generous master. It is indeed too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favour; but to make amends it is never mistaken long. A performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation, but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

"A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune; and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity."—GOLDSMITH. *Citizen of the World*, Let. 84.

much: if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The Court face was turned from honest Oliver, the Court patronised Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne.* Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill-humour, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed render him not the less amiable. The author of the "Vicar of Wakefield" had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the manuscript for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little angry when

* Goldsmith attacked Sterne obviously enough, censuring his indecency, and slighting his wit, and ridiculing his manner, in the 53rd letter in the "Citizen of the World."

"As in common conversation," says he, "the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself; so in writing, the properest manner is to show an attempt at humour, which will pass upon most for humour in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity; in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next to pull them by the nose; he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed in order to dream for the solution," &c.

Sterne's humourous *mot* on the subject of the gravest part of the charges, then, as now, made against him, may perhaps be quoted here, from the excellent, the respectable Sir Walter Scott:—

"Soon after 'Tristram' had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition, whether she had read his book. 'I have not, Mr. Sterne,' was the answer; 'and to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal.' 'My dear good lady,' replied the author, 'do not be gulled by such stories; the book is like your young heir there' (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunic): 'he shows at times a good deal that is usually concealed, but it is all in perfect innocence.'"

Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of, all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. "He was wild, sir," Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith

to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart—"Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir; but he is so no more." Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears, but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity: and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skilful workman, years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time,* fame and prosperity might have been in

* "Goldsmith told us that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house, near to the six-mile stone in the

store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it, and, at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs, or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed £2000 when he died. "Was ever poet," Johnson asked, "so trusted before?" As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependants. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay-day), he gave them of his money: if they begged on empty-purse days, he gave them his promissory bills: or he treated them to a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labour, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependants, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new histories, new comedies, all sorts of new

Edgware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned post-chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children; he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of the *Lusiad*, and I, went to visit him at this place a few days afterwards. He was not at home; but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a blacklead pencil."—*Boswell.*

literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career.* I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.† Ah! it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote with heart yearning for home those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn:—

* "When Goldsmith was dying, Dr. Turton said to him, 'Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be, from the degree of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?' Goldsmith answered it was not."—*Dr. Johnson* (*in Boswell*).

"Chambers, you find, is gone far, and poor Goldsmith is gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man."—*Dr. Johnson* to *Boswell*, July 5th, 1774.

† "When Burke was told [of Goldsmith's death] he burst into tears. Reynolds was in his painting-room when the messenger went to him; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do, left his painting-room, and did not re-enter it that day. . . .

"The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. And he had domestic mourners, too. His coffin was reopened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister (such was the regard he was known to have for them!) that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn's possession when she died, after nearly seventy years."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*.

"Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew—
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past."

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more

pages of the writings of this honest soul—the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes * which had hung fire

* "Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage, as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.'

"He was still more mortified, when, talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all present, a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, 'Stay, stay—Toctor Shonson is going to zay zomething.' This was no doubt very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

"It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends, as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy. . . . I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Doctor Johnson said—'We are all in labour for a name to *Goldy's* play,' Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, 'I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*.'"

This is one of several of Boswell's depreciatory mentions of Goldsmith—which may well irritate biographers and admirers, and also those who take that more kindly and more profound view of Boswell's own character, which was opened up by Mr. Carlyle's famous article on his book. No wonder that Mr. Irving calls Bos-

in London; he would have talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town—and he would have spoken of Johnson and of Burke, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornelys; and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and

well an "incarnation of toadyism." And the worst of it is, that Johnson himself has suffered from this habit of the Laird of Auchinleck's. People are apt to forget under what Boswellian stimulus the great Doctor uttered many hasty things:—things no more indicative of the nature of the depths of his character than the phosphoric gleaming of the sea, when struck at night, is indicative of radical corruption of nature! In truth, it is clear enough on the whole that both Johnson and Goldsmith *appreciated* each other, and that they mutually knew it. They were, as it were, tripped up and flung against each other, occasionally, by the blundering and silly gambolling of people in company.

Something must be allowed for Boswell's "rivalry for Johnson's good graces" with Oliver (as Sir Walter Scott has remarked), for Oliver was intimate with the Doctor before his biographer was,—and, as we all remember, marched off with him to "take tea with Mrs. Williams" before Boswell had advanced to that honourable degree of intimacy. But, in truth, Boswell—though he perhaps showed more talent in his delineation of the Doctor than is generally ascribed to him—had not faculty to take a fair view of *two* great men at a time. Besides, as Mr. Forster justly remarks, "he was impatient of Goldsmith from the first hour of their acquaintance."—*Life and Adventures*, p. 292.

dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, travelled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country-house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton: but there were to be no more holidays and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting-room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him (vol. i. 63, 64):—

"I was only five years old," he says, "when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening whilst he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face: it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step towards my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be

likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

"At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted Doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good-humour, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings, he told me, were England, France, and Spain. 'Hey presto cockalorum!' cried the Doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but as also I was no conjurer, it amazed me beyond measure. . . . From that time, whenever the Doctor came to visit my father, 'I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;' a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long: my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had

attained my eleventh. . . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his 'compassion for another's woe' was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humouring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence."

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humour delighting us still: his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it: his words in all our mouths: his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses: to succour with sweet charity: to soothe, caress, and forgive: to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humour who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly.

Long before I had ever hoped for such an audience, or dreamed of the possibility of the good fortune which has brought me so many friends, I was at issue with some of my literary brethren upon a

point—which they held from tradition I think rather than experience—that our profession was neglected in this country; and that men of letters were ill received and held in slight esteem. It would hardly be grateful of me now to alter my old opinion that we do meet with good-will and kindness, with generous helping hands in the time of our necessity, with cordial and friendly recognition. What claim had any one of these of whom I have been speaking, but genius? What return of gratitude, fame, affection, did it not bring to all?

What punishment befell those who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives? For these faults a wit must suffer like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears the coat; his children must go in rags if he spends his money at the tavern; he can't come to London and be made Lord Chancellor if he stops on the road and gambles away his last shilling at Dublin. And he must pay the social penalty of these follies too, and expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits, that women will avoid the man of loose life, that prudent folks will close their doors as a precaution, and before a demand should be made on their pockets by the needy prodigal. With what difficulty had any one of these men to contend, save that eternal and mechanical one of want of means and lack of capital, and of which thousands of young lawyers, young doctors, young soldiers and sailors, of inventors, manufacturers, shopkeepers, have to complain? Hearts as brave

and resolute as ever beat in the breast of any wit or poet, sicken and break daily in the vain endeavour and unavailing struggle against life's difficulty. Don't we see daily ruined inventors, grey-haired midshipmen, balked heroes, blighted curates, barristers pining a hungry life out in chambers, the attorneys never mounting to their garrets, whilst scores of them are rapping at the door of the successful quack below? If these suffer, who is the author, that he should be exempt? Let us bear our ills with the same constancy with which others endure them, accept our manly part in life, hold our own, and ask no more. I can conceive of no kings or laws causing or curing Goldsmith's improvidence, or Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, or Dick Steele's mania for running races with the constable. You never can outrun that sure-footed officer—not by any swiftness or by dodges devised by any genius, however great; and he carries off the Tatler to the spunging-house, or taps the Citizen of the World on the shoulder as he would any other mortal.

Does society look down on a man because he is an author? I suppose if people want a buffoon they tolerate him only in so far as he is amusing; it can hardly be expected that they should respect him as an equal. Is there to be a guard of honour provided for the author of the last new novel or poem? how long is he to reign, and keep other potentates out of possession? He retires, grumbles, and prints a lamentation that literature is despised. If Captain A. is left out of Lady B.'s

parties, he does not state that the army is despised: if Lord C. no longer asks Counsellor D. to dinner, Counsellor D. does not announce that the bar is insulted. He is not fair to society if he enters it with this suspicion hankering about him; if he is doubtful about his reception, how hold up his head honestly, and look frankly in the face that world about which he is full of suspicion? Is he place-hunting, and thinking in his mind that he ought to be made an Ambassador like Prior, or a Secretary of State like Addison? his pretence of equality falls to the ground at once; he is scheming for a patron, not shaking the hand of a friend, when he meets the world. Treat such a man as he deserves; laugh at his buffoonery, and give him a dinner and a *bon jour;* laugh at his self-sufficiency and absurd assumptions of superiority, and his equally ludicrous airs of martyrdom: laugh at his flattery and his scheming, and buy it, if it's worth the having. Let the wag have his dinner and the hireling his pay, if you want him, and make a profound bow to the *grand homme incompris*, and the boisterous martyr, and show him the door. The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense, as it has its good humour. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main: how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? To any literary man who says, "It despises my profession," I say, with all my might—no, no, no. It may pass over your individual case—how many a brave fellow has failed in the race and perished unknown in the

struggle!—but it treats you as you merit in the main. If you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please it, it is pleased; if you cringe to it, it detects you, and scorns you if you are mean; it returns your cheerfulness with its good humour; it deals not ungenerously with your weaknesses; it recognises most kindly your merits; it gives you a fair place and fair play. To any one of those men of whom we have spoken was it in the main ungrateful? A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his masterpiece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years; but it was mistake, and not ill-will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift, and Pope, and Addison! dear and honoured memories of Goldsmith and Fielding! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honour to the literary calling in the honour which it bestows upon *you?*

THE END.

NOTES.

SWIFT.

1. 6.—*Harlequin.* A popular character in the Italian comedy. He was a buffoon, dressed in party-colored clothes, who amused the audience by horse play.

2. 12.—*The humourous writer*, etc. Thackeray is here doubtless referring to a famous humourist of the nineteenth century—himself.

2. 16.—*To the best of his means*, etc. This sentence is an example of Thackeray's occasional carelessness in style. Note the extreme awkwardness of the construction.

3. 3.—*Kilkenny.* Town in the county of Kilkenny, in the southern part of Ireland. Congreve, Farquhar, and Berkeley also attended this grammar school. In view of Swift's quarrelsome disposition, it seems not inappropriate that his early life should have had associations in a place made famous by the legend of the Kilkenny cats.

3. 5.—*Was wild.* It does not appear that Swift was dissipated. He was morose and rebellious. Extreme poverty is not apt to lessen the pride and sensitiveness of an undergraduate like Swift. He did well in Greek and Latin, was poor in philosophy, and, curiously enough, the future Dean was marked *negligenter* in theology.

4. 8.—He was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, in April, 1713, and was installed on June 13.

6. 17.—*Would you have liked to be a friend of the great Dean?* The majority of Swift's readers would to-day undoubtedly answer in the affirmative.

8. 11.—*His servility.* This is surely unfair. Swift was not a

cringing toady, nor a boot-licker. Manliness was an essential feature of his character; and it is well known that in dealing out patronage he always served himself last, especially when there was not enough to go around.

9. 14.—*Macheath.* A highwayman who is the hero of Gay's *Beggars' Opera* (1728).

11. 7.—*Condottieri.* Italian for "soldiers of fortune."

11. 8.—*The Boyne.* Battle fought July 1, 1690, in Ireland, in which King William III decisively defeated the deposed Stuart King James II. The Boyne is the most important river in eastern Ireland, being 65 miles long. An obelisk, 150 feet high, now commemorates the great battle.

12. 6.—*South Sea Bubble.* The South Sea Company was established by Lord Treasurer Harley in 1711 with the design of providing for the extinction of the public debt, then about £10,000,000. The debt was assumed by a number of merchants, the Government agreeing to pay 6 per cent. interest for a certain period, securing the sum by making permanent certain impost duties. The Government granted to purchasers of the fund a monopoly of the trade to the South Sea (the coast of Spanish America), and the Company was organised under the name "South Sea Company." The prevailing opinion was that enormous riches awaited all stockholders; the Company flourished; it vied with the Bank of England in controlling English finances. In 1720 the Company assumed the entire debt of over £30,000,000, bearing interest at 5 per cent. The stock was in great demand. A rage for speculation followed. The sum of £1000 was paid for a single share of £100. Other bubbles followed suit; to make oil from sunflowers, to extract silver from lead, etc. The streets near 'Change Alley were lined with desks. As the year 1720 drew to a close, the bubble burst. Thousands of families were ruined.

12. 24.—*Coup.* A political *stroke*, usually called *coup d'état.*

13. 1.—*Copenhagen.* The city was bombarded in 1807. "Shortly after the treaty of Tilsit Canning learnt that Napoleon meant to seize the fleet of Denmark, which was at that time neutral, and to employ it against Great Britain. A British fleet and army were sent to Copenhagen, and the Crown Prince of Denmark was asked to deliver up the Danish fleet on a promise that it should be

restored at the end of the war. On his refusal, Copenhagen was bombarded till at last the Danes gave way. The fleet was surrendered, and the British Government, on the plea that it had been driven to use force, refused to be bound by its offer to restore the ships ultimately to their owners. There were many in England who found fault with the whole proceeding, and even George III seems to have been very much of their opinion. Speaking to the gentleman who had carried to the Crown Prince the message asking him to give up the fleet, the old King asked whether he found the Prince upstairs or downstairs. 'He was on the ground floor, please your Majesty,' was the reply. 'I am glad of it for your sake,' said the King; 'for if he had half my spirit, he would have kicked you downstairs.'" (Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, p. 860.)

15. 1.—*Poetical power.* Although Swift wrote many clever rimes and witty verses, his poetical powers were very slight, and the real reason why he was afraid to use them was because he did not possess them. No great writer ever made more clearly a false start in literature than did Swift. As the most convincing proof of Bacon's lack of poetic genius lies in his own verse-writing, so no one can read Swift's early poems without mentally saying Amen to Dryden's famous remark, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." It was not the brutality of Dryden's statement that galled Swift; it was its truth. Let readers examine Swift's early Pindaric *Odes*, and judge for themselves.

15. 10.—*Sir William Temple.* The elegant essayist, *littérateur* and *dilettante*, born 1628, died 1698.

15. 23.—*Mantua væ*, etc. From Vergil, *Ecl.* ix. 28. "Alas, Mantua, too near the wretched Cremona!" An excellent quip.

19. 10.—*Moxa.* "A soft woolly mass prepared from the young leaves of *Artemisia Chinensis*, and used as a cautery by burning it on the skin; hence, any substance used in a like manner, as cotton impregnated with niter, amadou." (*Webster's Dict.*) Amadou is a spongy substance growing on trees.

20. 25.—*Plates-bandes.* Flower-beds.

20. 26.—*Epicurus.* The founder of the Epicurean philosophy (see W. Wallace's admirable exposition of this system). He was born on the island of Samos in 337, or, as some say, in 341 B.C.

He removed to Athens about 307. His personal character was amiable and virtuous, and the real nature of his philosophical teaching has been commonly misrepresented. He died 270 B.C.

20. 26.—*Diogenes Laertius.* This name was ascribed to a kind of scrap-book, labeled "Lives and Doctrines of Famous Philosophers." Of Laertius himself we know nothing.

20. 27.—*Semiramis* [Legendary and Mythical]. The wife of Ninus, founder of the Assyrian kingdom—a woman of great beauty, passion, and power. She is supposed to have flourished about 2200 B.C.

20. 27.—*Hesperides.* These were the daughters of the Night, who guarded the golden apples belonging to Here or Juno. [See any Classical Dictionary, or Professor Gayley's excellent book, *Classic Myths in English Literature*, published by Ginn & Co.]

21. 1.—*Mæcenas.* Gaius Cilnius Mæcenas, born between 74 and 64 B.C., died 8 B.C. He was a statesman, but chiefly famous as a patron of literary men. He was a friend of young Octavian and his most trusted counsellor. He created and formed the center of a literary circle at Rome, which included Vergil, Horace, and others.

21. 1.—*Strabo.* A Greek geographer, born 63 B.C., died after 21 A.D. He traveled extensively, wrote histories, and particularly a geography in seventeen books.

21. 3.—*Pythagoras.* A Greek philosopher, supposed to have been born at Samos about 582 B.C. He is chiefly known on account of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. He laid the greatest stress on simplicity and self-restraint in living.

23. 1.—*Bishop Kennet.* White Kennett, D.D., bishop of Peterborough (1660–1728). Sir Walter Scott published this description of Swift from a MS. in the British Museum. Scott says: "The picture is powerfully drawn, though with a coarse and invidious pencil."—Swift's *Works*, ed. Scott, I. 125.

26. 4.—*Bolingbroke.* Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751). His philosophical views exerted a powerful influence on contemporary men of letters; shown most prominently perhaps in Pope's *Essay on Man.* He was titled in 1712, and was Prime Minister in 1714. A brilliant and rather shallow man.

26. 13.—*Gay.* The well-known poet (1688–1732).

28. 5.—*Peccavi.* I am a sinner.

29. 8.—*Consciousness of his own scepticism.* We shall probably never know the exact attitude of Swift toward religious dogmas—perhaps he did not know himself. His mind was apparently skeptical by nature, but he abhorred and despised free-thinkers, and belaboured them soundly. He was the most powerful champion of Christianity the age of Anne produced, but he certainly derived little peace and consolation from it for his own suffering soul. He may have thought that the Church was a necessary social institution, and hence regarded its assailers as little better than anarchists. At times we are inclined to class him as a skeptic, as Thackeray does; but when we read his beautiful and passionate "Prayers for Mrs. Johnson," we have to make many reservations.

29. 22.—*Abudah.* He was a wealthy merchant of Bagdad, who figures in *Tales of the Genii*, by James Ridley (1736–65). Abudah meets with strange adventures in his quest for a talisman which he is driven to seek by the threats of a little old hag who haunts him by night and makes his life miserable. At last he finds that the inestimable talisman is to obey God and to keep his commandments; and he also discovers that all his wonderful adventures have been only a dream. "And there too was Abudah, the merchant, with the terrible old woman hobbling out of the box in his bedroom."—*Dickens.*

30. 8.—*Sæva indignatio.* "According to the precise instructions of his Will, Swift was buried privately, on the 22nd of October, at twelve o'clock at night: and, likewise by his own instructions, on a tablet of black marble over his grave in the Cathedral, in 'large letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded,' there were inscribed the words—

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS
DECANI:
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI VIATOR
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO (1745)
MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19)
ÆTATIS ANNO (78)."

—Craik's *Life of Swift*, II. 258.

Possibly no greater contrast in tombstone inscriptions can be found than that exhibited by the graves of Swift and of his beloved friend and contemporary humourist, Gay, and it well illustrates the difference in temper of their comic genius. Swift, in his final and terrible indictment against the sufferings of life, is a strange contrast to Gay, who laughs from his tomb as he laughed through life,

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it.
> I thought so once, and now I know it."

There never lived a more consistent pessimist than Swift, and it is hardly just for Thackeray to hint that Swift rages at life because of his personal disappointments. His pessimism went far deeper than that.

30. 17.—*Drapier's Letters.* The first of these letters, signed "M. B. Drapier," appeared in 1724; they were addressed to the Irish people, and immediately exerted a powerful influence. He advised them not to touch the copper money coined by one William Wood ("Wood's half-pence"), who received a Government patent, July 12, 1722. This business was a political "job" of the most perfidious kind, and was killed by Swift's fiery letters. Whether Swift's motive was pure and disinterested patriotism or not, we do not know. He raged at seeing another example of human baseness and treachery, and fought it as only Swift could fight when aroused. At any rate he succeeded, and became the idol of the Irish, who rightly looked upon him as their champion. For a good discussion of this whole matter, see Craik's *Life of Swift*, Chapter XIII, "Swift as Irish Patriot."

30. 24.—*Samson.* See the book of Judges, Chapter XV.

31. 11.—*Modest Proposal.* This famous satire was published in 1729, and ranks as one of Swift's best pieces. Underneath the laughably extravagant "proposal," one sees the moral indignation and the moral power of the author. The object of this satire was not to "rage against children"; it was to show that many Irish children were destined to a worse fate even than being eaten. For mock gravity, sustained tone, and underlying tragic earnestness, this essay is unsurpassed in English. Nor does Swift always "rage against marriage." In his *Letter to a Very Young Lady*

on her Marriage, he brutally attacks the kind of marriages that he often witnessed; but he holds up a high ideal of what marriage should really be, and emphasises the virtues of true companionship. Swift's brutality and contemptuous manner in this notable letter does not wholly conceal from the judicious its solid wisdom.

32. 16.—"*Roasting.*" This slang word has enjoyed unusual vitality and long life.

32. 19.—*On nait rôtisseur.* One is born a cook—cooks are born, not made.

33. 27.—*Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet.* In Macaulay's Essay on Addison, he says, "About thirty years before 'Gulliver's Travels' appeared, Addison wrote these lines:—

> 'Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
> Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,
> Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
> Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam.'"

["And now towering he rushes forward into the midst of their lines—this awful leader of the Pygmies, who, heavy in his gait, overtops all others with his giant-like bulk and rises above them half an ell."]

34. 1.—*The mast of some great ammiral. Paradise Lost*, i. 293, 294.

34. 17.—*Unpronounceable country.* The country of the Houyhnhnms. Perhaps we should pronounce the word "Whinnems," as it is doubtless meant to suggest the whinny of a horse.

35. 35.—*Decision of meers.* Meer, or mere, is a boundary.

38. 29.—*Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver.* "Bickerstaff" was the name assumed by Swift in his famous "Predictions" in ridicule of Partridge, the almanac-maker.

41. 24.—*A sentimental Champollion.* Jean François Champollion (1790–1832), a famous linguist, discovered a key to hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt.

44. 1.—*Harley's and Peterborough's.* Robert Harley was the first Earl of Oxford and Lord High Treasurer, receiving both title and place from Queen Anne in 1711. He died in 1724. Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, was born in 1658, and died in 1735.

45. 15.—*Cadenus.* Of course an anagram for Decanus = Dean.

46. 14.—*Ariadne.* The daughter of Minos, king of Crete, and the lover of Theseus. She gave him the famous clew of thread for the labyrinth. See Gayley.

49. 19.—*Sheridan.* Thomas Sheridan (1687–1738), a schoolmaster and close friend of Swift. The latter made his acquaintance in 1713, upon arriving in Dublin to take the Deanery. He became Swift's constant companion, and the Dean took his place in the school when Sheridan was ill. Swift got him a living in 1725. He had a deserved reputation for wit in conversation. He wrote of himself, "I am famous for giving the best advice and following the worst." Swift asked Sheridan to let him know when he (Swift) showed any sign of avarice. Sheridan accordingly wrote full data on a paper, and gave it to Swift. This alienated the two friends.

49. 29.—The extract from Voltaire's letter may be thus translated: "Mr. Swift is Rabelais in his good senses and in good company. He has not, to be sure, Rabelais' mirth, but he has all the keenness, the reasonableness, the discretion in choosing, the good taste which our curé of Meudon has not. His verses have a queer savour, and are all but inimitable; tasteful jesting falls to his share in verse and in prose; but to understand him well one should take a trip into his country."

For other criticism of Swift by Thackeray, see *Esmond*, Book III, Chapter V. Esmond says, "I have always thought of him and of Marlborough as the two greatest men of that age."

CONGREVE AND ADDISON.

51. 2.—*Reform Bill.* The Reform Bill was passed in 1832. "In its final shape the Reform Act absolutely disfranchised forty-one boroughs and took away one member from thirty others. Thereby, and by its alteration of the franchise, it accomplished a great transference of power, in favour of the middle classes in the towns. Though it did not establish a democracy, it took a long step in that direction." (Gardiner's *Student's History of England*, p. 905.)

51. 15.—*Pitt.* William Pitt the Younger, a great parliamentary orator and statesman (1759-1806).

51. 15.—*Mirabeau.* Honoré Gabriel Riquetti, Count; born 1749, died 1791. A great orator of the French Revolution.

51. 21.—*Old Sarum.* This place returned two members to Parliament. It was "only a green mound, without a habitation upon it." (*Gardiner.*)

52. 10.—*Prince Eugene.* François Eugène de Savoie (1663–1736). A great general, and ally with Marlborough against Louis in the battle of Blenheim in 1704. He was originally offended because Louis refused to give him a commission in the army; later Louis offered to make him a marshal, but he declined.

52. 16.—*Busby.* Richard Busby (1606–1695), the famous head-master of Westminster school. A very large number of his pupils reached places of distinction. Thackeray's pun is on the rod of Aaron, which budded and bore almonds. See the book of Numbers, xvii. 8.

52. 19.—*Tickell.* Thomas Tickell, the poet, was born at Bridekirk, Cumberland, in 1686, and died at Bath, in 1740. He was a fellow of Oxford and a contributor to the *Spectator.*

52. 19.—*John Dennis.* A dramatic scribbler and satirist. He figured in many literary squabbles. Pope put him in the *Dunciad.* He was born in London in 1657, and died 1734.

53. 12.—"*Accourez,*" etc. "Hasten hither, chaste nymphs of Permessus! Sounds spring from my lyre, and the trees are rejoiced. Mark well their rise and fall: and you, winds, be still! I shall speak of Louis!"

53. 13.—*Boileau.* Nicholas Boileau-Despréaux (1636–1711). A famous man of letters, who exercised an enormous influence on French literature, and powerfully affected English literature during the age of Anne. His *L'Art Poetique* (1674) was his most influential work.

53. 34.—"In England literature is more honoured than here."

54. 10.—*Poets'-corner.* Did this suggest to Lowell his phrase for similar volumes, "the cemetery of the British poets"?

54. 17.—*Charles Montague* (1661–1715). He wrote verses and satirised poets and artists. He was made First Lord of the Treasury in 1698.

55. 1.—*L'heureux temps.* "O the happy time when these fables were!"

57. 12.—*Will's.* The well-known coffee-house where Dryden ruled literary London. See also note to **180**, 28.

58. 5.—*The beautiful Bracegirdle.* Anne Bracegirdle (1663?–1748), a famous actress. In 1693 she made her appearance in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, and from that time her chief successes were attained in his plays. His personal relations with her were the talk of the town, but her high reputation for virtue has never been successfully assailed, though she had enemies in her own time and unfavourable critics since. She was equally notable for her beauty and for her great benevolence. "Some young gentlemen of the town, with whom Esmond had made acquaintance, had promised to present him to that most charming of actresses, and lively and agreeable of women, Mrs. Bracegirdle, about whom Harry's old adversary Mohun had drawn swords, a few years before my poor Lord and he fell out. The famous Mr. Congreve had stamped with his high approval, to the which there was no gainsaying, this delightful person: and she was acting in Dick Steele's comedies and finally, and for twenty-four hours after beholding her, Mr. Esmond felt himself, or thought himself, to be as violently enamoured of this lovely brunette, as were a thousand other young fellows about the city. To have once seen her was to long to behold her again."—Thackeray's *Esmond*, Book II, Chapter V.

59. 4.—*Comic Muse.* The English Comic Drama of the Restoration, from 1660 to 1700, is famous for its brilliant dialogue, and for its audacious immorality—being in the latter respect worse than England has had to endure either before or since the time of Charles II.

59. 5.—*Nell Gwynn.* Eleanor Gwyn was born in abject poverty about 1650; though the exact year of her birth is not definitely known. She originally frequented the theatres as an orange-girl. When fifteen years old she went on the stage, and made a decided hit in song and dance. Later she took leading parts. Pepys admired her greatly; "pretty witty Nell," he writes under date of April 3, 1665. On January 23, 1667, he writes, "Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly, a most

pretty woman, who acted the great part of Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is." She became the mistress of Lord Buckhurst, and in 1669 the mistress of Charles II. In 1671 she was made a lady of the privy chamber to Queen Catharine, where her beauty, wit, imperturbable good-nature, and generosity made her popular. She assisted her old friends among the poor actors and actresses. She bore two sons to the king: the surviving one was made Duke of St. Albans. In 1687 she died. Her funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. The best memoir of her is by Peter Cunningham (1850). In spite of her well-known character, she had hosts of friends during her life, and not a few panegyrists since. Anthony Hope's novel, *Simon Dale*, gives a good account of her life, character, and of the times in which she lived.

59 8.—*Jeremy Collier* (1650–1726). His *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* (1698) had an immense influence in the direction of the long-needed moral reform; though unfortunately the drama that followed in Queen Anne's time was as flat as it was harmless.

60. 7.—*Laïs.* A celebrated Greek courtesan, born at Corinth about 180 B.C. She was both greedy and beautiful. She placed her favours at such a figure that this proverb became current: "Not everybody can go to Corinth." The satirists chided her with taking to drink in her old age. There was another person of the same name and occupation born at Sicily.

61. 6.—*Cicerone.* Italian from "Cicero," so called because of the officious talkativeness of the ordinary guide.

61. 27.—*Cavalier seul.* "Gentleman forward."

62. 23.—*Poet bids his mistress.* The allusion is to Herrick's famous lyric, beginning—

> "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old time is still a-flying."

62. 25.—*Treillage.* Arbour.

62. 30.—*Pas.* Step.

62. 32.—*Châlet.* A little Swiss house in the gingerbread style, like a cuckoo clock.

63. 25.—*Segreto*, etc. "How to be happy."

63. 26.—*Falernian.* The most celebrated wine of the ancient Romans. There were three varieties—light, sweet, and dry. It was something like sherry.

64. 10.—*Mirabel or Bellmour.* Mirabell is a character in *The Way of the World*, and Bellmour figures in the *Old Bachelor.*

64. 12.—*Scapin and Frontin.* Scapin is a rascally valet in Molière's comedy, *Les Fourberies de Scapin.* Frontin is a personage of the old comedy; a bold valet, a saucy, witty intriguer, as his name indicates, meaning "cheeky." He gets control of his master, whom he is good enough to protect in the pranks where effrontery is the trump-card.

64. 14.—*Chivalry story.* For a good account of this species of the English novel, see Professor Cross's excellent book, *The Development of the English Novel*, Chapter I.

65. 2.—*Millamant.* Mrs. Millamant appears in *The Way of the World.*

69. 5.—*Richelieu at eighty.* Richelieu was born in 1585, and died in 1642, but Thackeray is merely using a strong figure.

69. 9.—*Grammont's French dandies.* Philibert, Count de Grammont (1621–1707). He served in the French armies, and was famous for his intrigues. His *Mémoires* (1713) were published by his brother-in-law. He took part in the siege of Lerida in 1647. Lerida is the capital of the province of Lerida, Spain, and is the key of Aragon and Catalonia; hence a strategic point in military manœuvres. Grammont, or *Gramont*, as the French spell the name, dictated his famous *Mémoires* at the age of eighty.

72. 34.—*Celui*, etc. "Of all the English the man who has carried the glory of the comic drama furthest is the late Mr. Congreve. He wrote only a few pieces, but they are all excellent specimens of their class. . . . You see everywhere the language of honest men who act like scoundrels; which proves that he thoroughly understood the people with whom he lived, and that he moved in what is called good society."

74. 32.—*Shadwell.* Thomas Shadwell (1642?–92), the poet-laureate, and dramatist contemporary with Dryden. He is scarcely read at all to-day, and is remembered only because Dryden attacked him so wittily in *MacFlecknoe*, and in *Absalom and*

Achitophel. In the latter poem Shadwell appears under the name of "Og," and is unmercifully belaboured.

74. 32.—*Higgons.* Bevil Higgons (1670–1735), a verse-writer and historian who is all but forgotten to-day. He prefixed some lines to Congreve's *Old Bachelor*, pointing to Congreve as the rightful heir to Dryden's position. He also wrote one or two plays himself.

74. 37.—*Love each other better.* Thackeray's quarrel with Dickens began in 1858.

75. 11.—*Lonely ones of the world.* Hardly a felicitous criticism to apply to the author of the *Spectator;* nor should he be classed among the "lords of intellect."

76. 17.—*Goethe.* On April 28, 1855, Thackeray wrote a letter to G. H. Lewes, describing a personal interview he had enjoyed as a young man with the great Goethe, and how he "went away charmed from the great king's audience." See the "Biographical edition of Thackeray," XIII. 640.

77. 1.—*The ingenious Mr. Pinkethman.* In the *Spectator* of May 5, 1712, No. 370, we read: "The Petulancy of a peevish old Fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the Ingenious Mr. *William Penkethman* in *the Fop's Fortune;* where, in the Character of *Don Cholerick Snap Shorto de Testy*, he answers no Questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of anything from those he approves. . . . If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great Qualification for the World to follow Business and Pleasure too, what is it in the Ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a Sense of Pleasure and Pain at the same time; as you may see him do this Evening?" (*Spectator*, H. Morley's edition, II. 595.) This number of the *Spectator* was, however, written by Steele.

77. 3.—*Mr. Doggett, the actor.* The comic actor, Thomas Doggett, is several times alluded to in the *Spectator;* he was an actor, playwright, and manager, but gained his chief reputation on the stage. His especial part was "Hob" in his own solitary play, *The Country Wake.* He died in 1721.

77. 4.—*Don Saltero.* This is merely a name for a mountebank, but here Addison may be alluding to Don Saltero's coffee-house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

78. 5.—*The Charterhouse.* One of the most famous schools in England. Men so different as John Wesley and the historian Grote have been numbered among its pupils, as well as Thackeray himself.

78. 9.—"*The Pigmies and the Cranes.*" See note to page 33. The Pygmies were a nation of dwarfs, who, according to Greek and Roman mythology, dwelt on the banks of the Upper Nile. They were attacked and defeated every spring by the Cranes. Addison's own title of his poem is, "*ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟ-MAXIA*, sive, Prælium (so in Tickell's edition) inter Pygmæos & Grues commissum."

78. 14.—*Lyæus.* A Greek adjective applied to Bacchus.

79. 25.—*Congées.* Formal leave-takings.

83. 2.—*Statius.* Publius Papinius Statius was born about 45 A.D. and died about 96. His most famous work was *Thebaidos Libri XII.* The first book was translated by Pope.

83. 9.—*Blenheim.* For the great Duke and his victories, see *Esmond*, where his military campaigns are most graphically described.

83. 10.—*Mr. Boyle.* Henry Boyle, Lord Carleton, died in 1725.

83. 12.—*Lord Treasurer Godolphin.* Sidney Godolphin, first Earl of Godolphin (1645–1712). "Few statesmen in so conspicuous a position have left so feeble a personal impression upon politics." (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*)

84. 11.—*Commissioner of Appeals.* Thackeray also describes this episode in *Esmond*, Book II, Chapter XI. The student should certainly read in connection with the lecture on Addison, this chapter in *Esmond*, called "The Famous Mr. Joseph Addison."

88. 15.—*Jeffreys.* George Jeffreys, First Baron Jeffreys (1648–89). He was made Lord Chief Justice of England in 1683. His pitiless brutality on the bench in condemning prisoners to execution has made his name a synonym for cruelty. Personally he was scurrilous, violent, dissipated, and time-serving.

90. 1.—*Priscian's head.* A celebrated Latin grammarian, who flourished about 500 A.D.

92. 12.—"*Grecian.*" A famous coffee-house of Queen Anne's time. The "Devil" Tavern was not far from the "Mitre."

94. 6.—*À propos de bottes.* Literally "casks" (of wine). Anything irrelevant.

94. 8.—*Doll Tearsheet.* A character in Shakspere's *King Henry IV*, Part II.

95. 21.—*Soon as the evening shades prevail.* These sixteen lines form the second and third stanzas of a poem by Addison, that appeared in the *Spectator* for August 23, 1712 (No. 465). The last line should be in quotation-marks, and in H. Morley's edition of the *Spectator*, the 31st line of our text reads, "What tho' *nor* real voice nor sound." The two stanzas should of course be separated, and not printed as they are in our text, which follows the Biographical Edition, which in turn shows some differences in this quotation from the first edition of the *Humourists*. The poem begins with the well-known words, "The spacious firmament on high."

96. 17.—Note the fine literary and dramatic contrast between the conclusion of the lecture on Addison and of that on Swift. It beautifully illustrates Thackeray's conception of the character of each man.

STEELE.

97. 24.—*Swift's History of the times.* The *History of the Four Last Years of the Queen* was not published till 1758. Swift took great pains in its composition, but never printed it.

98. 5.—*Walpole.* Sir Robert Walpole (1676–1745), created Earl of Orford in 1742. As Whig Prime Minister, from 1721 to 1742, he practically ruled England. He kept his power partly by the free use of bribes, but he used it for the best interests of the country, devoting all his energies to maintaining peace and building up a sound financial system—two of the highest aims of statesmanship.

98. 9.—*Copious archdeacon.* "The best life of Marlborough is still the tiresome but exhaustive Memoirs by Archdeacon Coxe (3 vols., 1818–19)." (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*) William Coxe (1747–1828) published a series of memoirs that are careful, industrious, and uninspired.

98. 30.—*Turpin.* Dick Turpin was born in Essex, and was originally a butcher. Afterwards he became a noted highway

man, and was finally executed for horse-stealing, April 10, 1739. He and his steed Black Bess are well described in W. H. Ainsworth's *Rookwood*, and in his *Ballads*.

99. 13.—*Doctor Smollett.* Tobias Smollett, the famous novelist, whom Thackeray discusses in a lecture to follow, studied medicine and was a surgeon's mate in the navy.

100. 1.—*Will Wimble.* A famous character in the Sir Roger de Coverley papers in the *Spectator*.

100. 21.—*Ramillies and Malplaquet.* Two battles in Flanders, where the French were beaten by the English and Dutch under Marlborough. See Book II of *Esmond*. The battle of Ramillies was fought in May 1706, and Malplaquet on September 11, 1709.

101. 18.—*Coram latronibus.* In the presence of robbers.

102. 30.—*My Lord Mohun.* One of the fastest men of his day. He is a prominent character in *Esmond*, where his character is fully anatomised. See particularly Book I, chapters XII, XIII, and XIV, where Thackeray shows wonderful dramatic power in narrative composition.

106. 23.—*Waverley novels appeared.* The first of these, *Waverley*, came out in 1814.

106. 25.—*The Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseas, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself.* Jane Porter (1776–1850) published her two most famous books, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* and *The Scottish Chiefs*, in 1803 and 1810 respectively.

"Anne of Swansea" was Anne Hatton, sister of Mrs. Siddons; she published eleven novels during the years 1815–31. These novels fill fifty-two volumes, showing their vogue in the early part of the century; but so totally is their author forgotten to-day, that her name does not appear in any of the well-known works of reference, and she even enjoys the rare distinction of receiving no mention in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. To escape notice in that work is fair proof of oblivion. The title of one of her stories is a sample of all—*Cesario Rosalba, or, the Oath of Vengeance* (5 vols., London, 1819). Thackeray has apparently made a slip in speaking of her as one of the predecessors of Scott; she was really one of his followers, both in time and in manner.

In *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series, VI. 408, November 12, 1870, there is the following account of "Anne of Swansea," which, as

information about her is now so scarce, is certainly worth quoting in full: "Mrs. Hatton, the sister of J. P. Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, resided for many years and died in Swansea. For a considerable period of her later life she had been confined to her house by an accident which disabled her from the future exercise of her profession on the stage, and she received an annuity jointly contributed by her brother and sister, Mr. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. This annuity was at one period withdrawn under the following circumstances: Mrs. Hatton wrote a work in three volumes entitled *Chronicles of Gooselake*, in other words, Annals of Swansea; also some *brochures*, in which several of the leading residents of that day, believing themselves, whether justly or not, to be the objects of satirical allusion, addressed to Mr. Kemble a request that he would use his influence to induce his sister to desist from further proceedings of this kind. His letter of expostulation had the effect of arousing the Kemble blood in this high spirited lady, eliciting from her the reply that she would not continue to accept the annuity subject to any conditions or interference with her free action; the correspondence resulting, as stated before, in the annuity being withdrawn. During its suspension Mrs. Hatton was reduced to considerable straits, earning an inadequate livelihood from the precarious results of authorship. On one occasion, being so occupied while confined to her bed by illness, an acquaintance called, and was so affected by the scene presented that he at once and unknown to Mrs. Hatton represented her case to Mr. Kemble, who, to his honour, immediately and unconditionally caused the annuity to be restored. For many years she was in the habit of periodically receiving a circle of friends, whom she entertained by readings of uncommon power and pathos from various dramatic and other works, together with an almost endless repertoire of anecdotes, principally derived from her own acquaintance and observation of scenes and persons eminent and interesting in their day. I was often one of her guests on these occasions. The only memento in Swansea of this lady that I am aware of is contained in the collection of the Swansea Museum—a cast of her head."

Ann Radcliffe (1764–1823) wrote romances of mystery, following in the wake of Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* (1764).

Her most famous book, which is still readable, was the *Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794). This style of composition, which once enjoyed wide popularity, was cleverly ridiculed by the great realist Jane Austen, in Northanger Abbey (1818). For further information about Mrs. Radcliffe, see Professor Cross's book, previously mentioned.

106. 31.—*Mrs. Manley.* Mrs. Mary de la Rivière Manley (1652?–1724), was a playwright, novelist, and scandal-monger, whose own reputation was not far in advance of that of many of her characters. Her most famous book was *Secret Memoirs and Manners of Several Persons of Quality, of both Sexes. From the New Atalantis.* Seven editions were published. On account of the slanders in this book she was arrested. Although Swift had attacked her in the *Tatler* (No. 63), he afterwards became her friend, and helped her in some of her compositions. This explains Thackeray's expression, "Swift's coadjutrix." Notice that the name of the book mentioned above is not "Atlantis," as given in the text, but "Atalantis." Perhaps the most commonly misspelled name in the language, next to "Jacques" for Shakspere's "Jaques," is "Atlanta" for "Atalanta." It seems as though "Atalantis" needed only more currency to enjoy the same bad eminence.

107. 1.—*Tom Durfey.* Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723), affectionately known as "Tom," was a playwright, verse-writer, and editor of ballad miscellanies. His best-known production is *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, six volumes of merry and very licentious ballads, published in 1719–20. Though D'Urfey was a good deal of a buffoon, and often wrote obscenely, there was in his nature something that attracted the very best men to him, for so pure-minded a man as Addison spoke of him in terms of the warmest affection, and he was a general favourite wherever he went.

107. 1.—*Tom Brown.* Thomas Brown (1663–1704) was a school-teacher, journalist, and hand-to-mouth writer. He was a dissipated man, and wrote very coarse satires. His humourous sketches of low life are, however, valuable. He was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, near his friend Mrs. Aphra Behn.

107. 1.—*Ned Ward.* Edward Ward, born about 1660, was for

many years a noted tavern-keeper and poet in London. He died in 1731. The *London Spy* appeared 1698–1700, and was published complete in eighteen parts in 1753. Its chief distinction was its coarse humour.

113. 12.—"*Christian Hero.*" This was published in 1701, the title reading as follows: "*The Christian Hero: an Argument proving that no Principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a great Man.*" For Steele's career as a soldier, see *Esmond.*

122. 17.—"*Advice to a very Young Married Lady.*" See our note, on this letter, to page 31. Thackeray looks at the matter from only one point of view, and that not the right one.

127. 16.—*Jonson.* Query-Tonson? It is Jonson in the first edition.

128. 2.—*Artless as a child's prattle.* They are probably more amusing to us than they were to the recipient.

130. 10.—*Addison sold the house and furniture.* See Prof. G. R. Carpenter's *Introduction* to his edition of Steele (Athenæum Press Series), page 37. This story circulated freely in Dr. Johnson's time, and was given added currency by Macaulay; but it lacks proof, and is very likely apocryphal. Steele wrote to his wife under date of August 20, 1708: "I have paid M^r^ Addison His whole thousand pound and have settled every man's payment except one which I hope to perfect tomorrow." This letter apparently refers to a previous loan; for a fuller discussion of the story of the sale than is found in Carpenter, see Aitken's *Life of Steele*, II, 342–344.

131. 12.—*Doctor John Hoadly.* He was the youngest son of the well-known Bishop, Benjamin Hoadly, and was born in London on October 8, 1711, and died March 16, 1776. He became a clergyman so as to avail himself of the fine livings he could obtain through his father's influence. Nor was he disappointed in this; for after a good push by the Bishop, he rose from one preferment to another, holding on to all of them till his death. His real interest, however, was in the drama; he wrote several plays, and hobnobbed with theatrical people. The passage quoted by Thackeray may be found in John Nichols's *Epistolary Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele*, London, 1809, II. 508, note,

where it is given as "extracted from a letter written by Dr. John Hoadly."

131. 19.—*The 4th November.* William was born at The Hague on November 4, 1650, and was married to Princess Mary of York on November 4, 1677.

132. 7.—*Mr. Joseph Miller.* An actor, commonly called "Joe Miller"; born 1684, died 1738. His reputation really came after his death. John Mottley, in 1739, compiled a book called *Joe Miller's Jests.* It was very popular, but not authentic.

135. 7.—*Terrible lines of Swift.* From Swift's short poem *The Day of Judgment.* In the standard edition of Swift, edited by Scott, these lines are given in Volume XIV, page 259, and they differ in a number of minor details from the version in Thackeray's text. Swift never published them; they were found among his MSS., and appeared in a letter from Lord Chesterfield to Voltaire, dated August 27, 1752.

137. 8.—*The first sense of sorrow.* Dick Steele himself narrates this episode, in almost exactly the same words, to Harry Esmond. See *Esmond*, Book I, Chapter VI.

140. 20.—*The Barmecide's.* From the *Arabian Nights.* A prince of the Barmecide family set an imaginary meal before a hungry man, who pretended to eat. Thus to share in a "Barmecide" meal is like dining with Duke Humphry—one eats only in imagination. Dickens uses the expression, "a Barmecide feast."

143. 25.—*Beignets d'abricot.* Apricot fritters.—*Du monde* means "in good society."

Although no one could speak more appreciatively or affectionately of Steele than Thackeray does in this lecture, he has certainly made him out to be much less respectable than he really was. Steele was not nearly so reckless nor so dissipated as Thackeray represents him. Perhaps for this very reason, the actual Steele was less interesting and picturesque.

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE.

149. 6.—*Spielhaus.* Gaming-house.

149. 6.—*Bobbing for perch.* The "bob" is the floater.

149. 10.—*Batavian Chloe.* When Holland was conquered by

the French in 1795, a new government was set up, called the "Batavian Republic."

150. 9.—*Alcaics.* Perhaps the best English verses in this metre are Tennyson's lines to Milton, beginning

> "O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
> O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
> God-gifted organ-voice of England,
> Milton, a name to resound for ages."

Alcæus was a lyric poet of Mytilene, who flourished about 600 B.C. One variety of this classic metre consists of verses of five feet, the first a spondee, or sometimes an iambic, the second an iambic, the third a long syllable, and the fourth and fifth dactyls. It is an exceedingly difficult metre to handle successfully in English.

151. 13.—*Mahomet's coffin.* Mahomet's coffin was supposed to be suspended in mid-air without support. Some accounted for this by a theory of an iron coffin with magnets; and there were various hypotheses, until one man decided to visit it and see for himself; then the mystery was explained: it was n't suspended at all.

152. 4.—*Spence.* Joseph Spence (1699–1768). His *Anecdotes* were published in 1820, and are at once delightful reading and an invaluable source of reference for all students of eighteenth-century literature.

152. 11.—*Long Acre.* A street in the western part of London, between Hyde Park and Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was celebrated for its coach-makers, and also for its low resorts. See Pepys, ed. Wheatley, IV. 41.

152. 11.—*Johnson.* See note to page 155, line 2.

153. 5.—*Their modern air.* Prior's songs have had a considerable influence on the minor verse of our own day. The lighter pieces of Frederick Locker, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, and others, show plainly the manner of Prior.

153. 7.—*Owner of the Sabine farm.* Horace, who owned a fine country seat in the Sabine mountains.

153. 8, 31.—*Verses addressed to Halifax.* Not only has Thackeray "ingeniously transposed the order of these verses,"

but the first stanza does not occur in the original at all, and the second is not correctly quoted. In the original it reads,

> "Our Hopes, like tow'ring Falcons, aim
> At Objects in an airy height:
> The little Pleasure of the Game
> Is from afar to view the Flight."
> —*To the Honourable Charles Montague. Poems on Several Occasions.* London, 1718, folio.

The stanza that Thackeray quotes first is not in this poem, and I have not succeeded in finding it anywhere in the poems of Prior. In the first edition of the *Humourists*, the "whilst" in the first line reads "when."

153. 20.—*Verses of Chloe.* The stanzas quoted are the last three of Prior's poem, *A Better Answer*. Prior spelled "Cloe," not "Chloe." And it is spelled "Cloe" in the first edition of the *Humourists*.

153. 32.—*In the metre made familiar.* Alluding, of course, to Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (1850), then in the first flush of its fame.

154. 14.—"*She sighed, she smiled.*" These are the last four stanzas of Prior's poem, *The Garland.*

154. 31.—"*Deus sit,*" etc. "May God be good to this drinker."

155. 1.—*Walter de Mapes.* Map, Mapes, or Mapus, Walter, a renowned churchman, politician, and wit of the twelfth century. He was of Welsh descent, "Map" being Welsh for "son." He was probably a native of Herefordshire, and during his life was largely associated with the city of Hereford, though he wrote in French and Latin. He was born about 1140, and as a youth went to study at Paris, returning to England before 1162. He was a close friend of Henry II., employed by him at court, and given important positions in the Church. He died about 1209. "Map" is the correct spelling of his name, for he spells it that way himself. We learn most of the facts of his life from his work, *De Nugis Curialium* (Courtiers' Triflings). He has always enjoyed a great reputation for his supposed share in the creation of the legends of the Round Table; M. Paulin Paris believes him to have been the author of the prose *Lancelot*, including the *S. Graal*,

and *Morte Arthur*. M. Gaston Paris, however, ascribes none of it to Map. For a discussion of this question, see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. *Map*. He seems to have written a number of satirical poems against ecclesiastical abuses, though many were formerly ascribed to him which are not now believed to be his. In fact, just what he did and did not write are favourite matters of discussion among scholars. In Tennyson's play, *Becket*, Walter Map appears as a character who strenuously endeavors to furnish a comic element.

155. 2.—*Johnson, who spoke slightingly of Prior's verses.* "Mrs. Thrale disputed with him on the merit of Prior. He attacked him powerfully; said he wrote of love like a man who had never felt it; his love verses were college verses; and he repeated the song 'Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains,' &c., in so ludicrous a manner, as to make us all wonder how any one could have been pleased with such fantastical stuff. Mrs. Thrale stood to her gun with great courage, in defence of amourous ditties, which Johnson despised, till he at last silenced her by saying, 'My dear Lady, talk no more of this. Nonsense can be defended but by nonsense.'"—Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Hill, II. 89.

158. 4.—*Craggs*. James Craggs the Younger (1686–1721), Secretary of State. He was mixed up in the South Sea Company. He died of the smallpox, and his coffin rests on that of his friend Addison in Henry VII's chapel. Addison wrote a letter on his death-bed, dedicating his works to Craggs.

163. 4.—*Mr. Gay's "Fables."* The first series of Gay's *Fables* was published in 1727. The Dedication ran as follows: "To his Highness William, Duke of Cumberland, these new Fables, invented for his amusement, are humbly dedicated by his Highness's most faithful and most obedient servant, John Gay." William Augustus (1721–1765), the Duke of Cumberland, the third son of George II., was of course a mere child when the *Fables* were dedicated to him.

163. 6.—*Dettingen*. A Bavarian village on the Main. On June 27, 1743, the Austrians, Hanoverians, and English under George II. defeated a larger French force there. This was the last time that an English king took personal command of an army in battle.

163. 7.—*Culloden* is in Scotland, six miles E.N.E. of Inverness.

Here the royal army, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, totally defeated the young Pretender, on the 16th of April 1746. Cumberland was censured for cruelty in this battle. Thackeray's use of the word "amiable" is characteristic.

163. 14.—"*Shepherd's week.*" Published in 1714. The *Trivia* appeared in 1715.

163. 19.—*Minikin.* Thackeray apparently uses this word in the sense in which Schmidt says it is used in Shakspere. See Lear, III. vi, 45:

> "And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
> Thy sheep shall take no harm."

Schmidt defines the word as "small and pretty." It is somewhat doubtful, however, if this is an exact definition. The word occurs only once in Shakspere; but in Lovelace's poem, *Ellinda's Glove*, we find

> "For though the lute's too high for me,
> Yet servants, knowing minikin nor base,
> Are still allow'd to fiddle with the case."

The minikin was a little pin, for high notes, used only by very clever musicians. It would seem that this might explain the Shaksperian use of the word better than Schmidt's interpretation.

163. 24.—*Bird-organ.* "A small barrel-organ used in teaching birds to whistle tunes."—*Century Dictionary.*

163. 31.—*Bergamot.* A perfume from a fruit tree.

164. 1.—*Philips.* Ambrose Philips (1671–1749). He was called by his contemporaries "namby-pamby" Philips, which distinguished him from the poetaster John Philips, who wrote at the same time. His *Pastorals*, which Thackeray here has in mind, were published in 1709.

164. 25.—*Rubini.* Giovanni Battista Rubini, a great Italian tenor, was born at Romano, province of Bergamo, in 1795, and died near there in 1854. He was therefore still living when Thackeray wrote this passage about him. His fame began early and was soon enormous. He went to Paris in 1825, where he played the part of Romiro in *Cenerentola*. Later he traveled over much of Europe with uniform tremendous success. He became the master singer of the continent. The harsh climate of

Russia injured his voice; he resolved to retire, and finally ended his days on the magnificent estate which his voice had enabled him to buy.

164. 25.—*qu'il avait*, etc. "That he had tears in his voice."

165. 2.—*In the "Beggar's Opera" and in its wearisome continuation.* J. Underhill, in the introduction to his edition of Gay (Muses' Library edition, p. li), remarks, "it may with perfect truth be said that it is the first 'popular' success known to the history of the English stage." The "wearisome continuation" was the sequel which Gay wrote, called *Polly*. The satire in this was so evident that the authorities prohibited its performance; but so great was the interest taken in any continuation of the *Beggar's Opera*, that *Polly* had an enormous sale.

168. 17.—*The greatest name on our list.* It will be remembered that at the conclusion of the lecture on *Swift*, Thackeray remarked, "We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy." Lecturers are sometimes careless in the use of adjectives.

168. 26.—*The greatest literary artist.* In the sense of polish and absolute finish, Pope was, no doubt, a great artist; but apart from genius and inspiration, and judging only from the standpoint of skill in handling verse forms, Milton was a far greater artist than Pope. We sometimes make the mistake of assuming that the highest genius is necessarily unaccompanied by lack of technical skill: Shakspere and Milton are conspicuous instances to the contrary.

170. 24.—*Ariosto.* His great poem, the *Orlando Furioso*, which has exercised so profound an influence on the literature of the world, was published in 1516.

170. 24.—*Battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène.* The Cid was and is a Spanish hero. The original Cid was one Ruy (Rodrigo) Diaz de Bivar, a great baron. He was born about 1040, and died in 1099 at Valencia, which he rescued from the Moors. Five Moorish kings are said to have named him "Cid" (derived from the Arabic Sid-y) for being their lord and conqueror.

He became the chief figure of Spanish ballad literature: and was made the leading character of two plays by Guillem de Castro, a Spanish poet (1569-1631). From these plays Corneille,

the famous French dramatist, obtained his inspiration and much of his material for *Le Cid*, a tragi-comedy that appeared in 1636. The substance of the plot of this play is as follows: Don Gomès, stung to jealousy because Don Diègue has been made tutor of the king's son (the *Infant*) provokes Don Diègue to great anger; a quarrel ensues, and Gomès smites the feeble Don Diègue. Unable to avenge his injury, the old man appeals to his son, Don Rodrigue, who challenges and slays Don Gomès. Now Don Rodrigue is in love with Chimène, the daughter of Don Gomès, who, despite her tender passion for the young warrior, demands vengeance of Ferdinand the king for her father's death. The whole play turns upon the struggle between her loyalty to her slain father and her love for the man who has slain him. Her anguish is great, but she is after all a woman. She offers a condition to Don Rodrigue, which he fulfills by winning great victories. Even then Chimène does not immediately yield: the Cid again departs in pursuit of glory, after which he may return and possess her.

170. 26.—*Armida's garden.* Armida is one of the most prominent characters in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. Her story is founded on a tradition related by Pierre Delancre. "The poet tells us, that, when the Crusaders arrived at the Holy City, Satan held a council to devise some means of disturbing the plans of the Christian warriors, and Armida, a very beautiful sorceress, was employed to seduce Rinaldo and other crusaders. Rinaldo was conducted by Armida to a remote island, where, in her splendid palace, surrounded by delightful gardens and pleasure-grounds, he utterly forgot his vows and the great object to which he had devoted his life. To liberate him from his voluptuous bondage, two messengers from the Christian army, Carlo and Ubaldo, came to the island, bringing a talisman so powerful that the witchery of Armida was destroyed. Rinaldo escaped [not a very accurate expression], but was followed by the sorceress, who, in battle, incited several warriors to attack the hero, and at last herself rushed into the fight. She was defeated by Rinaldo [because after all she was only a weak woman], who then confessed his love to her, persuaded her to become a Christian, and

vowed to be her faithful knight. The story of Armida has been made the subject of an opera by both Gluck and Rossini."

> "'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's wand
> Wrought change with all *Armida's* fairy art
> Like what this light touch left on Juan's heart."
>
> —Byron.

"The stage (even as it then was), after the recluseness and austerity of a college life, must have appeared like *Armida's* enchanted palace."—HAZLITT.

"The grand mansions you arrive at in this waste, howling solitude prove sometimes essentially robber-towers; and there may be *Armida* palaces and divine-looking *Armidas*, where your ultimate fate is still worse."—CARLYLE.

The above quotation with the illustrations is taken from Wheeler's *Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction.* The *Gerusalemme Liberata* of Torquato Tasso (1544–1595) appeared in 1581.

172. 10.—*A deux fins.* With two endings. *Réchauffé* means "warmed up."

173. 2.—*Apprêté.* "Cooked up."

177. 3.—*Cachet.* Literally "seal." An air of distinction.

179. 1.—*More illustrious.* Possibly the Mermaid Tavern, a century earlier, with Shakspere and Jonson and the other dramatists, might compare favorably with this.

179. 5.—*White's.* In the first number of the *Tatler*, April 12, 1709, Steele says, "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house." This famous resort stood in St. James's Street, and in the early days of the eighteenth century it had a wide reputation as a gambling place for men of fashion. Note Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*, Part iv.

179. 6.—*The "Patriot King."* This was written by Bolingbroke in December, 1738, in a highly rhetorical style. Chesterfield said that until he read this piece he did not know "the extent and power of the English language." (*Works*, 1845, i. 376), quoted in *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. *St. John.* Without the author's consent, and against his will, Pope, who did so many underhand and disgraceful things, secretly printed 1500 copies of

The Patriot King. In 1844, very soon after Pope's death, which occurred that year, Bolingbroke discovered that Pope had done this: he was very indignant, and had a correct edition published that contained a preface said to be by David Mallet, which attacked Pope. This brought on a fierce literary controvers . These facts form an interesting comment on Thackeray's statement (p. 178), "I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore towards one another." Furthermore, while "a pretty fellow from White's" doubtless "could not have written" *The Patriot King*, it is altogether probable that he would not have published it in so underhand a manner, "and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope" for doing it.

179. 10.—*Have won Barcelona*. Barcelona was taken by the Earl of Peterborough in the autumn of 1705. The circumstances under which the town was assailed, and by which Peterborough got the sole credit for the victory, form an interesting chapter in military annals. For a good account, see *Dict. Nat. Biog.* art. *Charles Mordaunt*.

180. 28.—"*Will's*." In the *Tatler* Steele dated his accounts of poetry from this coffee-house. Pepys visited the famous resort for the first time on February 3, 1664. "In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and as it was late, they were all ready to go away." *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, IV. 30. This tavern was originally called the "Rose," but the name was changed to "Will's" after William Urwin, the landlord.

181. 15.—*Budgell*. Eustace Budgell (1686–1737), was one of the contributors to the *Spectator*, and shared Addison's lodgings for a time.

181. 15.—*Carey*. Henry Carey, a poet and musician. Pope said he was one of Addison's "little senate." His best-known poem is *Sally in our Alley*. He was said to have been an ille-

gitimate son of the Marquis of Halifax. Hawkins says he killed himself. His death occurred in 1743.

181. 17.—*Duroc.* Gérard Christophe Michel Duroc, Duke of Friuli (1772–1813). A favourite officer of Napoleon.

181. 17.—*Hardy.* Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, Vice Admiral (1769–1839). He entered the navy in 1781, and was conspicuous for gallantry in action. He was captain of the "Victory" at the great battle of Trafalgar (1805), and attended Nelson in his dying hours.

181. 23.—*Spadille and Manille.* *Spadille* is the ace of spades in the Spanish game called *hombre*, or, as the English Augustans spelled it, "ombre." The leading features of this game are well brought out in Pope's *Rape of the Lock.* *Manille* is also a term in "ombre," "quadrille," and "tri." In black it is the deuce, and in red the seven of the colour on which one is playing. There is another game of cards in which the nine of diamonds (which is called "manille") takes the value chosen by him who has the nine spot. "Quadrille" refers to the fact that four persons are playing ombre: "tri" to the fact that three are playing.

183. 1.—*That doting old wit.* We know now that Pope's account of how he assisted Wycherley is false: the correspondence that was published as having passed between them was doctored by Pope, making it practically a forgery. By the way, one of Pope's most famous phrases—"damn with faint praise" (given on page 186 of our text)—was stolen from Wycherley. In the prologue to Wycherley's play, *The Plain Dealer* (1677), we find the line, "And with faint praises one another damn."

183. 7.—*Addison's triumph of "Cato."* For a good account of the success of this play, and the causes of it, see Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry's admirable work, *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, chapter v.

184. 14.—*The best satire.* Thackeray quotes it on page 186.

185. 3.—*Bernadotte.* His original name was Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte. He was born in 1764, and died in 1844. He ruled as Charles XIV of Sweden. Napoleon made him a marshal of France in 1804, but he afterwards quarreled with his master because the latter censured his conduct at the battle of Wagram

(1809). In 1810 the Swedish Diet elected Bernadotte heir to the throne, as old Charles XIII had no son. His reign began in 1818, though he had exercised great power long before.

185. 18.—*Did Mr. Addison*, etc. For a full account of the quarrel between Addison and Pope, see the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*

186. 17.—"*And were there one*," etc. These lines are taken from Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, and are perhaps from the purely artistic point of view the most skilful work Pope ever did, and must rank among the masterpieces of English satire. Curiously enough, while Pope intended in this passage to draw a picture of Addison, he not only totally failed to do that, but unconsciously drew the best portrait of himself that the world has ever seen. Curses and chickens are not the only things that come home to roost. Nearly all the leading features of Pope's character are most accurately set forth in this attack upon Addison.

The punctuation of this famous passage as given in the *Biographical Edition* of Thackeray's *English Humourists*, page 546, is very bad, though it differs in a few details from the first edition. There are two errors also, which occur in the first edition and are copied in the Biographical: the "and" in line 17 should be "but," and the "as" in line 29 should be "or." Pope also wrote "ev'n" for "even" in line 31. Our text follows the Biographical except in obvious typographical errors; I have therefore printed this passage exactly as it appears there; but any reader can easily make the necessary improvement in punctuation.

188. 13.—*Thomson.* James Thomson, familiarly called "Jemmy," the well-known poet, and author of the *Seasons* (1726–1730). He was born in 1700, and died in 1748. His dissipated habits were a matter of common gossip.

189. 8.—*Atterbury*. Francis Atterbury, the famous bishop (1662–1732). His correspondence is interesting. He is one of the characters in *Esmond*, and hears Lord Castlewood's dying confession. See *Esmond*, Book I, chapter xiv.

189. 20.—*With the exception of Swift.* Why except Swift? Up to the time of his leaving London, he was certainly one of the ornaments of polished society, and few men were more sought after than he.

189. 22.—*Garth.* Sir Samuel Garth was born in 1661, and

died on January 18, 1719, not 1718, as the foot-note in the text gives it. His poem, the *Dispensary*, appeared in 1699, and by 1741 had reached its tenth edition. It ridiculed the apothecaries.

190. 1.—*Steele has described.* Steele dedicated his periodical, *The Lover*, to Garth in the most affectionate language, saying that he did not know whether his love or admiration for Garth was the greater, and the dedication began as follows: "As soon as I thought of making the *Lover* a Present to one of my Friends, I resolved, without further distracting my Choice, to send it *To the Best-natured Man.* You are so universally known for this Character, that an Epistle so directed would find its Way to You without your Name, and I believe no Body but You yourself would deliver such a Superscription to any other Person."

190. 2.—*Codrington.* Christopher Codrington (1668–1710), is identified with All Souls' College, Oxford, to which he left an endowment that founded and maintained a splendid library. He was a prominent general under King William. His allusion to Garth, quoted in the text, is taken from lines that he sent to Garth about the *Dispensary*, which include the following:

> "Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
> Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."

190. 3.—*The best of Christians.* In Pope's *Farewell to London* (1715) we find

> "Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
> On every learned sot;
> And Garth, the best good Christian he,
> Although he knows it not."—(Stanza 4.)

191. 10.—*Jervas.* Charles Jervas or Jarvis (1675?–1739), was born in Ireland. He lived with Sir Godfrey Kneller for a year, and was a famous portrait painter. He was especially fond of the society of literary men. Although he does not seem to have known much Spanish, he made a translation of *Don Quixote*, the chief interest of which lies in the discussion it caused as to how much Spanish its maker really knew, a question that has never been settled to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Jervas, like so many other persons mentioned in the *Humourists*, figures in *Esmond.* "She must have his picture taken; and accordingly he was painted by Mr. Jervas, in his red coat, and smiling upon

a bombshell, which was bursting at the corner of the piece." *Esmond*, Book II, chapter XV.

191. 11.—*Richardson.* Jonathan Richardson (1665–1745), a painter who made honest and trustworthy likenesses, but whose work shows no genius. He was an intimate friend of Pope.

192. 4.—*Kneller.* Sir Godfrey Kneller, whose original name was Gottfried Kniller, was born at Lübeck in North Germany in 1646. About 1675 he went to London, and painted portraits for Charles II and others. King Louis XIV also sat for him. He was the principal court painter for William III, one of his most famous pictures being the equestrian portrait of William, now at Hampton Court. He painted Queen Anne, George I and his son, and in 1715 was made a baronet. He did an enormous amount of work, and amassed great wealth. Ten reigning sovereigns sat to him, which makes his prodigious vanity somewhat excusable. He died in 1723.

194. 22.—*His faithful dog.*

> "But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company."
> —*Essay on Man*, i. 111, 112.

196. 3.—*The famous Greek picture.* This refers to the celebrated painting of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, by Timanthes, a Greek painter who flourished about 400 B.C. We know nothing of his life, but Pliny said that he possessed the art of expressing human passion more than any other artist. He suggests more than he shows. In the picture alluded to, the grief of Calchas, Ulysses, and Menelaus is shown in their faces. Agamemnon has his face covered.

197. 22.—*Cibber's pamphlets.* Colley Cibber (1671–1757), one of the most notable if not notorious figures connected with literature and the stage in the eighteenth century. He was a playwright, an actor, a vigorous controversial writer, and a rake. In 1730 he was appointed poet-laureate. In the quarrel that took place between him and Pope, posterity has decided that justice is on the side of Cibber, though unfortunately he was no match for Pope in a wit combat. Pope finally made him the hero of the *Dunciad* in place of Theobald. Cibber had a hand in the composition of some thirty plays; he was an excellent comedy actor, one

of the best theatrical managers the English stage has known, and must rank in the very first class as a dramatic critic. His *Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber* (1740), an important and valuable book, is written with great skill, and is essential to those who would understand the history of the stage in the eighteenth century. In spite of Cibber's many strong and (some) great qualities, he was often regarded by his contemporaries, especially by his enemies, as a mere fool. He had weaknesses and affectations.

198. 15.—*Tibbald.* Lewis Theobald (pronounced and sometimes spelled Tibbald), was born in 1688, and died in 1744, the same years as his bitter antagonist, Pope. He was slow, rather pedantic, and as a poet dull and worthless. But it was not for his bad, but for his good qualities, that Pope hated him. In 1725 Pope published an edition of Shakspere, a work for which he was by no means fitted. Theobald shortly pointed out many errors in this edition, at the same time making most valuable comments and wonderfully felicitous emendations of the text. Many of these Pope adopted in his second edition, with unblushing falsehoods about the amount of his debt. Then he proceeded to make poor Theobald the hero of the *Dunciad*, thus holding him up to the ridicule of the whole town, which did not spare him. Theobald was no match for Pope in controversy, but he answered him in a much more effectual way by bringing out in 1734 his own edition of Shakspere, which in scholarship and value completely eclipsed Pope's. In the long list of Shaksperean editors and commentators Theobald's is to-day one of the most honored names. His famous emendation of the folio reading, "a Table of green fields', (Henry V, II, iii. 17) by "a' babbled of green fields" is a stroke of genius, and whether Shakspere wrote it or not, it is certainly worthy of the great dramatist at his best. "In the union of learning, critical acumen, tact, and good sense he has perhaps no equal among Shakespearean commentators."—Churton Collins, *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. *Theobald.*

198. 16.—*Welsted.* Leonard Welsted (1689–1747) also figured in the *Dunciad.*

> "Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer;
> Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;

> So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
> Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full."
> —(Book III. vs. 170.)

Pope is, of course, parodying the well-known lines in *Cooper's Hill* by the poet Denham. Welsted had incurred the enmity of Pope by satirising the play *Three Hours after Marriage*, written by Gay, Arbuthnot, and Pope.

198. 18.—*Grub Street.* This was near Moor Fields. It was well known in Pope's day as the headquarters of poor literary hacks. The name was used as an uncomplimentary epithet, however, by the enemies of Foxe, the writer on martyrs, who lived there in the early days of Elizabeth. Hare calls attention to the curious fact that the present name of this thoroughfare, "Milton Street," was named after a builder, and not after the great poet, though the place is "full of memories of him." In the *Dunciad*, we find

> "Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
> Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round."
> —(Book III., vs. 135, 6.)

198. 31.—*Curll's authors.* Edmund Curll (1675–1747), an energetic, clever, and utterly unscrupulous book-seller and publisher. He quarrelled with Pope for twenty years. For Pope's transactions with him, which form one of the dirtiest chapters in the history of letters, and now that the truth is known, have completely ruined Pope's reputation for personal honor, see the Elwin-Courthope edition of Pope's works, where the whole business is given in detail. Curll was unmercifully ridiculed in the *Dunciad.*

199. 1.—*Petty France.* This was a street which took its name from the number of French Protestants that came for refuge thither in 1635. It was afterward called York Street, from the Duke of York, the son of George III. Milton's house, where he lived with Andrew Marvell as private secretary, stood on this street. It was destroyed in 1877, and according to Hare "without a voice being raised to save it."—*Walks in London*, II. 402.

199. 2.—*Budge Row.* This was in the very heart of London, near Watling Street. It was "so called from the sellers of Budge (lamb-skin) fur."—(Hare, I. 328.)

200. 17.—*She comes, she comes!* Four lines are omitted in this quotation. After line 32, "Shrinks to her second cause and is no more," there should appear

> "Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
> And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
> See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
> In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die."

These four lines are also omitted in the first edition of the *Humourists*. The Biographical edition corrects one error in the first edition, which read "Faith" for "Truth" in line 29. But both editions have the false reading "fell" in line 27, where the *Dunciad* reads "felt." Our text, of course, follows the Biographical edition.

201. 9.—*The equal of all poets of all times.* This is of course mere hyperbole.

201. 28.—*Pope's admirable career.* Had Thackeray known as much about this career as we do to-day, he would doubtless have revised this statement. In fact, all of this glowing peroration would be excellent, if we could only take it ironically. As a sober estimate, it fits Pope about as well as it would Judas Iscariot.

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING.

203. 4.—*A virtuous and gallant hero.* Compare this and what follows with the title of Thackeray's great novel, "Vanity Fair: a Novel without a Hero," which certainly was and is "a greatly popular story."

203. 15.—*I fancy very few ladies.* Just what books women, or "ladies" as they were called in 1850, do and do not like would be a difficult matter to settle, to explain, or to analyse. Thackeray is probably right in suggesting that Swift and Fielding are not favourite writers with women. Mrs. Oliphant, in confessing her inability to agree with Carlyle's high estimate of Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, says that perhaps it is impossible for a refined woman to appreciate properly productions, no matter how powerful, that contain passages so coarse. Yet to-day we see thousands of women go into ecstasies over the stories of Rudyard Kipling, while conversely it is not improbable that the delicate art of Jane

Austen finds more admirers among men than among women. Thomas Hardy has many bitter enemies among his feminine readers; one of them wrote on the margin of one of his novels that belonged to a circulating library, "Oh, how I *hate* Thomas Hardy!" One thing, at any rate, is certain. Women form the chief constituency of the modern successful novelist. They are as necessary to the success of the novel as they are to foreign missions.

206. 2.—*Jack Sheppard.* John Sheppard, the criminal, was born in 1702. His mistress, who led him astray, incited him to most of his crimes. He astonished England with his wonderful escapes from prison; and his final execution in 1724 was witnessed by 200,000 people. Defoe's interesting novel, *Colonel Jacque*, gives a good account of a career of robbery similar to that of Jack Sheppard.

206. 3.—*Jonathan Wild.* See Fielding's famous novel of that name, which deals with a historical personage. Wild was a detective, who brought 35 highway robbers, 22 house-breakers, and 10 returned convicts to the gallows. He was born in 1682, and was himself executed for house-breaking in 1725.

206. 12.—*Draco.* Draco, or Dracon, was an Athenian legislator, who ruled as Archon in 621 B.C. He is commonly said to have made death a penalty for every offense, no matter how trivial, but his cruelty is doubtless exaggerated by tradition.

206. 29.—*Sconces.* Elaborate fixed candlesticks.

206. 31.—*Baldaquin.* Usually spelled "baldachin." An ornamental canopy generally placed over an altar.

> "For see, for see, the rapturous moment
> Approaches, and earth's best endowment
> Blends with heaven's; the taper-fires
> Pant up, the winding brazen spires
> Heave loftier yet the baldachin."
>
> — Browning's *Christmas Eve.*

The baldachin Browning refers to is the canopy over the altar of St. Peter's in Rome. It is elevated on superb columns, and stands 95 feet high.

207. 26.—*Andromeda.* (Classic mythology.) Andromeda is chained to the beach, and the horrid sea-monster approaches to devour her, secure of his prey; but the hero Perseus slays him in the very nick of time, and marries the lovely maid as his reward.

See Charles Kingsley's poem *Andromeda*. For a splendid description of a painting of Andromeda, see Browning's *Pauline*, vs. 656 et seq. Though written when Browning was only twenty years old, it is in his best vein.

207. 27.—*Judith*. For the dramatic story of Judith and Holofernes, see the book Judith in the *Apocrypha*. The ignorance of the books in the *Apocrypha* that prevails among school and college students is even more dense and profound than that of the Bible proper.

208. 24.—*Tyburn*. This was at the northeast corner of Hyde Park, London. "At this corner of Hyde Park, where the angle of Connaught Place now stands, was the famous 'Tyburn Tree,' sometimes called the 'Three-Legged Mare,' being a triangle on three legs, where the public executions took place till they were transferred to Newgate in 1783. The manor of Tyburn took its name from the Tye Bourne or brook, which rose under Primrose Hill, and the place was originally chosen for executions because, though on the high road to Oxford, it was remote from London. The condemned were brought hither in a cart from Newgate—

'thief and parson in a Tyburn cart,'

the prisoner usually carrying the immense nosegay which, by old custom, was presented to him on the steps of St. Sepulchre's Church, and having been refreshed with a bowl of ale at St. Giles's. The cart was driven underneath the gallows, and, after the noose was adjusted, was driven quickly away by Jack Ketch the hangman, so that the prisoner was left suspended. . . . Around the place of execution were raised galleries which were let to spectators; they were destroyed by the disappointed mob who had engaged them when Dr. Henesey was reprieved in 1758. The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were buried under the Tyburn tree, after hanging there for a day."—Hare, *Walks in London*, II, 101.

On October 23, 1668, Pepys writes: "And so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburne, to see the people executed; but come too late, it being done; two men and a woman hanged, and so back again and to my coachmaker's."—*Diary*, ed. Wheatley, VIII, 120. On April 19, 1662, he had written: "This morning, before we sat, I went to Aldgate; and at the corner

shop, a draper's, I stood, and did see Barkestead, Okey, and Corbet drawn towards the gallows at Tiburne; and there they were hanged and quartered. Tney all looked very cheerful; but I hear they all die defending what they did to the King to be just; which is very strange." II, 208.

209. 3.—*Bogey.* This word, which is spelled in a variety of ways, is derived from the Welsh "bwg," a hobgoblin. The same root is seen in "bugbear."

209. 14.—"*Whittington.*" Sir Richard Whittington was born about 1350, and from a humble origin succeeded in becoming Lord Mayor of London. His typically edifying career made him a fit subject for didactic ballads, such as are mentioned here. There is a broadside in the Roxburghe Collection, called *London's Glory and Whittington's Renown*, beginning

> "Brave London Prentices, come listen to my Song."
> —*Roxburghe Ballads*, *Ballad Society's ed.*, VII, 582–4.

See also *An Old Ballad of Whittington and his Cat* (*Roxb. and Douce Coll.*), *Ibid.*, VII, 585–6.

The ballad of the "London 'Prentice" alluded to in the text may be the once popular broadside ballad called *The Honour of a London Prentice; Being an Account of his matchless Manhood and brave Adventures done in Turkey, and by what means he married the King's Daughter.* (*Roxb.*, *Pepys*, and other *Colls.*) It is printed in *Roxb. Ballads*, as above, VII, 589–91.

209. 16.—*Moll Flanders.* Defoe's story with this title is one of the first strictly realistic novels in English. It was published in 1722.

209. 19.—"*Halfpenny-under-the-hat.*" This is defined in Murray's *New English Dictionary* as "a low game of chance," without any particulars: and the only reference given is the one in our text.

210. 4.—*Chuck-farthing.* A game in which a farthing is pitched into a hole; played for "keeps." Compare the game of "pitch-penny."

210. 30.—*Bandolier.* A broad leather belt worn by soldiers. It used to be worn across the breast, passing from the right shoulder under the left arm. Nowadays it is simply the cartridge-belt.

211. 4.—*A splendid marble arch.* There are permissible doubts as to the real splendour of this arch. Hare says it is "one of our national follies—a despicable caricature of the Arch of Constantine."—*Walks in London*, II, 100. It was, like most follies, expensive; for its original cost was 75,000 pounds, and it later took a goodly sum to move it to its present position at Hyde Park. The "polite Tyburnia," from its situation in the West End of London, is naturally a much more "respectable district" than it was in the good old Tyburn times.

211. 22.—*Dick Turpin.* See note to page 98, line 30.

211. 23.—*Squire Western.* The famous squire in *Tom Jones*.

212. 23.—*Bridewell.* This was originally a hospital for the poor: later it became a penitentiary for loose and disorderly characters. It often appears in this connection in the Elizabethan drama.

213. 3.—*Who ran away with Johnny Cope.* Sir John Cope was commander-in-chief in Scotland in 1745. At daybreak on the morning of September 21 Prince Charles and the Highlanders made a fierce attack, which took Cope completely by surprise. There was only one thing to do—to run away as fast as possible. This Cope succeeded in doing; and the flight never ceased to appeal to the Scots' sense of humour. A song became popular—

"Hey, Johnie Cope! are ye waukin yet?"

It is only fair to add that an official inquiry completely exonerated Cope from all censure. He died in 1760. The date of his birth is not known.

213. 8.—*Parson Adams.* A great character in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*. There has never been any reason to doubt the first judgment of Thomas Gray on this personage, who, shortly after the appearance of the story, wrote in a letter, "Parson Adams is perfectly well."—*Works*, ed. Gosse, II, 107. The book was published in February, 1742: young Richard West, then in his last illness, read it, and was delighted; on his earnest recommendation Gray took up the novel, and in April wrote to West the letter from which the above is an extract.

213. 20.—*Jack Hatchway.* A character in Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*. Lismahago appears in *Humphry Clinker*.

214. 7.—*Roderick Random.* The hero of Smollett's novel of that name.

214. 13.—*Broughton the boxer.* John Broughton was born in 1705, and lived until 1789, a longer space than is allotted to most modern pugilists. He was the father of British prize-fighting. Before he appeared fights were not generally settled by fists. Originally a waterman, he discovered a lucrative career in fighting, and amassed 7,000 pounds. He was patronised by aristocratic society, and on the whole was an excellent specimen of his profession.

214. 13.—*Sarah Malcolm.* She was executed in 1733, when she was about twenty-three years old. Hogarth painted a striking likeness of her, while she was in prison during her trial for murder.

214. 14.—*Simon Lovat.* Simon Fraser, sometime Master of Lovat (1726–1782). He headed his Highland clan against the English forces; but he was afterwards pardoned, and served brilliantly in the British army in America and elsewhere.

214. 14.—*John Wilkes.* The famous agitator, born in 1727. He figured in many libel suits, and was a great mob leader. A clever and unscrupulous demagogue, he was the idol of his numerous followers. He was Lord Mayor of London and a member of Parliament. His meeting Dr. Johnson at dinner is most humourously described by Boswell. (See Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Hill, III, 74.) The references to Wilkes in Boswell's *Johnson* take up two columns of Hill's admirable index. Wilkes died in 1797.

219. 6.—*Correggio.* Antonio Allegri Correggio (1494–1534), a great Italian painter.

219. 6.—*The Caracci.* Agostino Caracci (1558–1602) and Annibal Caracci (1560–1609) were brothers. The latter was a pupil of his cousin, Ludovico Caracci (1555–1619). All three were famous Italian artists.

220. 16.—*Liston's firm belief.* John Liston (1776?–1846) was an exceedingly successful comic actor, but subject to fits of depression. The gravity of his countenance had not a little to do with his great success in comedy.

220. 23.—*Churchill.* Charles Churchill (1731–1764). His *Epistle to Hogarth* appeared in 1763, and Churchill, Wilkes, and

Hogarth mingled in various literary and political controversies. The *Epistle* is said to have shortened Hogarth's days; but it seems more apparent that it shortened those of Churchill, as he died the next year.

222. 25.—*Hopscotch.* This game does not seem to be now so popular (in New England at any rate) as it was some fifteen or twenty years ago, and it may before long join the ranks of the extinct games. A chalk figure is marked out on the pavement, and a child, hopping on one foot, kicks a stone into the various compartments of the figure.

231. 12.—*Doctor Caius.* A French physician in Shakspere's *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

231. 14.—*Dalgetty.* A character in Sir Walter Scott's novel, *A Legend of Montrose.*

231. 24.—*Bladud's well.* Bladud was a mythical king of England, supposed to be the father of King Lear. He built the city of Bath, and dedicated the medicinal springs to Minerva.

234. 18.—*The Oldfields and Bracegirdles.* For Mrs. Bracegirdle see note to page 58, line 5. Anne Oldfield (1683–1730) was a favourite actress of her day. When very young she lived with her mother at the Mitre Tavern. Farquhar overheard her reciting passages from Beaumont and Fletcher, and was immediately impressed. Her mother told the dramatist Vanbrugh about it, the result being that Anne went on the stage. Her progress was slow, but eventually she became one of England's greatest actresses in both tragedy and comedy. She was the original Biddy Tipkin in Steele's *Tender Husband* (1705). Personally she was sensible, agreeable, and an exceedingly attractive woman. Her body lies buried beneath the monument of Congreve in Westminster Abbey. She lives again on the stage to-day in Miss Ellen Terry's admirable impersonation, in Charles Reade's comedy, *Nance Oldfield.*

It was Oldfield who practically drove Bracegirdle off the stage; they came into competition in 1706–7, with the result that the former was so successful that the latter retired.

237. 4.—*In ridicule of "Pamela."* This novel, the first of the three great works of Richardson, was published in 1740. Its didacticism and sentimentality made it a natural target for the

powerful satirical wit of Fielding; but it is easy, especially if one has never read him, to ridicule Richardson, and meanwhile to forget his great genius and extraordinary power of analysis. *Pamela*, with all its obvious faults, is a great book, and *Clarissa Harlowe* is greater. And though *Joseph Andrews* made everybody laugh at the weak spots in *Pamela*, there has seldom been a more clever criticism passed on a great novel than when Richardson said that the virtues of Tom Jones were good men's vices.

Richardson never could endure Fielding. In a letter that he wrote to Mrs. Donnellan on February 22, 1752, he says: "You guess that I have not read Amelia. Indeed I have read but the first volume. I had intended to go through with it; but I found the characters and situations so wretchedly low and dirty, that I imagined I could not be interested for any one of them; and to read and not to care what became of the hero and heroine, is a task that I thought I would leave to those who had more leisure than I am blessed with.

"Parson Young sat for Fielding's parson Adams, a man he knew, and only made a little more absurd than he is known to be. The best story in the piece, is of himself and his first wife. In his Tom Jones, his hero is made a natural child, because his own first wife was such. Tom Jones is Fielding himself, hardened in some places, softened in others. His Lady Bellaston is an infamous woman of his former acquaintance. His Sophia is again his first wife. Booth, in his last piece, again himself; Amelia, even to her noselessness, is again his first wife. His brawls, his jarrs, his gaols, his spunging-houses, are all drawn from what he has seen and known. As I said (witness also his hamper plot) he has little or no invention: and admirably do you observe, that by several strokes in his Amelia he designed to be good, but knew not how, and lost his genius, low humour, in the attempt."—Richardson's *Correspondence*, ed. Barbauld, IV, 60.

Richardson's criticising Fielding for having little or no invention, and attempting to prove the charge by showing that Fielding drew his characters from the life, is rather interesting. Richardson's friend and correspondent, the worthy sonnetteer Thomas Edwards, had as low an opinion of Fielding as Richardson expressed. In a letter to Richardson on May 28, 1755, he says:

"I have lately read over with much indignation Fielding's last piece, called his Voyage to Lisbon. That a man, who had led such a life as he had, should trifle in that manner when immediate death was before his eyes, is amazing. From this book I am confirmed in what his other works had fully persuaded me of, that with all his parade of pretences to virtuous and humane affections, the fellow had no heart. And so—his knell is knolled."—Richardson's *Correspondence*, III, 125.

238. 15.—*Walpole quite honestly spoke of them.* This was practically the language that Walpole used in speaking of the novels of Richardson. He said, Richardson "wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualised by a Methodist teacher."—*Letters*, IV, 305.

238. 21.—*The kind and wise old Johnson.* "Fielding being mentioned, Johnson exclaimed, 'he was a blockhead;' and upon my expressing my astonishment at so strange an assertion, he said, 'What I mean by his being a blockhead is that he was a barren rascal.' BOSWELL. 'Will you not allow, Sir, that he draws very natural pictures of human life?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, it is of very low life. . . . Sir, there is more knowledge of the heart in one letter of Richardson's, than in all *Tom Jones*.'"—Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Hill, II, 199.

238. 25.—*Gibbon wrote of him.* This passage appears in Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works*, I, 4. Thackeray's quotation is not strictly accurate. "Humour and manners" should read "Human manners," and there are other minor mistakes which do not, however, change the import of the passage.

In view of Gibbon's correct estimate of the immortality of *Tom Jones*, it is amusing to read in Richardson's *Correspondence*, five years after the publication of the novel, "Its run is over, even with us."—*Correspondence*, V, 275.

240. 5.—*Blifil.* Blifil, Lady Bellaston, Parson Thwackum, and "Miss Seagrim" are all characters in *Tom Jones*.

241. 5.—*Charles and Joseph Surface.* These are famous characters in Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal*. The latter has become a synonym for a hypocrite.

243. 8.—*Fiction! why fiction?* This is just what Richardson objected to, as showing that Fielding had no invention. See note to page 237, line 4.

243. 9.—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* This distinguished personage, mentioned so often in books dealing with life and literature in the eighteenth century, was one of the most brilliant, attractive, accomplished, and worldly-minded women of her age. Pope had a sickening sentimental feeling toward her, as his letters show. His *Eloisa* was written under her inspiration. She was born in 1689, and died in 1762.

243. 10.—*Colonel Bath.* A character in *Amelia*.

243. 11.—*Colonel Gardiner.* James Gardiner, colonel of dragoons, was born in 1688, and died in 1745. He became an ensign at the age of fourteen, and in 1702 entered the service of Anne. He exhibited the greatest gallantry at the battle of Ramillies in 1706, where he was wounded in the face. Although as a youth he indulged in dissipation, he happened to pick up a religious book one day while waiting for an assignation, and was instantly converted. He declared and always stoutly maintained that at that time he saw a vision of Jesus Christ. In battle after battle he showed astonishing personal courage, performing with delight the most dare-devil deeds. At last, in the rebellion of 1745, while fighting the Pretender's forces in a battle that was from the start hopelessly against him, he refused to quit the field, although literally covered with dangerous and painful wounds. Finally a Highlander came behind him while he was engaged in a personal struggle with an opposing officer, and gave him a mortal blow in the back of the head with an axe. He died on the next day.

243. 12.—*Duke of Cumberland.* See note to page 163.

244. 1.—*Coup de main.* A deft stroke.

Thackeray's treatment of Fielding is particularly sympathetic, but at the same time discriminating. His praise of the more manly elements in Fielding's character is thoroughly merited, and he does not go any further than hundreds and thousands of readers and admirers of Fielding would go to-day. The difference between Thackeray's estimate of Fielding and his estimate of Pope

is simply this : he praises the former for qualities he actually possessed; while Pope he lauds highly for virtues conspicuous by their absence. Furthermore, apart from the manliness and open-hearted generosity of Fielding's character, which would especially appeal to a man of Thackeray's temperament, the great novelist of the nineteenth century recognised the great novelist of the eighteenth century as his master, from whom he chiefly learned the art of fiction; as indeed is evident to any intelligent reader of Thackeray's books. Perhaps the highest compliment we can pay Fielding, is to say, as many of us do, after reading and re-reading *Tom Jones*, "This man was worthy to be the master of Thackeray."

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH.

248. 4.—*Reign of Charles II.* The note at the bottom of the page refers to the years in which he held the Archbishopric, not to the length of the king's reign, which extended from 1660 to 1685.

248. 14.—*Poor Roger Sterne.* "His son described him in an autobiographic fragment as 'a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises—most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure; he was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of kindly disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one.'" (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. *Sterne, Laurence.*) This description would hardly apply to the more famous and yet despicable son.

249. 4.—*Ireland.* Note that Sterne, like Swift, was born in Ireland, though their fathers were English; while Goldsmith was Irish through and through. Clonmel is near the extreme southern boundary of the county of Tipperary.

249. 8.—*Mullingar.* This town is in the county of West Meath, and is about fifty miles northwest of Dublin.

249. 10.—*Carrickfergus.* This is a seaport-town on the north-east coast of Ireland, about ten miles from Belfast. It is in the county of Antrim, but is also a separate county all by itself. King William III landed there in June, 1690, just before the great battle of the Boyne. The town is famous for its beautiful old

castle, which stands on a lofty cliff by the sea, and is thought to be about seven hundred years old.

249. 11.—*Halifax.* This is in the county of York, England, situated about 194 miles northwest of London. It is now a great manufacturing center.

249. 13.—*Elvington.* This village is about six miles southeast of the city of York.

In any study of literature, the student should always have at hand good maps, and should look up the location of all places that are mentioned, in order to familarise himself particularly with the literary geography of Great Britain, a subject on which most American school and college students are densely ignorant—an ignorance which they share in common with many persons who have had no education at all.

249. 18.—*Trim's montero cap, and Le Fevre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure.* These men are all characters in *Tristram Shandy.* "Montero cap" is really tautological: the word "montero" means a hunting cap. "Roquelaure" is a cloak that reaches about to the knees: it was commonly worn in the eighteenth century, and took its name from the Duc de Roquelaure, in the reign of Louis XIV.

249. 23.—*Ramillies. . . Malplaquet.* For these, see notes to page 100, line 21.

250. 10.—*Sutton.* This was a village, seven or eight miles north of York.

250. 12.—*Stillington.* This parish was situated next to Sutton. Sterne never lived in this parsonage: he doubtless regarded it merely as an additional source of revenue, which indeed it was.

250 32.—*Coxwold.* This village was pleasantly situated on high ground, about twenty-two miles north of York. Sterne had never liked the climate of Sutton, and moved to Coxwold with the greatest pleasure. Here he lived in a large cottage, which he called "Shandy Hall." The house now has a tablet in memory of its distinguished occupant, who continued the composition of Tristram while living there.

251. 16.—*Polyanthus.* The oxlip.

252. 6.—*Sum mortaliter in amore.* "I am hopelessly in love."

252. 13.—*Arroser.* To water.

252. 20.—The French of this letter may be thus translated: "We arrived on the morrow at Montpellier, where we found our friend Mr. Sterne, his wife, his daughter, Mr. Huet, and some other English ladies. I got, I own, much pleasure, in seeing again the good and charming Tristram. . . . He had been long enough at Toulouse, where he would have amused himself save for his wife, who followed him up everywhere, and who wished to have a hand in everything. This lady's little ways made him undergo some decidedly unpleasant moments; but he bears up under all these trials with the patience of an angel."

253. 2.—*The charming Yorick.* The easy-going parson in Tristram Shandy. See note at bottom of page 254. The *Sentimental Journey* also purported to come from the pen of "Mr. Yorick."

253. 5.—*Rabelais.* François Rabelais, one of the first great names in French literature, was born toward the end of the fifteenth century, and died about the year 1553. Although a churchman, the tone of his writings is not too ecclesiastic. Swift is sometimes called the English Rabelais.

253. 7.—*Meudon.* A small town in the immediate neighborhood of Paris, about five miles to the southwest. It stands on rising ground, and commands a particularly good view of the city and of the course of the Seine. The church was built in the sixteenth century, and is interesting only for the association with the name of Rabelais, who was made curé of Meudon in 1550. Many French poets and writers have frequented this beautiful retreat: Victor Hugo has spoken of it affectionately, and Daudet, Flaubert, and others used to meet there.

253. 25.—*Gray's Letters.* The quotation given in this footnote is really from two letters of Gray. The first part up to the words "As to the volumes," is from a letter to Thomas Wharton, April 22, 1760; the second is garbled, and may be found in Gray's letter to Wharton, July, 1760. See Gray's *Works*, ed. Gosse, II, 36, 53. The quotation, however, was probably taken directly from Mason's *Life of Gray*, where it stands as in the note to our text. Mason was the literary executor of Gray, and in 1775 published the *Life*, containing the correspondence, and other

documents. His honesty and editorial accuracy may be justly estimated by the footnote to our text, which gives under the wrong date an extract from a letter, which is really hashed up and garbled from two letters, and contains some words not to be found in Gray's correspondence at all.

253. 26.—"*It having been observed,*" etc. This quotation may be found in Boswell's *Johnson*, ed. Hill, II, 254. Dr. Hill adds a footnote, by which Johnson would not appear after all to have differed so much from the drastic opinion expressed by Goldsmith. "I was but once," said Johnson, "in Sterne's company, and then his only attempt at merriment consisted in his display of a drawing too indecently gross to have delighted even in a brothel."

253. 32.—"*Her,*" etc. Boswell's *Johnson*, IV, 126. See also the footnote on the same page of Boswell, where Johnson condemned the sermons of Sterne, saying that he once read them in a stage-coach, but that he should not have deigned to have looked at them had he been "at large."

254. 1.—*The more than rival.* It is rather singular that the writings of Sterne, Rabelais, and Swift, when all three were churchmen, should have a reputation and a circulation on account of their coarseness wholly distinct from their literary importance.

256. 28.—*L'amour.* "Love is nothing without sentiment."

257. 13.—*Deal.* Deal is on the coast of the English Channel, nine miles north of Dover.

257. 23.—"*And so I should ever love thee.*" This passage really reads, "And so I should ever *live with* thee." Thackeray also garbles this letter, but not in a way to alter its significance at all. See *Letters*, etc., of Sterne, ed. Saintsbury, I, 140.

258. 3.—"*I fear,*" etc. Saintsbury's edition, II, 5. There are several minor changes in Thackeray's version, as "your judgment" for "the judgment," and others.

258. 13.—"*I honour you, Eliza.*" See Saintsbury's edition, II, 9. After the words "Waller his Saccharissa," Sterne wrote the still more significant phrase, "as I will love and sing thee, my wife elect!"

258. 29.—*Scarron his Maintenon.* Paul Scarron (1610–1660), a burlesque writer. As a youth he was extremely dissipated; in

1637 paralysis seized him, and he became unable to walk. Then he took to literature; and by his writings of burlesques and similar compositions he obtained a wide reputation. In 1652 he was married to Françoise D'Aubigné, afterward Madame de Maintenon. Their house was a great rendezvous for the wits of the day. The famous Madame de Maintenon was born in prison in 1635, being of Protestant parents. Later she went to a convent, and after a long struggle became a Roman Catholic. In 1669 she became governess to some of the children of Louis XIV, and soon obtained almost a complete ascendancy over him. It was, of course, generally believed that she was his mistress; but there is really good ground for believing not only that she refused to yield to him, but that she endeavoured to exercise a moral influence upon his conduct. In 1683 Louis privately married her, though the marriage was never publicly recognised. He never ceased to love her; but she left him on his deathbed. She instigated his persecutions of the Protestants, and caused him to issue the famous revocation of the edict of Nantes (1685). She survived the king four years, dying April 15, 1719.

G. W. Cooke, in his *Browning Guide-Book*, intimates that the poet alludes to the marriage of Paul Scarron with Françoise D'Aubigné in the poem *In a Balcony*, vs. 521, 522 :

> " Who was a queen and loved a poet once
> Humpbacked, a dwarf ? ah, women can do that ! "

But she was not a queen either before or after her marriage with Scarron.

258. 29.—*Waller his Saccharissa.* Edmund Waller (1605–1687) had an enormous reputation as an English poet in his time, but is very little read to-day except by students of the development of English literature, where he holds a place out of all proportion to his intrinsic merit as a poet. He marks the transition from the powerful but rugged verse of the early part of the seventeenth century to the smooth rimed couplets which were the universal style at its close. Dryden regarded his genius with reverence, and the prefaces to his plays contain many allusions to Waller's skill in versification, and the resulting good effect on English letters. Pope said, " Waller was smooth " (*First Epistle*

of the Second Book of Horace, vs. 267), to which Lowell assents, but adds: "Unhappily he was also flat." (*Essay on Dryden.*) For a good though somewhat overdrawn account of Waller's influence on literary style, see Mr. Gosse's book, *From Shakespeare to Pope*, of which Waller is the hero. Saccharissa was Lady Dorothy Sidney, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and descended from Sir Philip Sidney. Waller loved, or thought he loved, this lady; he wrote a number of poems addressed to her, and gave her the sugary appellation by which she is now chiefly known. But she was obdurate, and cared not at all for the poet.

259. 6.—*Offering that precious treasure his heart to Lady P——.* The portion of this letter to which Thackeray alludes is worth printing, as it proves Sterne's utter baseness of soul in a way that would be thought incredible, did we not have the necessary documentary evidence. The only truth in the letter is the remark, "I am a fool," and his description of his soul as a "dishclout." It makes one almost blush for human nature when one reads the following words: "It is but an hour ago that I kneeled down and swore I never would come near you—an' after saying my Lord's Prayer for the sake of the close, *of not being led into temptation*—out I sallied like any Christian hero, ready to take the field against the world, the flesh, and the devil; not doubting but I should finally trample them all down under my feet—and now am I got so near you—within this vile stone's cast of your house—I feel myself drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain upside downwards, and though I had purchased a box ticket to carry me to Miss * * * * *'s benefit, yet I know very well, that was a single line directed to me to let me know Lady —— would be alone at seven, and suffer me to spend the evening with her, she would infallibly see every thing verified I have told her. —I dine at Mr. C——r's in Wigmore-street, in this neighbourhood, where I shall stay till seven, in hopes you purpose to put me to this proof. If I hear nothing by that time, I shall conclude you are better disposed of—and shall take a sorry hack, and sorrily jog on to the play—Curse on the word. I know nothing but sorrow—except this one thing, that I love you (perhaps foolishly, but) most sincerely. L. STERNE."

(*Letters*, etc., ed. Saintsbury, II, 16.)

260. 8.—*To the Earl of* ——. The letter here printed may be found in Saintsbury's edition, II, 44. It differs slightly from the one in our text.

260. 32.—*The manner of his death.* See *King Henry V*, Act II, Scene 3. It is curious that Sterne's monument gives the date of his death erroneously as September 13. See Saintsbury's edition of the *Letters, etc.*, I, 9.

261. 27.—*Dr. Ferriar.* John Ferriar (1761–1815), a well-known physician. He was born in Scotland, but his whole career was associated with Manchester. He wrote papers for the literary and philosophical society of that town, and was an influential and valuable reformer of the sanitary conditions there. He made a large number of miscellaneous literary efforts, his best-known work being *Illustrations of Sterne*, which appeared at Manchester in 1798. Ferriar showed up Sterne's wholesale borrowings from French novelists, and especially from Burton's immortal work, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, though his attitude was not unfriendly.

261. 32.—*James Macdonald.* An error for John Macdonald. The dates of his birth and death are not known. He was the son of a Scotch cattle-dealer, who was killed at Culloden. After wandering for years as a vagabond, Macdonald became a gentleman's servant, and from his cleverness and variety of attractions, was known as Beau Macdonald. He traveled extensively, and in 1790 his book, *Travels in Various Parts*, was published. "According to this racy narrative, Macdonald, while in London with his master, Mr. Crawford of Errol, was sent to inquire after the health of Laurence Sterne, and found the novelist on his death-bed. He claims to have been among the first to walk in London with an umbrella."—*Dict. Nat. Biog.*, art. *Macdonald.* The testimony of Macdonald should probably be taken with a grain of salt.

262. 11.—*Des chansons grivoises.* Songs that are off colour. An exceedingly good illustration of Sterne's attitude toward life.

263. 7.—*Who can make you cry.* His ability to make us cry is not particularly remarkable. We are not more callous than were the readers of Sterne in the eighteenth century; but what drew tears from them often makes us smile or yawn.

263. 22.—(*the désobligeante*). Sterne spelled the word without the final "e," and it so appears in the first edition of the *Humourists*. Nor does the word end the paragraph in the first edition.

The carriage was so called because it held only one person. The quoted passage that follows is from the chapter headed "Calais." It may be found in Saintsbury's edition of the *Sentimental Journey*, page 15.

264. 3.—*Le tour est fait.* The trick is done.

264. 3.—*Paillasse.* The word means literally, "straw mattress." Hence a clown with stuffed or padded clothes.

264. 24.—*Monsieur de Soubise's cook.* Charles de Rohan, Prince de Soubise (1715–1787), peer and marshal of France, was a grandson of one of the mistresses of Louis XIV. He was a clever courtier, and favourite of Louis XV, and for that reason, although utterly deficient in military genius, was created a marshal of France. In the Seven Years War, through the influence of Madame de Pompadour, he was placed at the head of an army, and on November 4, 1757, he was completely defeated at Rossbach. This battle, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was one of the decisive battles of the world, though no one thought so at the time. Everyone laughed at the luxuries in the camp of Soubise, who regarded a good cook as more essential to a general than any other official. After 1763 Soubise lived merely the ordinary frivolous, time-serving, and dissipated life of a French courtier.

268. 21.—*Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.* Long live mirth: do away with sadness.

269. 9.—*Double entendre.* A double meaning, immorally suggestive. Not even the French show more skill than Sterne does in this kind of thing.

270. 8.—*David Copperfield.* This great novel had appeared only a year before Thackeray delivered his lectures. He was thus alluding to a contemporary book, very much as a lecturer to-day would refer to *Richard Carvel* or to *David Harum*. Nothing could better illustrate the difference in greatness between the novels of to-day and those of fifty years ago than a comparison of the big "sellers" of 1900 with the popular novels of 1850. In his lecture on *Charity and Humour*, which appeared in the first

American, though not in the first English edition of the *Humourists*, Thackeray alludes to the books of his great rival in the most affectionate and enthusiastic manner. Wholly apart from his utter baseness, Sterne as a humourist sinks into insignificance when compared with Dickens and Thackeray.

270. 10.—*Jeté sur cette boule.* This may be roughly translated as follows :

Thrown upon this world,
Ugly, puny, and miserable :
Smothered in the crowd
For lack of size,

A touching complaint
Came from my mouth.
The good God says : Sing,
Sing, poor child !

To sing, unless I mistake,
Is my task here below :
Won't all those I amuse
Love me dearly ?

270. 22.—*Beranger.* Beranger was born at Paris in 1780, and died in 1857. He published his first collection of songs in 1815. He passed three months in prison and paid a fine of three hundred francs. In 1828 he was imprisoned for nine months and paid a fine of ten thousand francs. These punishments were inflicted upon him for political reasons, on account of the satirical tendency of some of his verses; but as may easily be imagined, they did not injure the popularity of his poetry. Beranger is one of the most natural, graceful, and tuneful lyrical poets that France has ever produced. And the stirring effect of his poems and songs on his countrymen was very great.

271. 11.—*Auburn and Wakefield.* See page 274, line 7. Wakefield is in Yorkshire, England.

275. 38.—*And drags*, etc. Although this famous line is original with Goldsmith, he wrote it first in prose, and then transferred it to his poetry. In the *Citizen of the World*, Letter III, he says : "By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

276. 9.—*Elphin.* This is in the county of Roscommon, in about the center of Ireland.

276. 15.—*Kind uncle Contarine.* Mr. Contarine was "the only member of the Goldsmith family of whom we have solid evidence that he at any time took pains with Oliver, or felt anything like a real pride in him. He bore the greater part of his school expenses; and was wont to receive him with delight in holidays." Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, page 17.

276. 20.—*Everybody knows the story.* The story, of course, on which the great play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, was founded.

"At the close of his last holidays, then a lad of nearly seventeen, he left home for Edgeworthstown, mounted on a borrowed hack which a friend was to restore to Lissoy, and with store of unaccustomed wealth, a guinea, in his pocket. The delicious taste of independence beguiled him to a loitering, lingering, pleasant enjoyment of the journey; and, instead of finding himself under Mr. Hughes's roof at nightfall, night fell upon him some two or three miles out of the direct road, in the middle of the streets of Ardagh. But nothing could disconcert the owner of the guinea, who, with a lofty, confident air, inquired of a person passing the way to the town's best house of entertainment. The man addressed was the wag of Ardagh, a humorous fencing-master, Mr. Cornelius Kelly, and the schoolboy swagger was irresistible provocation to a jest. Submissively he turned back with horse and rider till they came within a pace or two of the great Squire Featherston's, to which he respectfully pointed as the 'best house' of Ardagh. Oliver rang at the gate, gave his beast in charge with authoritative rigour, and was shown, as a supposed expected guest, into the comfortable parlour of the squire. Those were days when Irish inn-keepers and Irish squires more nearly approximated than now; and Mr. Featherston, unlike the excellent but explosive Mr. Hardcastle, is said to have seen the mistake and humoured it. Oliver had a supper which gave him so much satisfaction, that he ordered a bottle of wine to follow; and the attentive landlord was not only forced to drink with him, but with a like familiar condescension, the wife and pretty daughter were invited to the supper-room. Going to bed, he stopped to give special instructions for a hot cake to breakfast; and it was not till he had despatched this latter meal, and was looking at his guinea with pathetic aspect of farewell, that the truth was told

him by the good-natured squire."—Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, page 14. Ardagh and Edgeworthstown are in the county of Longford, in the central part of Ireland.

279. 8.—*Wrote most amusing pompous letters.* "After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to go to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr. Farhein, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so."—Prior's *Life of Goldsmith*, I, 155. Neither Goldsmith nor Thackeray knew how to spell the name of "the great Farheim" correctly. The person in question was Antoine Ferrein (1692–1769), a distinguished man in his day. In 1742 he was made Professor of Medicine and Surgery at the Royal College in Paris. Petit, or, as Thackeray erroneously calls him *Du Petit*, was born at Orleans in 1718, and was a famous and excellent lecturer at Paris. After the death of Ferrein, he held the chair of Anatomy at the Jardin du Roi. The Jardin du Roi is the same as what is now called the Jardin des Plantes, and has a Museum of Natural History. The Professorial chairs in this great institution go back to the seventeenth century. Petit died in 1794. In the *Biographisches Lexicon der Hervorragenden Aerzte aller Zeiten und Volker*, ed. Hirsch, Wien und Leipzig, 1885, the third doctor that Goldsmith mentions does not appear, either in Goldsmith's or Thackeray's orthography. The man in question, however, is probably Henri Louis Duhamel-Dumonceau (1700–1782), a great French botanist. He produced many works on plants and agriculture, and was a thoroughly scientific writer.

279. 12.—*If Oliver's mother believed.* This highly interesting letter may be read in Prior's Life of Goldsmith, I, 119. It is well worth reading, though it is too long to quote here.

279. 19.—*Ballymahon.* This is in the county of Longford, south of Ardagh.

279. 29.—"*But me not destined*," etc. From the *Traveller*.

280. 5.—*I spoke in a former lecture.* See page 244, et seq.

282. 8.—*The Court patronized Beattie.* James Beattie (1735–1803), famous chiefly as the author of the long Spenserian poem, *The Minstrel.*

282. 10.—*Fashion pronounced Kelly.* Hugh Kelly (1739–1777), a dramatist. His play, *False Delicacy*, a sentimental and weak comedy, was produced at Drury Lane on January 23, 1768, six days before Goldsmith's *Good-Natured Man.* It was very successful on the stage, and on the day it was printed three thousand copies were sold before two o'clock. It was translated into German, French, and Portuguese. Goldsmith and Kelly quarrelled over this matter and never spoke again. But Kelly attended Goldsmith's funeral and stood weeping at the grave.

282. 15.—*Newbery kept back the manuscript.* There were several publishers contemporary with Goldsmith of the name of Newbery—John, his son Francis, and Francis, the first cousin of the latter. This cousin was closely allied with his uncle in the publishing business, and it was he who published the *Vicar of Wakefield.* It appeared on March 27, 1766; and it had been held by Newbery until the success of *The Traveller* had fully established Goldsmith's reputation. The book was partly written as early as 1762; and had Goldsmith shown any care in money matters, its publication need not have been delayed.

Goldsmith's four most famous works, *The Traveller*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Deserted Village*, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, appeared in 1764, 1766, 1770, and 1773, respectively. He died in 1774.

283. 1.—*Colman's actors.* George Colman the elder (1732–1794) was a prominent dramatist and manager of the times, and should not be confused with his more famous son. Goldsmith had written *She Stoops to Conquer* in 1771. It was offered to Colman the next year. He hesitated about accepting it until January, 1773, when he succumbed to the entreaties of Dr. Johnson. Colman's doubts and fears were increased by his actors, some of whom threw up their parts in disgust, believing the play would fail utterly. Finally it was performed at Covent Garden March 15, 1773. Dr. Johnson led a party of friends to the performance on the opening night, where he had the gratification of seeing the play make a tremendous hit. The success of this

drama did much to destroy the prevailing sentimental comedy, which at that time was in great vogue. The chief mistake of the sentimental comedy was that it did not make the spectators laugh ; and when Englishmen go to see a comedy they want to laugh without trying to. In this respect Goldsmith's play has never been found wanting, and, when well acted, it is to-day one of the most laughable pieces on the stage. Its wholesome laughter is needed now to clear the air, as it did in the eighteenth century.

283. 5.—*The admirable Reynolds.* Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), the great portrait painter, and favourite companion of Johnson and of all the wits of the day. The charm of his personality affects everyone who is familiar with the men and manners of the age of Johnson. No wonder that Goldsmith was cheerful under misfortunes when he had such a circle of friends as Johnson, Reynolds, Gibbon, and Burke. The conversation of such men would atone for many sorrows.

283. 7.—*The great Fox.* Charles James Fox (1749–1806), the great Parliamentary orator and statesman. He was unselfish, good-tempered, dissipated, and a warm popular favourite. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey close by the grave of Pitt. In the novel *Richard Carvel* there is a highly-coloured portrait of Fox, showing his dissipation and his personal magnetism.

283. 28.—*To one Griffiths, a bookseller.* This extraordinary letter, together with further information on Griffiths, may be found in Forster's *Life of Goldsmith,* page 102. The letter is too long to quote here ; but the student of Goldsmith should certainly look it up in Forster.

285. 27.—*Edgware Road.* The Biographical edition follows the first edition of the *Humourists* in this misprint for "Edgeware." The quotation may be found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill, II, 209.

285. 31.—*Mickle, the translator of the Lusiad.* William Julius Mickle (1735–1788) was a poet who enjoyed considerable popularity in his time, some of which he deserved. He belongs to the eighteenth century group of Spenserian imitators by virtue of his poem, *The Concubine* (1767), the title of which he afterward changed to *Syr Martyn.* See Professor H. A. Beers's *History of*

English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century, page 95. The *Lusiad* was a translation of the great Portuguese poem by Camoëns, *Os Lusiadas*. Mickle's translation was published in 1775, and was very successful. Camoëns (1524–1580) is the foremost epic and lyric poet of Portugal. His great work was published in 1572, and although it brought him immense fame and popularity, he continued to live in unrelieved poverty. The *Lusiad*, or, more properly, the *Lusiads*, is the great national poem of Portuguese literature and its representative epic. Besides this translation, Mickle wrote some short ballads which have great charm.

287. 1.—*Here, as I take.* From the *Deserted Village*.

288. 9.—*The Irish Yvetot.* The idea suggested by the word "Yvetot" here is "miniature kingdom." Yvetot is a small town in Normandy near Le Havre. The lords of Yvetot got the title of King in the fifteenth century. Thackeray probably had in mind Beranger's beautiful ballad *Le Roi d' Yvetot*, composed in 1813, where, of course, the reference is to Napoleon. This lyric is so charming that it is worth while to quote it here :

Il était un roi d'Yvetot
  Peu connu dans l'histoire,
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
  Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
  Dit-on.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
  La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas
  Dans son palais de chaume,
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
  Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple et croyant le bien,
Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
  Qu'un chien.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! etc.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux
  Qu'une soif un peu vive ;
Mais, en rendant son peuple heureux,
  Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.

Lui-même, à table, et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
D'impôt.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! etc.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
De le nommer leur père.
D'ailleurs, il ne levait de ban
Que pour tirer, quatre fois l'an,
Au blanc.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! etc.

Il n'agrandit point ses États
Fut un voisin commode,
Et, modèle des potentats,
Prit le plaisir pour code.
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que le peuple, qui l'enterra,
Pleura.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! etc.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince :
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant:
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! etc.

Thackeray's own imitation of this ballad is interesting (see *Works*, Biographical edition, XIII, 137).

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed ;
And every night, as night came roun
By Jenny with a nightcap crowned,
Slept very sound:
Sing ho, ho, ho ! and he, he, he !
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he ;
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see ;

And wherever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing ho, ho, ho! &c.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;
But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot
At least a pot.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

To all the ladies of the land,
A courteous king, and kind, was he—
The reason why, you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

Neither by force nor false pretence,
He sought to make his kingdom great,
And made (O princes, learn from hence)—
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing ho, ho! &c.

The portrait of this best of kings
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him,
Singing ha, ha, ha! and he, he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.

288. 12. *Goldsmith's incessant desire.* This passage may be found in Hill's edition of Boswell's *Johnson*, II, 295.

288. 34.—*Beauclerk.* Topham Beauclerk (1739–1780), one of Johnson's famous circle of friends. He was a cultivated man of the world, and had a library of thirty thousand volumes. He was greatly beloved by the Doctor.

288. 35.—*Tom Davies.* Thomas Davies (1712?–1785), was a book-seller. For some time he was a strolling actor. According to Johnson, he was driven from the stage by a line of Churchill's:

"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."

The best thing Davies ever did was to introduce Boswell to Johnson, which introduction is graphically described by the former in his great *Life.* See Hill's edition, I, 453.

289. 8.—*Ranelagh.* This vied with Vauxhall Gardens in being the great pleasure resort of Londoners in the eighteenth century. It stood on the south side of Hans Place, Chelsea. Toward the end of the reign of William III, Viscount Ranelagh had a villa built at Chelsea, and gardens laid out there. He died in 1712. Later the estate was leased by two partners, and a company of shareholders formed, who converted it into a place of amusement. In May, 1742, Ranelagh was opened with a big celebration. It was frequented by dandies, high livers, and women whose reputation could not be doubted. There is a good description of Ranelagh in Smollett's *Humphry Clinker.*

289. 8.—*The Pantheon.* The Pantheon was a splendid building, meant chiefly for a fashionable resort in winter. It was finished in January, 1772, at a cost of sixty thousand pounds. Masquerade balls were generally given in the Pantheon, and George III and the nobility freely patronised the place. Its reputation, however, became a little shady. On a fearfully cold night in 1792 it was destroyed by fire.

289. 9.—*Madame Cornelys.* Theresa Cornelys (1723–1797), was born at Venice, and was the daughter of an actor. At the age of seventeen she became the mistress of an Italian senator, and later was famous as a singer. She took the name of Cornelys from a gentleman at Amsterdam. In 1760 she bought Carlisle House in Soho Square, London, and became a manager of public Assemblies. She advertised on a large scale, and the leading men and women in society subscribed to her balls. But the opening of the Pantheon ruined her business, and in that year (1772) she was a bankrupt. After this misfortune she had a varied career, and finally died in the Fleet Prison, on the 19th of August, 1797. "Sir John Hawkins, when writing his 'Life of

Dr. Johnson,' about ten years before she died, paid the following tribute to her memory, evidently in ignorance of the fact that she was then alive: 'For most of the refinements in our public diversions we are indebted to the late Mrs. Cornelys, to whose elegant taste for pleasure the magistrates of Turin and Brussels were so blind, and of her worth so insensible, that . . . they severally drove her out of both those cities. This hospitable country, however, afforded her an asylum, and in Westminster she was permitted to improve our manners.' "—Sydney's *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century*, I, 148.

289. 10.—*The Jessamy Bride.* Mary Horneck, an intimate friend of Goldsmith, at whose mother's house he was a frequent visitor. There were two daughters in the family, Catherine and Mary, who were nineteen and seventeen years of age respectively, when Goldsmith became intimately acquainted with them. They were exceedingly beautiful girls, and Goldsmith called them by the pet names "Little Comedy" and "The Jessamy Bride." The friendship of the poet for Mary was commented on in his own day, and one of his enemies pretended that Goldsmith was hopelessly in love with her, which led to a fierce quarrel; and some of his later biographers who delight in romantic adventures have maintained that there was much more than mere friendship; but in the absence of evidence, it seems best to believe that the mature and impossible Goldsmith and the lovely and affectionate girl were the best of comrades and nothing more. She would doubtless be amused and delighted with Goldsmith's conversation, and their frank *camaraderie* was probably better understood by them than by their biographers. She afterwards became Mrs. Gwyn, and died in 1840. She gave her recollections of Goldsmith to Prior, who wrote the Life of Goldsmith, and these recollections contain some of the best-known anecdotes of the poet's later life. If one wishes to view the relations between Mary Horneck and Goldsmith from the extreme romantic point of view, and at the same time to get an anti-Boswellian conception of the poet's personal character, one cannot do better than read the pleasantly written novel, *The Jessamy Bride* (1897), by Frankfort Moore.

289. 15.—*Bunbury.* Henry William Bunbury (1750–1811),

was an artist and caricaturist. He was married to Catherine Horneck, the beautiful older sister of the "Jessamy Bride," in 1771. He published a series of burlesque illustrations to *Tristram Shandy*. Personally he was very attractive, and was on the best terms with the most famous men of his day.

289. 16.—*Gilray.* Thackeray misspells the name. James Gillray (1757-1815), a famous caricaturist. His satirical powers, which, unlike Bunbury, he chose to cultivate, were very great; and his skill in ridicule, together with his daring freedom in using it, became the terror of his victims. He was enormously popular; but unfortunately he took to drink, and finally lost his mind.

289. 29.—*Something must be allowed.* Boswell's portrait of Goldsmith, though exceedingly irritating to the passionate lovers of the poet, is probably in the main correct. The peculiarities that Boswell describes so graphically were Goldsmith's own; and because a picture is unsympathetic, it does not follow that it is untrue. The word "talent" applied to Boswell in line 35 is not the right word. Boswell was a genius, and one of the great English writers.

290. 7.—*He asked for a loan from Garrick.* For a begging letter to the great actor, and the acknowledgment of the money received, see Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, pages 447, 448.

290. 9.—*Barton.* Great Barton, in the county of Suffolk, England, was Bunbury's house, where Goldsmith frequently saw his friends.

290. 14.—*Hazlitt.* William Hazlitt (1778–1830), the famous essayist.

290. 15.—*Northcote's painting-room.* James Northcote (1746–1831), a well-known painter and member of the Royal Academy. He excelled principally in the painting of portraits. He had literary aspirations as well, and in 1813 published a memoir of Reynolds, which is the source of the later biographies of that artist. Hazlitt knew Northcote intimately, and delighted in his conversation, of which he kept full notes.

290. 17.—*The Younger Colman.* George Colman the Younger (1762–1836) was the son of the dramatist of the same name. See note to page 283, line 1. His best play, the *Heir at Law*, still holds the boards. The quotation given here is from Colman's

Random Records, published in 1831; and in that edition the passage occurs in Vol. I, pages 110–12, and not where Thackeray gives it. Furthermore, Thackeray has garbled and inaccurately quoted the passage, though not to change its significance.

295. 22.—*Grand homme incompris.* The great man not understood.

296. 17.—*Who shall say that our country.* Thackeray had no sympathy with writers who turned sour because their books would not sell, and blamed the public for not appreciating their genius. He saw clearly enough that a writer who really has genius will sooner or later take his proper place in the annals of literature. A high place and a permanent one is occupied by the lecturer himself, and if some one were to write a book on the English Humourists of the Nineteenth Century, the name of Thackeray would be found among the foremost, as well as the most honoured and respected, which cannot be said of all the men whom he discussed in his lectures.

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